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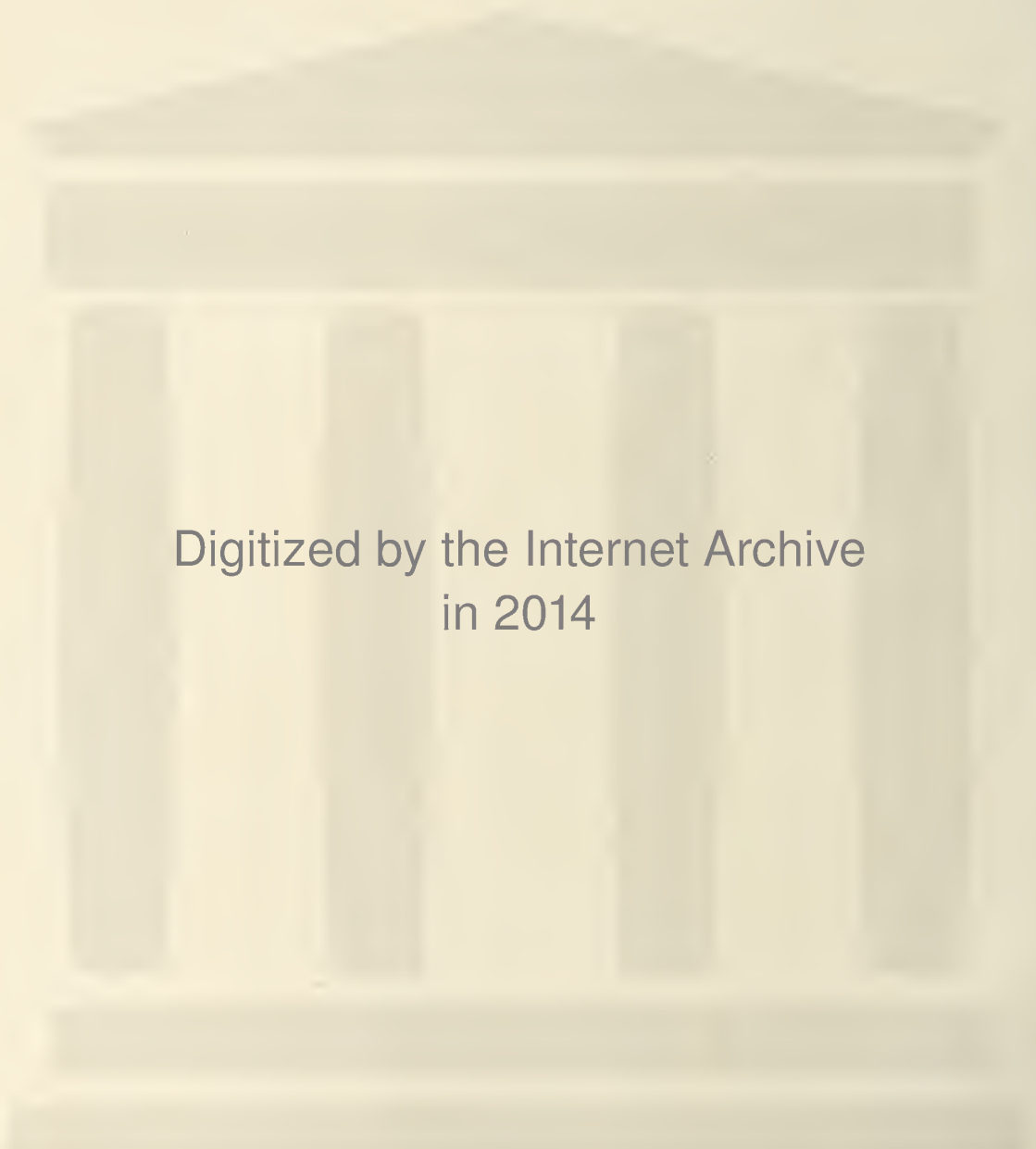


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OCTOBER, 1942



THE  
CAROLINA MAGAZINE



THEY'RE Milder  
ALL WAYS —

THEY DON'T TIRE  
MY TASTE —

**THERE'S NOTHING LIKE  
A CAMEL!**



FOR  
STEADY  
PLEASURE

# Camel

*the cigarette of Costlier Tobaccos*



R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company  
Winston-Salem, North Carolina



# CAROLINA MAGAZINE

For OCTOBER, 1942

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BEN MCKINNON..... Humor  
KARL BISHOPRIC..... Photography

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## Issues

Propaganda is propaganda but we have a new tack. Recently having seen "Wake Island," a picture shot with gore and dastardly enemy deeds, we felt a sudden urge to retire deep into the Okeefeenokey Swamp with a .22 and fishing rod and a jug of stumphole. Death by shellfire seemed the deadliest death of all. Out of the theater, we remembered as we tore the paper from a tinfoilless pack of cigarettes. We remembered the family buggy resting on its axles; we remembered a bus that traveled at forty miles an hour; we remembered cokes that taste like an indian should have done a dance as you purchased them; we remembered the bitter reality of phys ed four times a week; we remembered an obstacle



course more brutal than Himmler; we remembered corny music at dances; we remembered the far-off sound of breakers on moonlit beaches; we remembered months of happy freedom hitching rides on America's adventurous highways and friend, we hated Hitler. We hated Hirohito and Mussolini.

Every time we crawl from slumber for an eight o'clock class we want a heavy, fast-firing shootin' iron so that our progeny might snooze in relative luxury until eight twenty-five.

The absence of the ten-thirty intermission has had an odd effect on those of us who had grown accustomed to breakfasting at mid-morning. The lack of a definite recess has had two dire results. It makes the morning unending and it winds us up in the afternoon with the quite peculiar feeling that the day has yet to really get underway. Sleep hangs heavy eyelids on us and

the gapless morn seems never to start. We wait for a something we know doesn't exist anymore.

Also, in the olden days, as they will come to say, we could go into the book ex at ten forty-five or nine fifty-nine and know that we could stroll easily to the counter and receive some highly overrated nourishment. Now, we can never be sure when the crowd is in full force.

Our timing has been forced haywire. It's like shadow-boxing. Something is missing. It's like glancing at your wrist only to remember that your watch is being repaired. The gesture is there, but the results are negligible.

We were talking to a fellow who had just run the "military track." He liked it. He saw himself a couple of quarters hence bulging with muscles, supple as a strand of spaghetti, leaping with wild athletic abandon from mud puddle to log hazard.

He was having a little trouble convincing some of the other boys. One, recently shot in the arm with adrenalin after a fast round of the course, allowed as how he would rather just be half healthy than completely incapacitated. Another wrung water from his sweatshirt and declared the rope-hung drizzle ditch chilly but of a soothing consistency.

It would seem that the obstacle course is one of those things which we will do well to make the best of. It isn't bad once you become used to it. Good training and all that. Even the above disciple, however, opined that a truly intelligent, alert commando would go around the obstacles rather than make a perfect, excellently snared target for axis snipers.

This, and the coed military drill, constitute the greatest threats of the war to male undergraduate well-being.

—S.M.

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—MACK SNIPES, *Manager*

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Basement of Graham Memorial

## Light Brown and Blue



The war has left nothing untouched these days; and the record industry is no exception. Records are made of shellac, and although shellac is not one of the most vital materials, the fact remains that it is a product foreign to the United States. Transportation difficulties have forced the recording companies to fall back on their reserve supplies, and it is from these supplies that our recent records have been made.

Unfortunately, from a musical standpoint—not a commercial one—much of this precious shellac reserve has been, and is being, wasted. One would hardly expect a different situation, and yet it is deplorable.

Concerning the latest available records (i.e., those which can be purchased, or heard on the local juke boxes), there are very few worthy of consideration. However, several stand out as excellent examples of the jazz language.

Benny Goodman's "Idaho," now available, is certainly up to the Goodman standard. This record has all the elements of a fine jazz piece, and is performed with a strict sense of rhythm which lacks none of the inherent sensitivity that a great jazz performance must have. Goodman's clarinet solo following the vocal is a masterpiece of extemporaneous, dynamic expression which could be excelled only by Goodman himself.

The small group rendition of "On the Sunny Side of the Street" by the Benny Goodman Sextet which was released several weeks ago demonstrates that fine jazz musicianship does not belong only to the past. This record will undoubtedly take its place beside other great performances of the Goodman Sextet such as "Rose Room" and "The Sheik." Columbia has fortunately captured the full roundness of Benny Goodman's clarinet tone, and the balance of the record leaves nothing to be desired. The trombone solo by Low McGarity which follows the vocal is beautifully executed and exceedingly sensitive.

Harry James has two records out that may attract some undue attention. They are: "Strictly Instrumental" and "Trumpet Blues." The first record, a pounding rendition of a simple riff, can claim acknowledgment only for the fairly interesting sax solo. Harry James drives his band with his trumpet; but there is a great difference between driving a band technically as James does,

## READ

### They Were Expendable

W. L. WHITE

### The Seventh Cross

ANNA SHEGHERS

### Sonnets to Orpheus

RAINER MILKE

### Hour Before Dawn

W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

### Carry Me Back

REBECCA WILLIAMS

### The Face of a Nation

THOMAS WOLFE

### BROWSE, BORROW, OR BUY

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and driving a band spiritually as, for instance, Count Basie does.

"Trumpet Blues" is a good example of this technical driving. Basically, the blues is solo; however proper coordination in a larger group can produce equally good blues. One thing is axiomatic, and that is that the blues cannot be driven. It must flow freely and naturally; it must express human emotion, usually sorrow. Mr. James either fails to realize this or is deliberately playing to those self-styled jazz fans who simply do not know.

—LLOYD HARRISON and  
LLOYD S. NELSON





## *“Morale Boosters” . . . by Baldwin’s*

Donne Scott, vibrant in a bright three color wool dress, and Patsy Miller, smooth in black velvet cleverly accented with white applique, are heartlifting just to look at. . . . See a glorious color spectrum in new fall clothes . . . singing monotonies, brilliant combinations, darks spiked with color, in the “lovely to look at” collection of college fashions in **BALDWIN’S** “Young Modern Shop.”



## Book of the Month

SEE HERE, PRIVATE HARGROVE  
—Marion Hargrove—Holt, \$2.00.

This book is a "must read" for every person in America who has any connection with or interest in the War. It is the best morale builder and the most subtle propaganda that has come out of the months since Pearl Harbor. It has youth and vitality, but best of all it is grounded in humor of the kind that everyone from the hoariest grandfather to the gayest, giddiest teenster can understand and enjoy. Without being forced or obvious or slapstick or acidly sarcastic or brittle, it is the most intelligent laughter that has come to America since the beginning of the War. *See Here, Private Hargrove* is funny.

Hargrove, formerly feature editor of the *Charlotte News*, is twenty-three. He writes just the way you wish your son or brother or boy-friend would write letters from camp. The pages of his book are full of all the "typicals" of army life: the mess sergeant, the kay-pees, the shoe clerk, the days spent gilding garbage cans, the confusion of first rifle drill (" 'This,' he said, 'is what we have come to call a rifle. R-i-f-l-e. It is used for the purpose of shooting. . . . Are there any questions now, Private Hargrove?' "). There are always ques-



tions for Private Hargrove, just exactly the same questions that there would be for any rookie or for any rookie's dear ma or best girl wondering what happens to her boy after the awful goodbye at the station. What happens to Marion Hargrove and to millions of boys like him is fun to know; in these days it is almost duty to know. Not all people are endowed with his rich sense of humor, but many people may profit by a dose of it on a subject eternally too grim: life in an army camp.

Just now *See Here, Private Hargrove* is one of those short, comfortably-sized best-sellers that sweep the country once a year or oftener. It is delightfully easy reading. When we learn about the routine inoculations of a private in the United States Army, Private Hargrove tells us: "Typhoid can't hold a thumbscrew to the all-time wonder, tetanus toxoid. Two medical attendants pin you

to the floor while a third assaults you with a hypodermic needle that looks like an air pump for zeppelins. You walk away saying, 'Well, that wasn't too bad.' Then, suddenly, you fall to the floor in a dead faint."

But there is much more to this little book than cleverness. Says Hargrove: "Magazine articles about Army morale give me that tired feeling. They tell of the poor little soldier boys who give up everything to go into training and have to spend their time leaning against lamp-posts—because nothing is being done for their morale. You're talking about entertainment, Gertrude, not morale. . . . Morale is the enormous feeling you know when you sit in pitch dark before a pup tent in the field and watch the fort's searchlights cut the sky. It's the feeling you know when you look across a great space and see long lines of Army trucks moving along every road you can see. That's morale."

Books like *See Here, Private Hargrove* are morale, too.

—ANN SEELEY

A tommyhawk is what if you go to bed some night and sleep for a while and then wake up without a scalp there is an Indian standing there with.



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MAIL CHRISTMAS GREETINGS TO MEN  
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## FOUL PIPE NE'ER WON FAIR MAID

—but Dan's out of the  
dog house now!



**"TAKE YOUR RING** and go away!  
You're finished with college, but  
I'm finished with men who smoke  
smelly pipes! My heart says yes,  
but my nose says *phew!* Good-bye!"



**SO DAN REFORMED.** He  
switched to Sir Walter, the *mild*  
blend of fragrant burleys. His girl  
took one sniff...smiled...snuggled.  
Try it for moonlight and noses.

**KEEP OUT OF THE DOG HOUSE  
WITH SIR WALTER**

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tape seals flavor in,  
brings you tobacco  
100% factory-fresh!

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MADE

Tune in **UNCLE WALTER'S DOG HOUSE**  
Every Wednesday night—NBC Red Network

## Characters All



**MIKE BEAM** . . . the young man with  
a pipe and a mop of hair has been turn-  
ing out copy at a rapid rate since his  
introduction to the campus last year.  
Hailing from Albemarle, Mike is up here  
to get an A.B. in journalism, improve  
his Saroyanism, date, drink, and pub-  
lish articles such as his present con-  
tributions on death and humor. He can  
write anything from serious articles to  
a *Tar Heel* column that reeks of Win-  
chellism. Main ambition: to live in-  
definitely.

**BILLY WEBB** . . . contributes the story  
on the new social committee for this  
issue. The Web, as he is affectionately  
known by his Kappa Sig brothers, was  
born in Spartanburg, S. C., which may  
or may not explain his popularity with  
the coeds. His best work to date was a  
feature story on Gimghoul Castle and  
its history which he did for the *Tar Heel*  
last year. He likes boogy-woogy and  
blues. Billy explains his interest in  
writing by stating that he was scared  
by a linotype machine when he was six  
months old and that he's been trying  
to get even with it ever since.

**HENRY MOLL** . . . Hinky the Miracu-  
lous Moll has been a success at Carolina  
ever since he revamped the old, old  
Carolina Magazine in favor of a new  
streamlined Carolina Mag. His rejuve-  
nation process didn't stop until he had  
given us a "Baby Esquire" that was  
called the best magazine ever to be  
published on the "Hill." At present he  
is the director of Graham Memorial  
which is rapidly becoming known as  
Moll's Mansion.

**ANNE MONTGOMERY** . . . ballyhooed  
last year as the greatest female college  
cartoonist, by the late, lamented *Tar an'*  
*Feathers*, Monty proves her initial suc-  
cess was no fluke by showing her skill  
with several cartoons in this issue. Army  
brat and daughter of a high Army of-  
ficer she was born in Fort Sill, Okla-  
homa, from where she moved to Texas,  
New York, and Washington. Monty  
proves invaluable in working out lay-  
outs and designs and her hand is felt  
all through the issue. She would like to  
settle down after her graduation this  
June and become a housewife to a de-  
serving man . . . line forms to the right.

**KARL BISHOPRIC** . . . flash bulbs, dark-  
room, and clicking lens receive the tal-  
ents of the principal photographer for  
this issue. A Beta, Karl is well-liked  
on the campus and numbers among his  
friends many greats and near-greats  
who have become subjects for his cam-  
era. Contributing the series on the food  
situation as well as other shots, King  
Karl bids fair to do honor to the mantle  
of Hugh Morton which seems to have  
fallen on his big shoulders. His favorite  
axiom is, "if you say you know any-  
thing about photography, you're no  
good."  
—STUD

**Follow The Crowd  
To The**

**CAROLINA  
PHARMACY**



**CHOCOLATE  
SODAS**

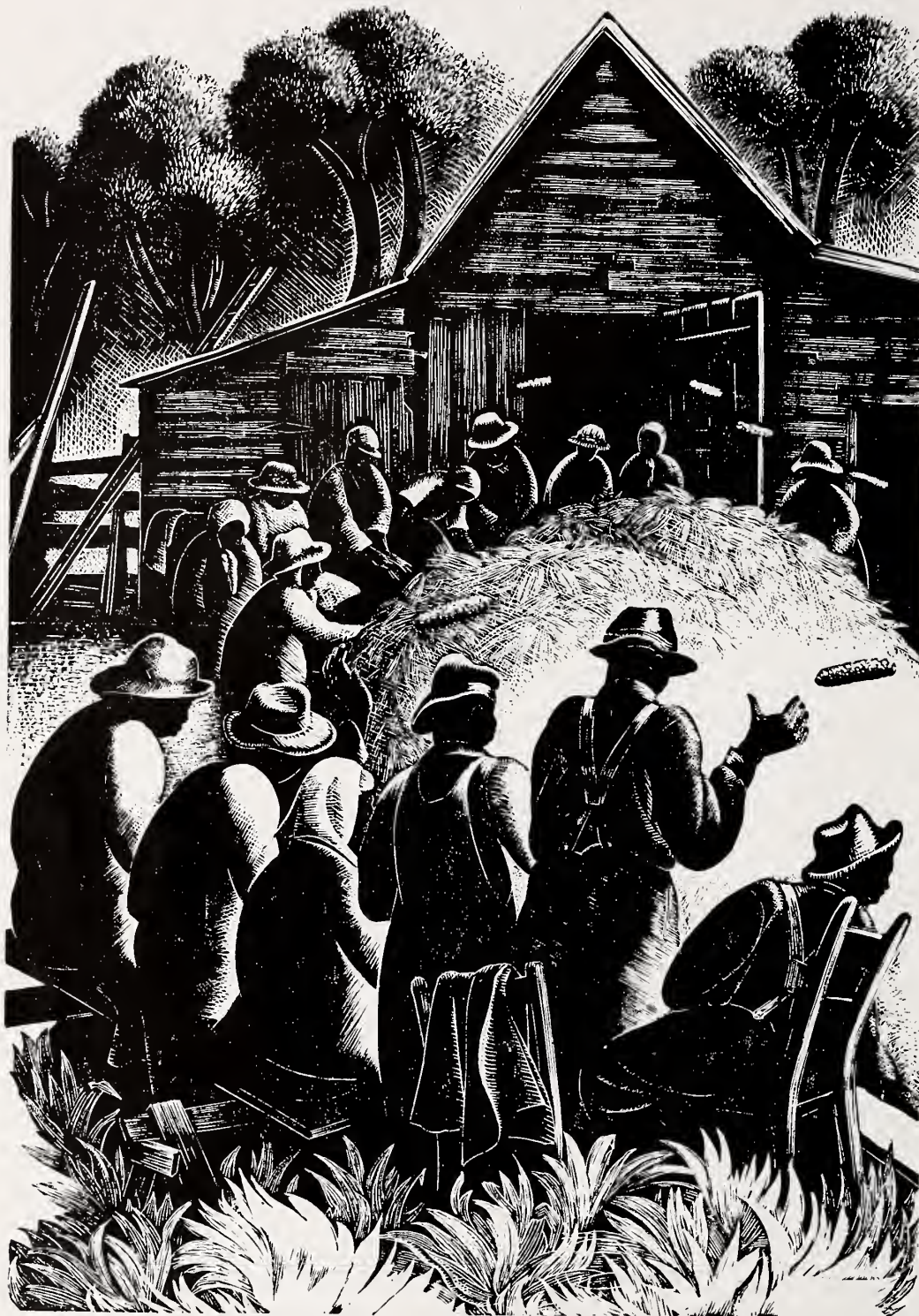
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# CORN SHUCKERS

By Clare  
Leighton

"Cornshuckers," is Clare Leighton's vital artistic interpretation of the Southern folk tradition. Printed exclusively by the CAROLINA MAGAZINE, it is a pre-release wood engraving chosen from her latest book, "Southern Harvest," that will be published early in November by Macmillan's.

England's Clare Leighton is internationally known to art followers as "the Empress of woodcut."

In "Southern Harvest," Miss Leighton's first book of Americana, she has treated Dixie's countryside with the same conscientious ardor used in her books of England. Without "sociological tremens" she has reproduced her characters and scenes with simple and masterful craftsmanship.



ATHLETICS were shaken by the Rice game cancellation. Is big-time football out for the duration? The hard hitting lineman pictured below may decide to confine his line-plunging to intramural tag football after reading this article.



The abrupt changes in the Carolina Way of Life, brought about during a summer of transition, are analyzed by an experienced campus reporter.

Death came to Chapel Hill.

From Washington and Annapolis, from Army, from Navy, the same fingers that strum marble desk tops pinched the collegiate life that walked there for 150 years. They knifed the campus-noises and breathed motion into machines; they blended factory whistles with Tower bells; they changed styles; they opened shops; they built; they destroyed.

War.

And a new, squawling village, cord still uncut, feeding yet on tradition, begins to take its place. Transition has been swallowed, unchewed by trial; and the New Hill groans with indigestion. There was no "other way," no second road; the swiftumultousprawlingrowth was imperative. Today's ache comes from the inability of organizations and individuals to change with the clock, to hasten their steps, to meet tomorrow.

Carolina is still a school in the forest; it is still girded with ivy, smug in custom; it is still spirit and color and strength. But politics and government, eating and housing, athletics and fraternities are not the same. Cooperatives and publications, administration and socials, courses and attitude are changed. The War has not only come to Chapel

## Some Changes Made

By ERNIE FRANKEL

Hill; it stares from behind milk-less drugstore counters, and watches students beg for rooms.

### Politics

The Spring quarter's hand-shaking, smile-tossing, vote-swapping festival—will not be played according to old rules. Party opposition, born from the clash of Student and University parties, is no more. George Smith, UP chieftain, is pestered by more politicians than a congressman with an appropriation. Shake-up of dormitories, with hundreds of voters scattered out of machine-scope, has crippled the House that Britt Built. The University party, still strongly organized through its large fraternity membership, holds the whip. Unless a master politico comes out of the town, the day may be returning when Carolina's student officers are elected in the back room of the Sigma Nu house.

### Housing and Eating

Housing and eating conditions have already been blasted. Facilities for a great number of the student body are disgustingly inadequate; and the 2000 vitally effected are tiring of living and sleeping on promises, still get no satisfaction from administrative red faces. These students had representatives in Chapel Hill all summer, representatives who did their damndest to throw cold water on dreamers in South building. And that's why, though willing to sacri-

fice, willing to do without, willing to make changes, they want action now.

A summer-appointed Student Planning board recommended to the administration that an accurate census of rooming houses be made, that immediate provision be made for feeding students in University-operated dining halls, that more room space be obtained by the school, that incoming students be advised frankly of the situation. Dean of Men Roland Parker and Dean F. F. Bradshaw saw the wisdom of such suggestions, with Parker urging his colleagues to take note. Roy Armstrong, hard-working and conscientious, but short-sighted, scoffed at the possibility of scarcity, worried over getting more registrants. L. B. Rogerson, business manager, promised—all summer. Billy Carmichael, overcome with comptroller's duties and fumbling with financial difficulty, finally came through.

There's no longer a need for debate on whether the planning board was right. The bulk of the administration was certainly wrong; and the next few months must see the undoing of their mistakes.

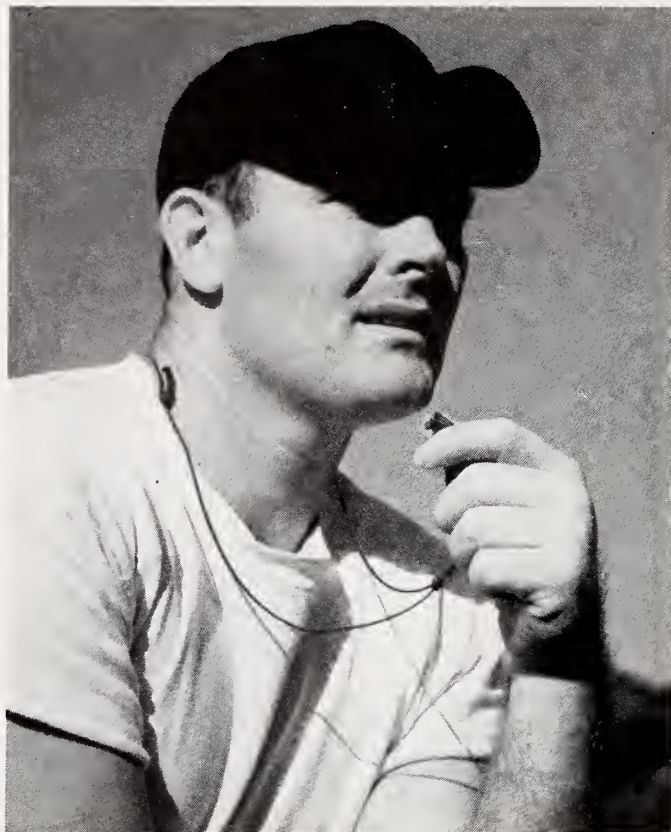
### Athletics

The thousands who jostled into Kenan last year will be missing. Tire and gasoline shortages and commercial transportation difficulties are expected to slice attendance, give football back to the stu-

(See SOME CHANGES, page 30)







Coach Jim Tatum

The voice at the other end of the telephone was friendly. "An interview for the Carolina Magazine? Sure. Come on up to the office tonight."

The walls of Head Coach Jim Tatum's office in Woollen Gymnasium were lined with pictures of football players of yesterday. Andy Bershak, end coach, and Grady Pritchard, line coach, stood at the blackboard, drawing and erasing plays.

The voice over the telephone was friendly, but Jim Tatum in person was even friendlier. Coach Tatum, looking more like a bespectacled graduate student than an experienced football coach, sat behind his desk and waited for the ordeal to begin. He wore a grayish-green gabardine suit with a green necktie and nervously fingered a full tobacco pouch. The tobacco pouch, by the way stays full most of the time. Coach Tatum smokes a pipe, but smokes it only occasionally.

Only 29 years old, Jim Tatum is one of the youngest head football coaches in the nation. "The funny thing is," he said, "that I came to Carolina to study law and turned out to be an accountant. Look at me now! If Tom Young were here, he would probably say that he didn't know which class of people are worse off, football coaches or lawyers." Tom Young, the backfield coach, is the fourth member of the all Carolina alumni coaching staff.

Jim Tatum was born in McColl, S. C.

August 22, 1913. He graduated from Carolina in 1935 and began his coaching career at his Alma Mater in the fall of that same year.

After graduating from Carolina, Jim was all set to play football for the New York Giants of the professional football league. Carl Snavely offered him a job as assistant coach, and he accepted it. "I accepted the job at UNC," said Jim, "so that I could be here with friends and so that I could see the games on Saturdays. I was too busy to be with my friends, and Snavely sent me off every week end to scout games."

Tatum served as assistant to Snavely during his first year as coach and also worked with the head coach during winter practice. Snavely left the University in the spring of 1936 to accept a similar position at Cornell, and he took Tatum along with him. Tatum assisted him there in spring practice and regular football season.

Tatum was appointed head baseball coach at Cornell during the spring of 1936. Only 22 then, Jim was believed to be again the youngest head coach of a major team in the country.

During his first season as baseball coach at Cornell, there were four regulars on the team that were older than he.

While at Cornell, Tatum was associated with two championship teams. The eleven captured the Eastern Championship in 1938, and Tatum's team tied

# T A T U M

## Sounds Off

Harvard for the Eastern title in the spring of 1939.

Coach Tatum returned to Carolina in the fall of 1939 to direct freshman athletics and be head freshman coach of football and baseball.

He was married in May, 1938, to Edna Reid Sumrell. They honeymooned in Panama, where Tatum spent two months teaching baseball to the boys in the army camps, and he played with the Panama and Ancon teams in the Canal Zone League. He also played baseball in the Coastal Plain League six years.

While a student at Carolina, Tatum was active on the football and baseball teams. He played left tackle and made most of the recognized All-Southern teams and was chosen on several All-America squads. Uniquely enough, when Jim was playing left tackle for Carolina, he also had four brothers playing left tackle at other colleges. Two played for Wofford, one was at Clemson and the other was at Wake Forest. Jim was the smallest one of the quintet.

In addition to being a star tackle, Tatum was one of the best all-round performers on Carolina's 1933, 1934, and 1935 baseball teams. He was particularly versatile, and in his last season played seven games each as a catcher, first baseman, and outfielder. He hit .325 in 1934, led his team in runs batted in and was tied for first in home runs. He also made the team as a sophomore, when Carolina won 20 of 21 games and won both State and Conference titles.

Offered a Lieutenantcy in the U. S. Navy, Jim turned it down this year in order to become head football coach. Last year he built a home on the country club road in Chapel Hill and then sold it thinking that he was going to the Navy.

"I'd like to think of something funny to lighten up this article," Jim suddenly exclaimed, "but football is a damn serious business."

He then admitted that he liked the movies and that Mickey Rooney was his favorite actor. But at the present time he spends all his spare time studying football movies and has no time even for his hobbies, squash and golf.

It was inevitable that the conversation would finally turn to a discussion of

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**Coach Tatum, guiding light of Carolina's grid hopes, tells all to Mag humor editor Ben McKinnon! Color. Action. All Carolina coaching staff optimistic for season.**

---



## To BEN McKINNON

football prospects for the present season. Coach Tatum thinks that Wake Forest, William and Mary, and Duke will be the most powerful teams in the Southern Conference.

When asked about the Duke game, he answered, "Gosh, that's a long way off."

"You know," he said, "there is not so much difference in coaching a varsity team and in coaching a freshman team. The freshmen take coaching easier and are willing to work hard but the varsity men are more mature, catch on to plays quicker and have more time for football."

He absentmindedly began swinging a bunch of keys against the side of his chair as the question of football in regard to the service came up. "I don't have the slightest idea what is going to happen to football in the future, but I do know that it is the greatest training that a boy could have for the service. There is nothing that teaches a boy loyalty and teamwork the way football does."

Andy Bershak, All American end in 1937, walked around the desk, sat down in the other chair and carefully placed his right foot on the desk. "Don't forget to mention," he laughed, "that when a Senior in college, Jim was chosen by the coeds of Southern California on their all handsome, All America team."

"And," spoke up Grady Pritchard, who captained Carolina's championship team in 1922, "he is still using the same pictures that he used then."

"The only prediction that I would like to make concerning the present season," Jim said, "is that there will be eleven boys on the field fighting for victory all the time. We're going to play week by week. If we lose one Saturday, that is in the past. The next Saturday will bring a new game, and the last one will be forgotten. The same thing applies if we have won the last game. We're not going to be cocky about the next one."

"One thing I would like to mention is the attitude of the students concerning the football team. It is the student's team, and it is the student body's responsibility to see that the boys keep training. Nobody makes a boy play football. It is an honor to represent the University of North Carolina on the football field, and if a player is not giving his best all the time, it is the responsibility of the students to either straighten him out so he will give his best or give him the cold shoulder."

The four of us then piled into a station wagon and headed for the middle

of town. Jim said, "Well, we started off to see football pictures tonight, and we ended up by writing an article for the Carolina Magazine."

"Say," Bershak interrupted, "what about the job the Russians did in Stalingrad. What a stand they put up on the one yard line."

"If I had the Russian defense and the German offense," said Tatum, "I would be set for the present season."

After Tatum got out of the car in front of his house, and we were again headed toward town, Andy Bershak turned to me and said, "He gets things done but he does not drive the players."

This statement, it seems, is the one sentence which describes Jim Tatum's coaching career. From the time when he was assistant coach at Carolina, assistant at Cornell and then head baseball coach, and then back to Carolina as freshman coach and now head coach at his Alma Mater, Jim Tatum has really accomplished things. And now surrounded by the first all alumni coaching staff in 24 years, Tatum is again facing a tremendous task. His three assistants are earnest and capable workers.

Tom Young, varsity backfield coach, comes to the University with an enviable record as a player and coach. He was a standout player at Carolina in football and baseball. After leaving Carolina, Young coached for one year each at Smithfield, Pembroke, and Monroe High Schools, and was at Lexington High from 1930 to 1942, where his teams made a wonderful record. Grady Pritchard, who captained the great 1922 Carolina team which won the South Atlantic championship and lost only to Yale after scoring three touchdowns on the Eli, is well experienced in line play and coaching. Andy Bershak, one of the greatest ends ever produced in this sec-

## UNC SCHEDULE

James Tatum, Coach

|             |          |
|-------------|----------|
| Tulane      | Oct. 24  |
| N. C. State | Oct. 31  |
| Davidson    | Nov. 7   |
| Duke        | Nov. 14* |
| Virginia    | Nov. 21  |

\* Denotes Home Game.

### NAVY PRE-FLIGHT HOME GAMES

James Crowley, Coach

|                 |         |
|-----------------|---------|
| Colgate         | Dec. 5  |
| Iowa Pre-Flight | Dec. 12 |

tion of the country, is well qualified to coach the Tar Heel flankmen. Since graduation in 1938, Bershak has acted as assistant under Coach Jim Tatum with the Carolina Freshman teams and has done much scouting for the varsity.

It is these four men that are moulding a football team for the University of North Carolina. Jim Tatum, the head coach, is naturally in the driver's seat and it is his job to create a winning combination from a team that had a disastrous season last year.

Tatum has built winning combinations before and he can do it again. In the words of Bershak, "He gets things done but he doesn't drive the players."

The head of the University of North Carolina football coaching staff may be young but he is certainly not inexperienced.

GLAMOROUS Kenan stadium is pictured below, jammed with enthusiasts at a former Carolina-Duke game. This year, when the Devils take to our sod for mortal battle, these thousands of fans will see a new Carolina eleven mentored by an all-Carolina coaching staff headed by wide-awake Tatum.





# Mr. Second Lieutenant Success

By RALPH JACKSON

He was coming out of the examination room, the certificate in his hands. He was smiling and the smile was a part of his clean, fresh, tanned-face youth. John went towards him and shook his hand. He could still feel the stiffness of the hard bench where he had waited, the stiffness that had become a part of his spine.

"Congratulations, Harry. You made it!"

"Thanks. I'm sure glad it's over." The sunlight that filled the cream-walled room shone on his yellow hair. The sunlight and the walls and Harry's hair were all bright shades of the same golden color. John felt surrounded by gleaming yellow, fresh morning yellow. "For a while there I felt like I didn't have a chance and then everything was suddenly okay," Harry was saying.

"It was a stiff exam. You ought to feel like a million passing it." John gripped the other's hand again and then let it drop. "You'll be a flying son of a gun before long."

"Yeah! Let's get outside. I feel great!"

They walked out of the room together down the corridor and out the door to the street. Harry laughed again as they went down the wide stone steps. The buttons on his cadet uniform glistened. "It's a heck of a fine day. Let's go get a drink."

John laughed with him for a moment and then stopped the sound as if turning off a faucet from which water was no longer running. "We can go to the Shamrock. It isn't far from here." Slowly he unbuttoned the coat of his civilian suit. The morning breeze from across the plains was warm, and they were walking briskly.

A newsboy ran up to them. "Paper, mister?"

Harry reached in his pocket. "Sure, kid." He pulled out a quarter and tossed it to the boy. "Keep the change." He glanced at the paper handed to him and then gave it to John. "What the heck did I buy a paper for? I'm too happy to read. You keep it."

"Thanks. I have plenty of time to read it."

The Shamrock was a small barroom that made some pretensions of being a night club. In the evening it hired a four piece band, a girl singer, and a strip-teaser with thin legs and a flat chest who shook her body in assorted exotic dances. In the day time it was just a small box of a room, dim like the

**Harry's gold bars put an invisible barrier between him and his friends. . . . A new campus fiction writer presents a sensitive story in tune with the times.**

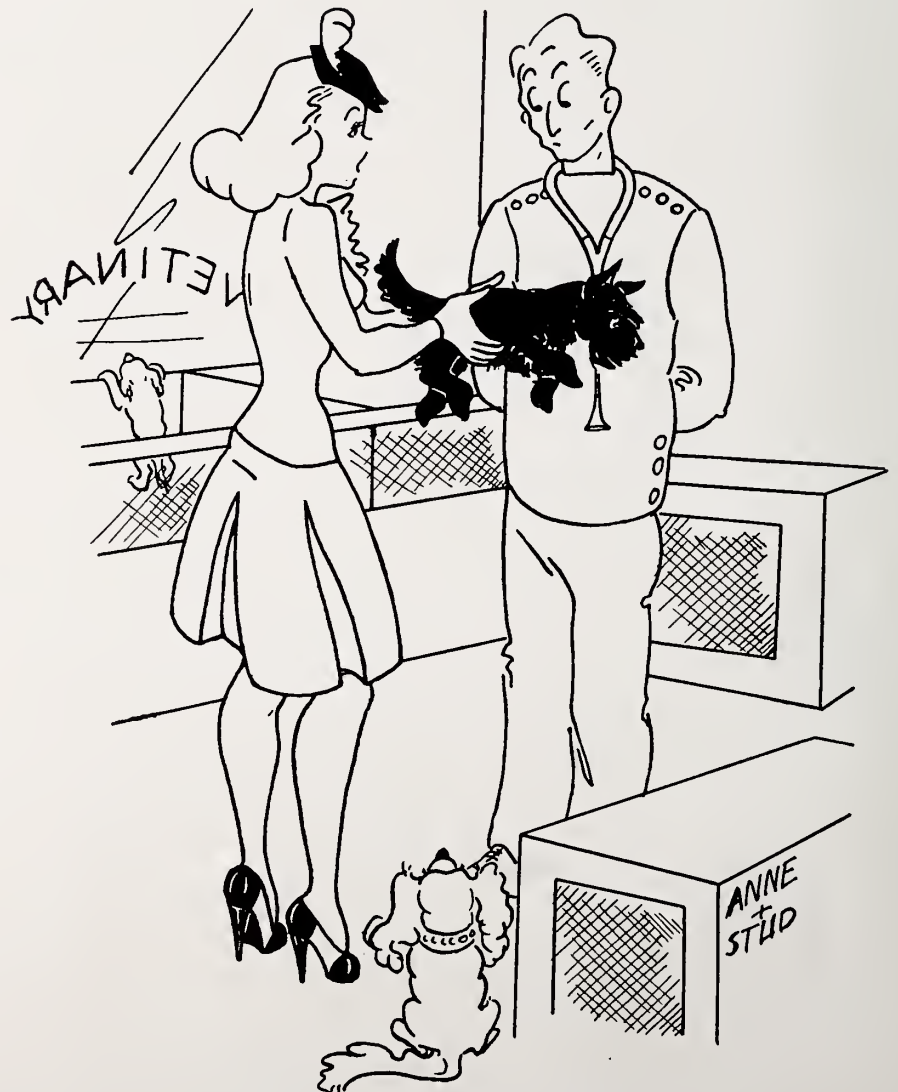
inside of a sleepy eye peeping out at the glare of morning. Without the red and blue bulbs burning behind it, the striped bunting, draped from the ceiling and down the walls, looked dirty and drab. Three big cardboard V's sprinkled with tinsel flakes stood behind the bandstand. Another one was pasted to the mirror behind the bar. A row of them marched stiffly around the molding. V for Victory, for Success. There were no F's for Failure.

The cadet and the civilian ordered

beer and settled themselves comfortably in the booth. Harry stretched slowly, luxuriously like a man enjoying the pull of his own muscles. The polished buttons on his coat gleamed in the dimness as the cloth tightened across his expanding chest. "Oh, it's a heck of a fine day!"

"Yes. You ought to feel good," John said. He smiled at his friend because he knew his friend expected it. His friend wouldn't want to be depressed by his melancholy. He would feel uncomfortable before a bitter face. He wouldn't openly complain or protest but he would feel embarrassed and wish he were not so happy or wish he were someplace else where everybody else was gay. "You're on top today, Harry." You're Mr. Success, John thought. Second lieutenant Success. You've come through all this damn mess and landed on top. But if a stranger were to look at us suddenly now and not see either one of us smiling or pretending to or see you over-tipping the newspaper boy or walking briskly

(See LT. SUCCESS, page 29)



"He claims he got it from a fireplug."

# Oiling-Up the Merry-Go-Round

By BILLY WEBB

Foaled in the nervous and ceaselessly active brain of Bert Bennett, president of the student body, the cold of the Student Social Committee, now balanced testily on its young legs, promises to develop into an organization which will serve the campus better than Alsab or the long-tailed Whirlaway ever served their owners.

The Social Committee was bred for a definite purpose. Very simply, the purpose of the committee is to give the 3,184 students, who will be forced to stay on the campus because of transportation difficulties, something to do on weekends. It was assumed that professors would give them something to do during the week. In addition, the committee will act as a clearing house for functions of other campus organizations so that the Pi Phi dance will not interfere with the IRC's significant address and vice versa.

Chairman Hobart McKeever will jockey the young organization, which is now attempting to become accustomed to its awkward limbs, and tender jockeying it will be, for there are many ticklish hazards to surmount before the committee can stick its neck across the tape for recognition as a success.

The primary problem is that of settling the relation between McKeever's committee and Dr. Mackie's dance committee. The dance committee derives its power from the student legislature. Before any student dance can be held, permission and a date must be obtained from Dr. Mackie who represents the faculty in the matter of Carolina dances. With the advent of the social committee, permission and a date must also be obtained from Hobart McKeever. This is an unnecessary duplication of functions and is the basis for unhealthy antagonism.

The ideal solution of the problem and one recommended by McKeever is that the two similar committees merge. Dr. Mackie will retain all his power as the faculty representative in sanctioning dances. On the other hand, there will be mutual consultation between Dr. Mackie and McKeever on the matter of time and other incidentals.

One further major hazard confronts the committee. At present the committee is operating under power derived from an executive order by Bert Bennett. It is imperative that the student legislature endorse the new organiza-



TOMMY DORSEY played Carolina often. His dances were great. Just about everybody used to go. Imports came from hundreds of miles and swelled the weekending Hill to its full social glory. Those times are past. Hobart McKeever and his new Social Committee explain to Billy Webb how they shall divert Tar Heels from long hours of grind. Can the Social Committee meet the challenge offered by restricted facilities? The Hill must play on weekends. It works hard during the week. What has McKeever gotten into?

tion to give it the permanence and power necessary to execute its functions. Its functions will offer students unconflicting, better organized, more frequent and more pleasurable entertainment than they have ever had before.

Largest single item on the committee's plans for the future is the mammoth carnival now being swelled to huge proportions by the concerted energies of Joe Leslie and Walter Rabb. To be held in Woollen gym and to last for an entire Saturday, the carnival program includes numerous games with student participation and others for students to watch. Ludicrous primitive movies shown by Graham Memorial, dancing including a band, gymnastics, diving exhibitions, and other entertainment are part of the fun which has not yet been fully planned. The carnival is an example of the type of work the committee will do.

Students will also find the committee invaluable when they attempt to hold a dance. The various branches of the committee, whose connections extend to all corners of the campus, have been organized with foresight and efficiency. The problem of the dance-giver has been simplified to the point that he only needs the energy to say to McKeever, "The Carolina Holy Rollers Society desire to fling a dance on February 29." The Social Committee makes the arrangements.

The advantages of the committee are obvious. Created to serve the campus, it has so far performed its purpose admirably. The committee now needs power. The legislature should endow it with the power needed.

The committee has already proven its worth, in the successful presentation of two Sunday Night Sessions, presentations that met with such spontaneous success that the Mutual Broadcasting Company has agreed to give the University air time. McKeever displayed his wisdom by letting most of the arrangements for the actual technical angles on the program be taken care of by Hurst Hatch and others more qualified than committee members.

This organization, vital and alive, is what Carolina has needed for a long time. The job has been filled by personalities heretofore: Fish Worley, Bill Cochrane, etc. They did a good job, but a full powered organization can do better. The Social Committee is the one to do it—if it will.

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**Bennett administration cracks outstanding campus problem. Where shall we go? What shall we do? Hobie McKeever and the Social Committee answer these questions for scattered students.**

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# My Islands

by SARA ANDERSON

Before December 7 Hawaii had shipside farewells, leis, native hawkers. This personal description of an island departure is tinged with reminiscences of pre-war Hawaii and touching glimpses of a home left behind.

I hung over the rail for what seemed hours while the boat labored clumsily to turn itself around. Little brown boys dived into the murky, green water after coins which the passengers threw to them. Two or three of them swam unsafely close to the churning propellers. Oh, how they would howl with rage if their prize turned out to be only a penny; if they turned to their companions with great white smiles, you knew they had found a fifty-cent piece. While the band was playing "Aloha," I watched the rainbows reflected in the thin surfaces of oil on the water.

In Hawaii ship sailings used to be wonderful events. Ordinarily—in San Francisco, for instance—a ship sails with the usual formalities of confusion and excitement: crowds, good-byes, and steam whistles. But in Hawaii it was different, for it seems to be implicitly recognized that due compensation should be made to the unfortunate individuals who must leave the islands. For two years I had been one of the consolers, and strange to say, my own sense of permanency increased with each departure. I was "dazzled by the brightness of the waking dream" about me, and although Time flew with others, I was sure that he would only stroll leisurely with me toward some remote date of departure. That last summer I saw more and more boats leave, threw scores of leis over necks, and smiled at each woe-filled face with sympathy mixed with that irritating hint of superiority to which a spectator always feels entitled. I felt thusly toward those weak mortals who shed tears, while I vowed silently never to betray myself when I left. But the day had finally arrived when I was no longer a spectator—I was a participant in the ceremony of sailing.

The same old Hawaiian and Japanese women were beginning to assemble along the pier entrances to sell their gorgeous flower leis which they had woven that morning. People began coming onto the pier. I watched the old familiar scene—the lei women crowding about, eager to sell their flower strands. "How 'bout a carnation lei, mister—three for fifty cents." The spicy fragrance of the pink and white carnations was mute salesman of its own desirability. Another would shout, "Gar-

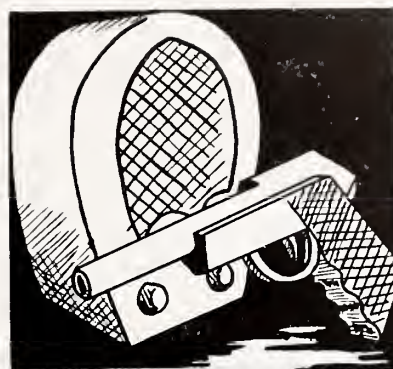
denia leis, twenty-fi' cents each." Still others would offer a dozen leis for a dollar. The flower odors mingled indistinguishably with the hot dampness of the air, with the heat rising from the concrete, with the listless breeze coming from the sea. The mixture was indescribable, but the oppressive sweetness of the Hawaiian Ginger seemed to hover in the atmosphere, like a cloud of unseen smoke. The petals reflected the noonday sun, until eyes smarted from the brightness of color.

Other passengers were arriving in scores by this time, and soon the dock was crowded with people, although it was still an hour until sailing time. I weaved my way slowly through the crowds of khaki uniformed men, of cotton clad women, and well behaved children. I was acutely conscious of all the noises peculiar to the excitement of sailing. Voices—emotional voices, cool voices, shrill voices—all related by a kind of circular interaction that arose from a common sympathy. Mother was busy taking movies with her newly acquired camera, while our little group boarded ship. The band was playing now, and I saw my friends looking at me expectantly, in anticipation of tears, or some visible signs of grief.

But I was numb, for the confusion of departure served as a sort of anesthetic. You needn't pinch yourself, for it really is all a dream. No tears come; tears acknowledge a reality, and all that was real to me were flashes of remembrances red flowers and yellow flowers; surf and sea; coral and coconut; Chinese and Japanese; sugar cane plumes, and the fire by night that consumed their green stalks; all one vast panorama of color and sound. But slowly the jammed aisles and decks were cleared. The last stragglers had finally rushed down the gangplank which was taken away five minutes later. Our last contact with land had been severed.

And here I was leaning on the rail, listening to the inevitable sobs as the last strains of "Aloha" reached us. I withdrew to the stern in order to be in a better place to catch a last glimpse of my family and friends, but the faces seemed to blur and mingle, as if in a dream which glides swiftly past and is

(See MY ISLANDS, page 27)



## Night Owl

By BEN McKINNON

John Jones had not meant to play poker until midnight. As he turned to go up his walkway, for the first time in the evening he thought about his wife.

Suddenly he was stricken by conscience. He should not leave his wife alone at night. Any number of things could happen. It was possible that she might be lying unconscious right now from a nasty fall. Just yesterday, he had read that a majority of the dangerous injuries occur in the home. And then, on the other hand, even now his wife might be menaced at the point of a gun. His house was not absolutely burglar proof. He quickened his step and almost ran in the front door.

As he entered the darkened living room, he knew instantly, instinctively that his fears had been realized. He heard a drunk-sodden voice shout, "Come on Joe; we'll take this moll for a ride. I'll teach her not to give us the double cross. Yes you, baby. I know that you've got money hidden somewhere in this house and we intend to have it. Tape her mouth good, Joe. We don't want her squawking."

John stood there, paralyzed. He jolted back to normal as he heard his wife shout, "John Jones, don't stand there like an infernal nincompoop. I left the radio on. Turn it off and come to bed. Those midnight crime programs get on my nerves."

"Yes, do cut it off and be very quiet about it. You see, it also gets on my nerves," a soft voice sliced the darkness, "This is no radio thriller you are hearing now."

John Jones glimpsed the glint of a ray of moonlight on blue steel as he reached for the radio knob.





# SICK AND TIRED

By Mike Beam

Illustrated by Ann Montgomery

Bill Emery hadn't been buried more than a few hours before he got damn sick and tired of being dead. If there was any one thing he couldn't stand doing, it was nothing—so far, Death had consisted of nothing.

Bill hadn't counted too much on going to heaven, and he hadn't worried too much about going to hell. The disgusting thing about it was that as yet, he hadn't heard of a movement to send him anywhere.

And in the absence of divine action, Bill decided to take matters into his own hands.

He didn't have any difficulty at all in moving from his four by eight casket through six feet of earth to the world above. Such a thing is surprisingly easy when you are dead.

The night air was clear and refreshing after being cramped in such stuffy quarters. Bill stretched himself and breathed deeply.

As his eyes became accustomed to the darkness, he saw that he was standing on the family burial plot in the Chapel Hill Cemetery. Beside him were three markers signifying the presence of his grandfather, his grandmother, and an uncle—none of whom he had ever seen.

There was a fourth marker now, of large white marble, bearing his name, Bill Emery, and the dates 1924-1942. He walked over and knelt down in order to read the inscription:

*"The Lord giveth and the Lord  
taketh away.*

*Strange are the ways of the Lord."*

Bill sat and looked at it for a moment. It was a pretty nice monument, but it did seem that it could have said a little more about him. After all, he was the one who had died, not the Lord.

He read the inscription again and then began to laugh. There was nothing at all strange about his death. It had been plain damn foolish. He should have known better than to let Harold drive as drunk as he was. He was reckless enough sober. The only thing strange was that he had driven as far as he did without hitting another car.

Bill stood up and fished into his coat pocket for a cigarette. Not a damn one. It did seem that people would have the decency to leave a guy a couple of cigarettes. But then, there was the popular misunderstanding about Death being a release from nervousness, among other things.

For the first time, he noticed the clothes he was wearing. A drab black suit, black tie, and shiny black shoes. People must have really taken his funeral seriously. He hoped no one saw him before he had a chance to change into respectable clothes.

The air was beginning to feel a bit cool and Bill pulled his collar up around his neck as he made his way out of the cemetery. The first thing to do would be to get over to the dorm and see if his stuff was still there.

He had come out on the gravel sidewalk now, and he shoved his hands deeply into his pockets and began to walk toward the dorm.

As he passed by the first lamp post, he instinctively missed something. He turned and walked back and forth through the lamp light several times. His shadow was gone. He didn't have

(See SICK AND TIRED, page 28)

ANNE



# Lynchin' Bee

by DAVID HANIG

You think it doesn't happen?  
Listen:

In a Mississippi town a man put in  
a complaint

to the local constabulary,  
told of a whining pack of ghosts  
who sat under the dying cotton-  
woods at the back of the house.

"You mean the trees where they  
hung a nigger on a lynchin'  
bender?"

asked the deputy dryly.

And the man's eyes popped out in  
fear:

"Don't say it, Jed—not even if  
you're jokin'!"

And the deputy sat around and  
contemplated the man  
and said he'd look in on him that  
night.

There was a ring around the white-  
faced moon

as the two men sat on a bench at  
the back of the house.

And the crickets churred in a  
monotone,

the deputy crossed a leg, yawned,  
and the man listened;

listened as though his soul de-  
pended on his listening  
beyond the crickets crying.

"Storm comin' up! the cracked dry  
voice of the deputy  
was as the brittleness of corn  
stalks,

"Ring on the moon—sure sign,"  
this a final comment on his bore-  
dom.

And the man listened.

Of a sudden he suckled the knobs

of his knuckles:

"You hear it. HEAR IT?"

His voice broke on a sob.

And the deputy listened, scratched  
his ear, looked sideways at the  
man,

yawned and stood up.

"Look, I'll see you in the mornin'.

Better git you some sleep.

You're tired, tha's all,"

And he walked away.

Next day neighbors found the  
door a-jar;

the man gone.

Seems it was like this: four women  
sat around

under cottonwoods to cry

the night a ring encircled the  
moon;

seems they left soon after the man  
of the house

came out to listen—

Seems they were nigger women!

Can't say about those other nights.

You think it doesn't happen?

Well, it's true alright.

## One Thing In Return

A boy left Carolina this sum-  
mer. He enlisted in the army. "The  
better to serve," he said. On a table  
in the front room of his fraternity,  
he left this note:

"These have been the most won-  
derful days of my life, days of per-  
fect freedom, days I'll never forget.  
I had the right idea when I came  
here. I was on the right track, but  
I didn't know where that track was  
going. I didn't know enough then.  
I don't know completely now, but  
I'm surer—more certain, especially  
of myself. I've learned things from  
books and people and just living.

"I've learned things here all  
right. I've learned to hate shallow-  
ness, cussedness and sophistication.  
I've learned to hate, no not hate,  
to shun opportunists. I know that  
they are minor and trivial—people  
of the short run—people of the dol-  
lar. I've learned to love and ad-  
mire the Frank Grahams, people

with functional ideals, ideals that  
will work, ideals that are backed by  
sincerity. I've learned to be less  
dogmatic, though I know it helps  
at times; in other words, to evalu-  
ate more clearly, more thoroughly;  
to look at more sides than my  
own.

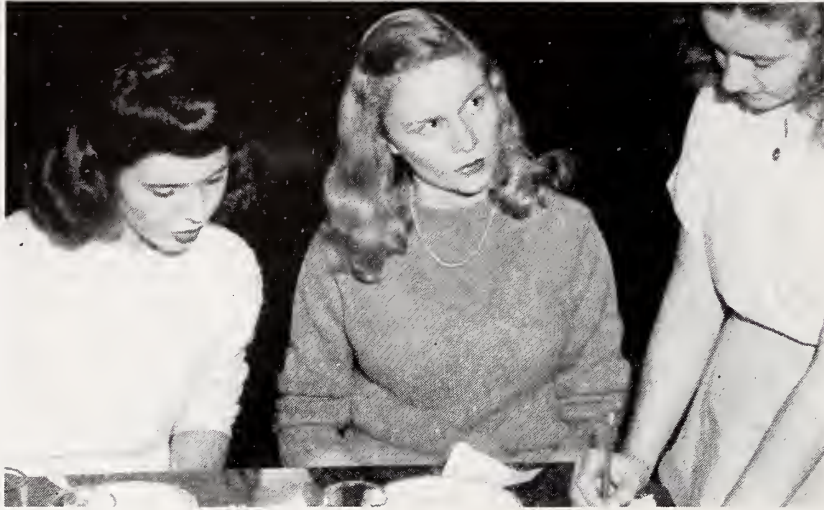
"I've been here at Carolina for  
two years, two years in which my  
life has been strongly dominated  
by all that is this fraternity. I've  
lived here, lived as well as any man  
ever wants to live. My interests,  
my friends, my diversions were  
here. I think I learned to live here.  
I know I owe more to the men in  
the house than to any other single  
entity at Carolina. I'll remember  
them as long as my memory func-  
tions. I want one thing in return  
from them: that they do the same  
for me.

"That is all I have to say after  
two years."





# FOOD!



**3** After gazing woefully at a crisp burnt offering lugubriously termed "Toasted Sandwich" the girls find that they must pay a check. What a check. It wouldn't be worth it even if we ate with Jean and Doris before paying it. The girls, you will note, are very calm about the entire process.

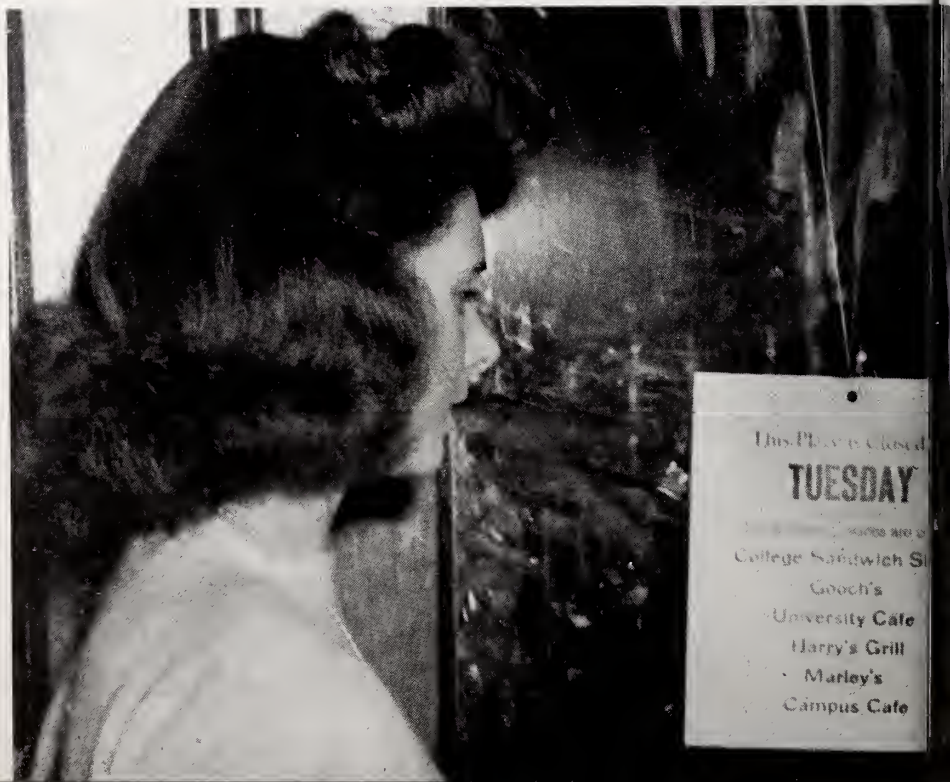
**2** Finally our little twosome forces entrance in a place colloquially known as the "armpit." Food is sold here. They wait. They waited. They will wait. The hands on Jean's little watch have had a lot of exercise since the girls sat down in this restaurantt.



**4** Beaming with happiness, the girls shake and munch a such nutritious food. Photographer, also. (All pl

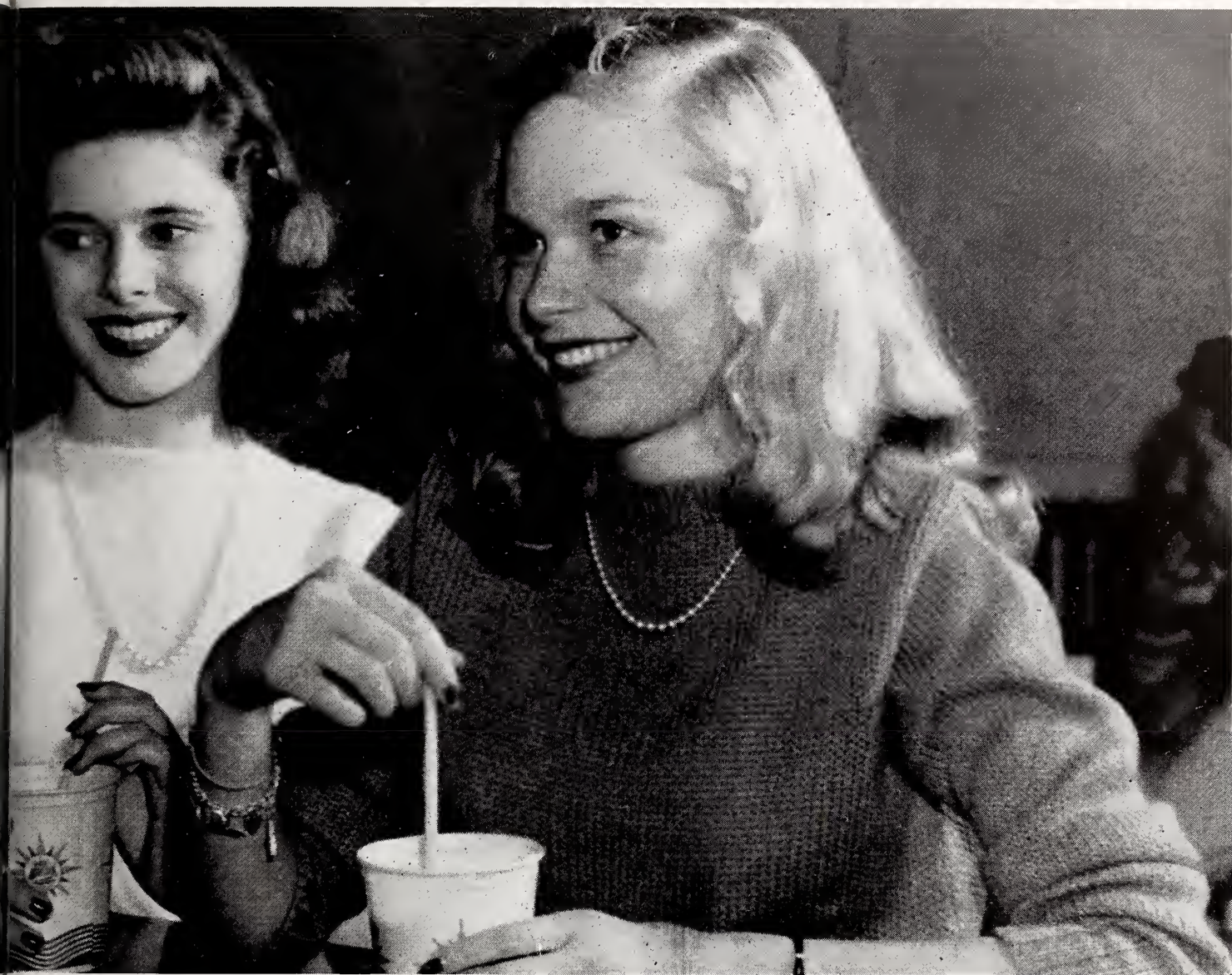
Photographer Karl Bishopric just happened along when new coeds Jean Afflick and Doris Clark set out in a safari of two to find food. He also happened to have along a camera, several filters and plenty of film. . . . This is the story he happened to get . . . of a pair which should be well-fed and their ceremonial banquet over a shake and a pack of nabs. . . .

**1** Doris and Jean, fresh in from Asheville and Arkansas respectively, hit their first hazard in the obstacle game at the Hill called, "Food, Food, Lord, Give Me Food."



This Place is Closed  
**TUESDAY**  
College Sandwich Shop  
Gooch's  
University Cafe  
Harry's Grill  
Marley's  
Campus Cafe





their good fortune, Jean and Doris happily sip butter cracker, overcome upon suddenly discovering perfectly truthful, they are grinning for the photos by Bishopric.)

Pregnant with danger, Chapel Hill's food problem is one of many angles and designs. Analytic to a fine degree, Carruth and Shipley give the situation a rapid going-over.

#### By Hayden Carruth and Burke Shipley

None need reminders of the precarious food situation in Chapel Hill during the first weeks of school. The memory of locked doors, atrocious half-meals, and exorbitant bills haunts us yet. Still restaurants are over-crowded, and in most the service is slow, inadequate, frequently discourteous. Mr. E. F. Cooley, director of the University's eating facilities, has conferred since last spring with South building big guns, leaving conference floors littered with shredded hair and scrapped ideas.

Plunked stand-offishly in one of the nation's low population areas that lie between defense centers, Chapel Hill has felt the labor problem more than most. Franklin street establishments rely on two sources: students and imported waitresses. Student help is inferior because of irregular, short working hours, because large numbers have to be newly broken in. Imported help, usually waitresses, is often un-trained, ill-mannered, frequently the cause of trouble with male students.

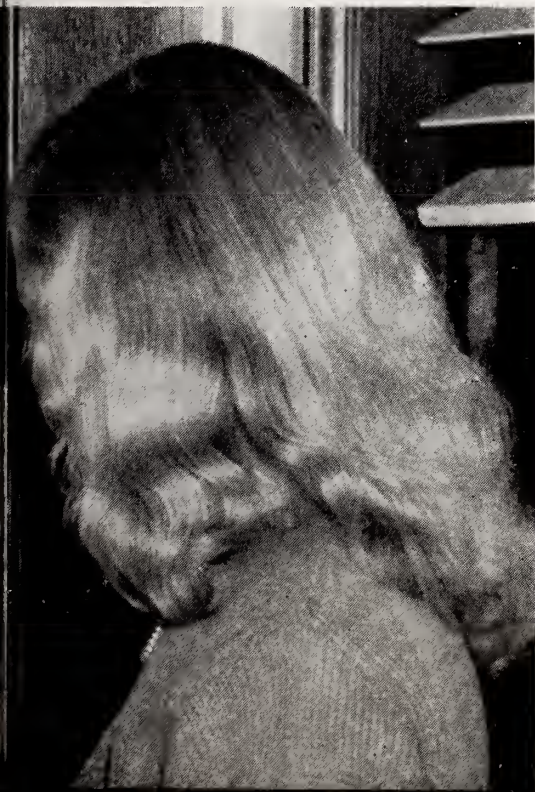
The labor shortage has forced closed doors. Local restaurants stagger their off days, by agreements arranged last summer. Many close much earlier than heretofore, inconveniencing late workers.

Although there has been plenty of the essential foods in Chapel Hill till now, ominous failures here and there presage unpleasant things to come. One local restaurant owner reported a food shipment ten days late. Others have been entirely unable to obtain certain foods. Make-shift meals, ersatz foods, and ingenuity have filled the menus.

Without a railroad, Chapel Hill depends absolutely upon road service for food transportation. Will gas and rubber shortages make food transport to the Hill impossible? Probably not; but the time is fast approaching when all extras will be eliminated.

One stupid, asinine bill of Raleigh legislators forbids transport of milk from another state into North Carolina.

(See FOOD, page 28)





# He Brought





# The Papers

by WALTER CARROLL

There was a time when there was no noise at all. There was a quiet, and when the cool exotic air of the evening closed in about old Gilbert, there fell a peace that sent his tired body into another world.

It was room No. eight, everyone who knew old Gilbert knew where he stayed when he wasn't working. Upstairs, room No. eight, a battered room with a chair and a brass posted bed. The room was dirty, but Gilbert didn't mind; it was cheap too.

Gilbert fancied himself a king, and truly at this moment Gilbert was a king, and his room was the king's chamber. The light from the moon filtered through his window; it caught his bed posts and made them look like golden scepters. The room was drenched with a purple that made the walls look expensive. His open window looked out over the terrace, the back alley. His Great Danes were stray curs, and his Oriental pets, alley cats.

Gilbert made ten dollars a week. He had Sunday off, and on that Sunday Gilbert would get a pint of whiskey and get drunk, just like a king. He was quiet, he'd go up to his room, close the door and stay all day.

No one knew where Gilbert came from; no one ever asked him. Some were aware that Gilbert had been working for the paper eighteen years. Gilbert came in to distribute the five editions of the paper: the Bull Dogs, the Two Stars, the Mails, the Fringes, and the Finals. The Bull Dogs came off the press at nine o'clock, and five minutes later Gilbert would distribute them. He remembered, eighteen years had caused him to plop those editions on the desks. Yes, he remembered, first the sports got five, then the city desk got four. Two for the city editor, and two for the assistant editor.

Gilbert had seen many editors come and go. Some in the past had greeted him when he passed; some didn't bother to look up. Then one each for the reporters, two for national, and eight for the copy desk. The picture editor had always been nice; Gilbert wouldn't forget that. If Gilbert had time he would take two copies back to the operators of the Ticker room. He would get the Two Stars at ten, the Mails at twelve, the Fringes at one-thirty, the Finals at two-thirty, and then he would go to his room to sleep.

A strange thing happened today. The news finally got to the people in the city room that Gilbert had been dead for two days. The day before the papers had been distributed. Everyone said the same thing, "I thought Gilbert brought the papers yesterday, God, I thought I saw him." Yes, they all thought they saw him. Maybe some one went after the papers, yes, maybe the copy boy.

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Carolina's Kay Kyser scholarship award winner writes and illustrates his first story for the Mag. Drawn from Carroll's newspaper experience on the Washington Post, this story depicts the human but forgotten cog in a mass-production newspaper plant.

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## Straw

by NANCY SMITH

When I first saw them on the bus, I sized him up for what he really was—a hen-pecked husband. It was easy to see who wore the pants in that family; in fact she had a pair of slacks on then. They were going back to Hoboken from a two weeks vacation in Miami.

Along about dinner he unpacked a lunch box under her direction, and I had the privilege of watching them eat. She was a short, stocky, powerfully built woman, and the skin on her neck hung in folds like a turtle's. Every so often she'd prod him with her sandwich and rasp, "Hurry up! You're so slow. Eat your dinner." And the poor man would gulp painfully and shrink his head into his collar so that he'd look like a little hunted mouse peering out of a box. When she was finished, she made him stop because he was "too slow, never would finish."

I felt sorry for the poor little fellow. I kept wondering how much he'd take before the revolution, and the more I thought the more I felt he'd never revolt.

We got pretty friendly during the long night ride up from Washington. At all the rest stops, while she was up in the Ladies room fixing her hair and face (I think even Mandrake the magician would have been discouraged at a task like that), we'd sneak around the corner to one of these all-night saloons for a glass of beer. After the second stop, she smelled it on his breath, poor guy. What happened is something I'm ashamed to say I saw. She took a long sniff and shrieked, "Drunkard, bas—" Well, anyhow, a lot of words I wouldn't repeat even if I am a traveling salesman. Then she let loose with her pocketbook, smashing it down on his head. He just turned red and shrunk up, whimpering. I was foolish enough to put in my two cents about its not being his fault and got a suitcase hurled at me for my trouble. When the bus driver grabbed her arms from behind, she stamped up and down on his toes. They finally doused her with a glass of beer and she settled down.

And yet he wouldn't leave her. I ran into him two weeks later in Hoboken when I was passing through. I asked him about his wife, and he said she was fine. So then we had some beer, and I asked him to leave on the next bus with me, but he got sort of scared looking and said the wife expected him

(See STRAW, page 27)

# Westchester Blackout

by HAYDEN CARRUTH

During the first week of September of this year the inhabitants of Westchester<sup>1</sup>—after reading that long footnote, you had better start over, and if you haven't read it, you should, you know. One must realize that footnotes frequently contain interesting and useful information.<sup>2</sup>

During the first week of September of this year the inhabitants of Westchester experienced a county-wide blackout. I was, for the nonce, residing in Pleasantville. I was happily ensconced in my study,<sup>3</sup> absorbing "The Highwayman," by Alfred Noyes, and ruminating on the possibilities of submitting it to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer as a scenario for one of their Crime Doesn't Pay series, when the eerie wail of the Pleasantville fire whistle disturbed the evening stillness.

I leaned more firmly into the chaise-lounge and paid no attention. Pleasantville is notorious for miles around as the center for false alarms, and I knew that, even if there were a respectable blaze, I should not be able to attend because I had used up my gas ration card for the first period.

So I continued to peruse the poetry. I had just reached the tense moment when her finger moved in the moonlight when there was produced at my front door a clamor unequalled since Joshua reduced sundry battlements to a powdery compound. Somebody, I concluded, was leaning rather heavily on my doorbell and exploding small charges of TNT under the sill. His voice cut the atmosphere as if he had just finished gargling with Prussic acid.

<sup>1</sup> Westchester is a county in New York extending northward from the banks of the East River approximately to Katonah, an old Indian name meaning "Republican Stronghold; Watch Out!" Allegedly, there is one UNC student from this town, although he probably won't admit it. It is reported that he left in a hurry when several of his neighbors heard him say he didn't like fish, and they thought he meant the Hamiltonian variety. If you are seeking information, the place is otherwise mentioned in: *The History of Westchester*, by Amalgamated Historians, Inc.; *The Hazards of Motoring*, by Rustle Trankantley Schlufftwo; and a mystery by Rex Stout entitled *Alphabet Hicks*. One interesting fact that I noticed while passing through once is that, with one curious exception, the entire female population is composed of women. This, however, is about all that can be said for them.

<sup>2</sup> Although it's a thousand to one shot they won't.

<sup>3</sup> A comfortable little hide-away, equipped with a chaise-lounge, a desk for the chairman of CIO Local No. 347 of the Yucatecan-Shetland Island Cooperative Tree Sprayers Association, an unemployed chorus from the old El Tinge, and a portable bar.

I reached the spot in time to observe a hawk-nosed individual burst through the portals. He was bedecked with gay ribbons on one arm and was wearing a tin hat. I was about to work the old I-am-not-running-a-masquerade-and-if-I-were-I-wouldn't-invite-you gag, when he chipped in ahead of me.

"Turn out your lights!"

"Turn out my lights?"

"Yeah. Turn 'em out, or I'll have ya arrested!"

"But I fail to comprehend the meaning of..."

The hawk-nosed individual began to scream and wildly gesticulate until I began to fear he was a maniac with a snootful. "I'm a warden, a warden! Ondurstand! A warden! Dis is a blackout! Shut off your lights! Shut up! Lights! Lights! Blackout!"

For the first time I began to perceive what he was driving at. "All right, my good fellow," I said, "I will turn out my lights. But you needn't get so snippy about it."

Hangovers of the humorously ironic Gyre and Gymbble are revealed in this indignant report of the typical American blackout.

He departed, departed, it is true, relating some horribly unsavory things about me and telling some frightfully uncouth falsehoods about my ancestors, but he did depart. I hastily set about turning off lights, and, in another moment, my house was drenched in darkness, as they say. The outside, as they also say,<sup>4</sup> was bathed in blackness. The wary observer might have stated that all was dark.

I bethought myself of blackout curtains that the housekeeper had purchased at my instruction some weeks (See BLACKOUT, page 27)

<sup>4</sup> It is to the unfortunate pronoun "they" that I attribute much of the ancient legend about Atlantis. The ancients, being much more meticulous about little matters than we are today, had to have somebody to pin this "they" on, so there was invented a continent lying between Havana and Lisbon. This was peopled by the mysterious "theys." Of course, there are some conflicting accounts on this matter. I believe the best that the opposition can offer is in the *Timaeus*, by Plato, although Seneca has several spicy bits concerning the question.



"So you had to have a date Saturday night?"



# Line-Up

by Jud

Too much emphasis is being placed on the rougher, tougher intercollegiate sports. Every college paper prints the football rosters of the eight schools its team will play, plus five others of teams they might have met if they didn't play the original eight.

One such listing containing names like Vistloslavitch and poundages all close to 200 is a great enough blow to civilian morale; but eight are a cross too heavy for anyone to bear.

For those who believe in less strenuous activities, here is the roster that might well take the place of those "name, number, position" listings:

| NAME                        | COLLEGE      | WT.              | COLORING  | COMMENTS   |
|-----------------------------|--------------|------------------|---|--|
| Jane Bolton                 | Duke         | 110              | Brunette  | Exceedingly Aggressive<br>Good Fighting Spirit                       |
| Mary Beth<br>Hodges         | Tennessee    | 123              | Blonde  | Surprisingly Fast Broken<br>Field Runner                             |
| Betty Rhodes                | Greensboro   | 109              | Brunette  | Still Somewhat Inexperi-<br>enced—Possible Next Year<br>All-American |
| Petrushka<br>Vistloslavitch | Professional | 230              | A Dirty Blonde  | Very Good on Offense<br>Wide Open Defense                            |
| Helen<br>Greerson           | St. Mary's   | 117              | Blonde — Wed.,<br>Fri., Sun. Red-<br>head — Thurs.,<br>Sat., Tues. Mix-<br>ture—Monday. | Superb Defense Against<br>Pass Attack                                |
| Anne Gwinn                  | Converse     | 98.6<br>(Normal) | Platinum (&<br>diamond brace-<br>let) Blonde  | Well Coached   |

## Midnight Lipstick

by MIKE BEAM

During the past year, several leading magazines have featured stories and articles that positively have no place in a reasonable world or the present world for that matter. These accounts have been largely concerned with the so-called sixth sense (it may be the fifth one—I'm not exactly straight on this point), dual personality and other baffling phenomena.

My experience begins when I was lying in bed early one morning recently casually puffing the day's first cigarette. I was suddenly astounded to find a heavy coat of lip-stick on the butt of my cigarette. Ordinarily, this is no cause for alarm but rather for a few pleasant moments of reminiscing.

But in this particular case, I had spent a quiet and celibate evening in my apartment, and my closest contact with women the preceding day had been a distance of some three feet when I spoke to the waitress across the lunch counter.

I immediately leaped from bed and began to question my roommates as to nocturnal visitors or strange noises during the night. They assured me that the night had been a quiet one and that there had been no visitors.

And there I was confronted with the unexplainable but unmistakable presence of lipstick on my cigarette. I remember that I immediately broke out into a cold sweat and a thousand horrible thoughts flashed through my mind. Perhaps I had become a sleep-walker and wandered into forbidden quarters! Perhaps I had committed murder—not to mention several lesser crimes which command a severe penalty.

I was comforted by a single thought. The mysterious red color on my cigarette might possibly have been a trace from a strawberry soda or some other perfectly natural source. Feeling a bit more at ease, I hurriedly dressed and took the cigarette butt down to the chemistry department for analysis.

The report confirmed my original fear. It was lip-stick and a very expensive brand at that!

The result is that I now securely lock my apartment upon retiring and as an extra precaution, my roommate fastens me to the bed with several stout lengths of rope.

I can't help but wish that I had chosen to smoke a pipe instead of a cigarette on that eventful morning.

## Night Thunder

The thunder rolls across the hill  
And lightning strikes the little boy—  
Old Mother Nature works her will  
With strange, satanic joy.

Come! Strike me quickly on the head,  
It would not matter now—  
I could not weep if I were dead,  
Nor dream of soil and plow.

But Mother Nature does not kill  
Where death is sorely wanted.  
She works her strange, satanic will  
And walks her way undaunted.

And stormy after-thoughts of rain  
Can neither cool nor ease my pain—

—Kai Heiberg-Jergensen



# Luigi

Ex-Editor Moll tops everything he's done before. Luigi was ashamed during his first school day. An understanding story of a four-year-old.

by Henry Moll

The woman at the stove raised her eyes from the sputtering grease to her brother entering the kitchen. She brushed back her hair and smiled faintly, avoiding his opinion.

"It's a nice Monday, Castelli," she scooped another tablespoon of lard and watched it melt swiftly into the hot pan. "Eggs an' salami ready in a minute. Same like always?"

"Scrambled, but no hurry." The English didn't taste well on his tongue, like the same when they talked like outsiders in the house would, like everytime they talked it and couldn't talk to one another. He walked to their father's table they had brought from Italy, then looked past the grape leaves over the back steps, past the three-year peach trees in the small suburban garden, mentally comparing them to olive trees against a bluer sky.

"This is the day finally, Rosa, what you're to do about the kid?" He knew he hadn't meant to bring it up again, but he remembered the janitor of the rich apartment houses down the block. The kids had been riding the elevators again, having fun with the pushbuttons, Luigi among them. He'd be noticing the rich kids, wasting his time in thinking. It was time Luigi began school like everyone in this country did.

He couldn't see Rosa's face and she hadn't answered. He looked at the peach trees. They'd be bearing big fruit in two Aprils. He'd have to speak to the father of those American kids; all over his backyard, all the green fruit gone, no decent fruit that way.

Castelli looked towards the stove again. She could take her time.

She felt him behind her, smelling the gentle odor of gasoline on his dirty pants. The garage at nine, fifteen minutes for breakfast, then the hour's car trip to the city. Always hurrying, he was beginning to look old before his

time. But that was the way it was with working people. Yes, what was she going to do about Luigi.

She cracked an egg cleanly and popped it into the pan, its jelly turning into white blisters. He was at the table now and watching her closely. She didn't look up, and asked for his man's approval and wiseness.

"I been thinking since las' night—" she waited.

He didn't answer.

"I been thinking again about Luigi . . ."

Thinking of what I have to do against all you menfolk because I know what I have to do. And when he's only five. Since he was four he was after me always asking how many more, waiting for the school day—for when he'd be old enough, and now its' come and he don't want to go. That settled it, she knew she had reached a decision, so she said quietly:

"I think I'll wait next September; he'll be six then." She knew his answer, hoped vainly against it. He exploded.

"Mio Padre, Rosa, you can't have him holding on skirts all his life. He's scared for today, that's all. He got to go. He got to get out sometime." Annoyed, he dug a brown piece of bread into the egg she had placed before him.

Her brother was right, men always knew better. She forgot all her made-up excuses. Luigi was going to his first day of school. She looked at the clock briefly. Forty more minutes. It would be the first day he would be out of her sight and she worried how he would get on alone. She was strengthened to the fact and automatically began to rearrange her schedule of the day. Breakfast for the men in the morning, cleaning, lunch with Mrs. Patinelli, the market and meat in the afternoon and ravioli for supper in the night. Dishes, washing, the stockings. Now a new cleavage in the day. Three o'clock when Luigi came home.

"Luigi's going," she said shortly.

At this moment, as if the mention of his name had brought him, a little boy stood in the doorway. He stood there with sleep in his face, his naked undeveloped body bathing in the early morning light. His hair was curly and tousled over a dark berry face. Big eyes looked out to his mother and uncle. He sensed they had been talking about

him again and vaguely felt he was the cause for the mild resentment that came from his uncle's eyes.

"Mama—"

"Go back and get your suit on, today's going to be the day. I'll be in for washing in a second."

Luigi stood hanging there a moment, listening to the silence after the words, his eyes blinking stupidly. The two grownups looked at him, his mother looking at a part of her flesh, the naked sturdy legs, the crisp toes with little nails, the black big eyes of a mouse.

"You heard your mother!"

The reverie broke.

"Si, Tio." He disappeared.

Rosa looked at her brother as he walked to the door. The odor of the garden and loamy wet earth came into the kitchen. He looked out at the sky.

"It's going to rain again today." She waited.

"I'm sorry about that—it's all for the best, he's got to learn." Apologetically, "He'll like it at the end of the week. We'll all ride to the country if it clears by then. . . . I can get Labor Day off."

The door slammed shut. He was gone.

Later, she plied Luigi with breakfast. Finally they stood at the door with her last minute admonitions. It was going to rain: she made him wear a raincoat. From the window she watched the tiny slicker going down the street on the arm of the older boy she had entrusted him to.

Luigi walked along the street. All the kids were going to school and everyone knew, even the day. Outside, it was like the overcast kitchen when the sun was on the other side of the house. The daylight was dappled like a pony and hidden water was in the air making the clothes a lot of stickiness. Moody dark clouds were heavy in the low shrunken sky. Sometimes the sun of weak cellar-light made sudden happy squares on the grey sidewalk. Luigi walked along the street.

He bounded back and forth over the parallel width of cement walk. It was impossible to straddle it with his small legs. The forbidden curbing and tar street was smooth like a soap with the letters melted. The rocks on the other side had the color of the grey celluloid duck in the tub.

Running ahead, Luigi reached the end of the block and hung over the street, then braveful inside, placed one



foot on the tar below; breaking Mama's rule. He felt like Luigi coming into a new big empty room and something laughed inside him. He turned around keeping one foot safe on the curb, showing off, laughing back his deed for Tony's benefit. He clicked his teeth together biting pieces of air and then leaving it open to bite a bigger piece.

Tony grinned. "Crazy kid, you."

He took Luigi's hand and defended the small boy's uncoveredness across the open street until they reached the sidewalk on the other side. There, independence swarmed up Luigi's leg when it touched the curb and he let Tony's hand go and ran ahead, free again on the cement.

Suddenly he saw 1A or 1B big boys, two of them, ahead of him with their raincoats at home. The laugh went out of him making him quiet inside. He felt serious waiting for Tony and seeing the two boys walking up the street. On the other side, another without-raincoat boy walked with his mother, going to school. He carried a yellow tablet. Luigi felt his hands empty and unprepared. The nickel for milk and the dime grew big and sweaty in his fist and he raised the palm with the money to Tony's tallness.

"The pencil and writing book, need pencil and book?" Tony suddenly noticed what dark eyes Luigi had, what a small face and how his eyes could ask things without saying them sometimes.

"O.K. Luigi—at the corner—we got time to stop in the stationery." Stationery was another name for candy store like Mr. Pizalo's one on his block. They passed the skinny paper on the stand outside. He looked away when he saw they weren't fat and with funnies. He remembered it wasn't Sunday.

Inside, they stood in cool candy smells waiting for the man. A without-raincoat girl was buying pencils. Luigi buried himself in a make-believe selection of the penny three-for-a-cents but there was another Luigi wearing his raincoat mixed up in the glass, covering up the chocolates and licorices.

"Is this pad O.K. Luigi?"

He looked up. The Luigi in the glass looked up too.

The lines in the pad were blue; there were a lot of pages. He wondered how they could make the lines so straight, one right after the other. Tony bought it. The yellow shiny stick of wood was new like a toy, but for grownups. He had a pencil now. Coming out of the store, he held the pad and pencil close to his side, not showing off.

After the candy store, the streets changed. Except for Tony, he was alone, if Tony left him he couldn't find his way home. This was farther away than the butcherman market and he had never been here before. Luigi noticed all the



"Scrap! Bonds! Uncle Sam wants YOU!"

new rich kids' apartment houses which probably had elevators with buttons. He had never seen any so big, whole blocks of them.

There were lots of kids going to school and he looked at them closely, then quickly at the sky.

"Hey, hey, what you're doing! Get that back on again." Tony stopped his struggle with the sleeve and began to button the raincoat again. "What's the idea, don't you know it might rain?"

"Not going to rain." He felt angry and uncomfortable inside, not knowing why. "Hot." It was hot inside the raincoat; he hadn't noticed it before. He remembered mama and knew he was wrong. If she said it would rain, then it was going to rain. Unhappy, he left it buttoned. He felt a little better when he saw a with-raincoat boy crossing the street.

Five blocks brought them to the schoolhouse. It was big like an apartment house. There was a pavement yard bigger than the lot at home, and there were kids. Lots and lots of kids and they were playing and running. He didn't know there could be so many kids in the world. It seemed all the grown-ups had died and there were just kids left. Soon, a loud gong rang and everyone got in lines like soldiers.

"It's nine o'clock, Luigi. We got to find your teacher so I can go to my own class." The old feeling came back, but he knew it was wrong to show it to Tony, so he just gripped his hand closer as he followed him past the long lines of the big kids. Luigi entered into the new smells and sounds of the brown halls. The kindergarten was at the other end of the building.

They stopped before the sliding doors of the kindergarten, hearing the soft bee voices of the kids through the panels. Tony went in with Luigi beside him. The room was full of talking, laughing, and a feeling of getting to know one another, but it stopped sudden, little slices of silence behind each kid's face on seeing them come in. They stood unearthened in curious stares, like when one looked at backyard worms. Luigi wished they had come in on time with the others, mixed in and sitting with the class now and looking at Tony and Luigi who had come in late.

"All right, children, go back to work." The bees began whispering more softly again, this time about Tony and him. Glasses, cuffs of paper held by a paperclip, brown hair like a person. The Teacher was talking to Tony, looking down at Luigi more than one time. He looked out the window like he didn't care, hearing them talk above him. Tony stopped talking. The Teacher stopped. He looked outside hard. His hand was in the Teacher's, Tony was leaving him then. Afraidness filled him inside but he didn't let the old feeling out on his face.

"I'm coming for you at three, kid," Tony said squeezing him on the shoulder, then he was standing alone with the Teacher. They walked into the desks together, towards the empty seat on the aisle.

"Luigi, you sit here with Paul. Paul this is Luigi who'll be your seatmate." A blonde boy not afraid. His didn't show. The Teacher went to the front.

"Hello."

"Hello.—Luigi, that's a funny name."

(Continued on next page)

"Yes."

"Here, hol' this." There were two blue blocks in his hand. "The *girls* take them if you don't hide them." Paul jiggled the little table's drawer, getting it open. Luigi was piling up the blocks and suddenly they looked like a rich apartment house, but Paul tumbled it. The blue blocks were off the table and in the drawer. "There, let them try an' find them now." But the Teacher was rapping for quiet.

"Class, take your seats." A high-sounding voice like Aunt Emmie's. The desk had a tin box with colored squares. There was a glass of water, a book without Mickey Mouse or outlines to fill in. He thought of his paintbooks in the closet covered with dust.

The caramel-pudding faced kid asked a question and Miss Smith told them how. The water in the glass turned pink into purple and he began training the brush. He drew Aunt Emmie holding Poodle. The paint was black like Poodle. The picture in his head came out his arm and it was on the paper like in his head. There was his house with five steps and mama was waving in the window. Poodle was carrying a bag in his mouth; the sun was shining but there was a cloud raining on top of the house. He finished before the others and he wanted to show it to Paul but Miss Smith got bigger up the aisle coming from the front of the room. She was looking at the drawing, at Poodle and the house. He waited for how awful good it was.

"Luigi—your colors are *beautiful*." So she thought it was pretty. "Now *that*, that's a good house . . . but . . . Luigi—this tree—"

"Not a tree."

"Oh yes . . . naturally, I *see*. These bushes. . ."

"Not bushes. *Aunt Emmie*." Joy went out of him. "That, Aunt Emmie. That, Poodle our dog. . ." He didn't care. The Teacher was not smart like Mama. He looked again at the picture. Aunt Emmie was smiling holding Poodle, Poodle was carrying a bag in the mouth because they came from the stores, in the window Mama was waving because she saw Emmie coming from the store—

"Why of *course*—I see it *now*. I should have seen it before but—Why there's your little dog Pool, and that's your Aunt standing clear as day and—" He didn't trust her. She was fooling understanding it.

"What in the window?"

"Why, in the *window*. . ."

"What in the *window*?"

"The window . . . well . . . in the window . . . the shades are drawn because. . ."

"No shade. *Mama* in the window." There. Teacher wasn't smart like Mama.

Blind like a blind man. "Mama in window 'cause Emmie comes from store."

"Yes, Luigi."

Miss Smith left him. Anyone could see. . . He mixed red paint and black. His hand was trembling and it washed dirty-brown on Poodle and Mama, on the sun and the cloud. Anyone could see. . . The dirty paper ran with paint; he crumpled it and put it in the small drawer.

The other games were a little better. Miss Smith liked his colored cutouts; he liked scissors. Cats were easy. Two circles, eyes, and a wiggle tail. The smell of chalk was exciting, he raised his hand for washing blackboards after class. Blocks, wooden sticks and hole boards, crayons, pumpkin faces which they pasted on the windows. Paste itself, different colored papers together, the way it was gooey then dried hard, chipping white off the fingers.

Luigi began to think of lunchtime. It was beginning to feel like afternoon, he suddenly smelled the mayonnaise on the hard-boiled eggs of the brown bag lunch in the drawer. He swallowed. Luigi got tired of the clay and he squashed the little elephant.

Somewhere down the call a bell ringing without stopping. It stopped. Teacher was talking.

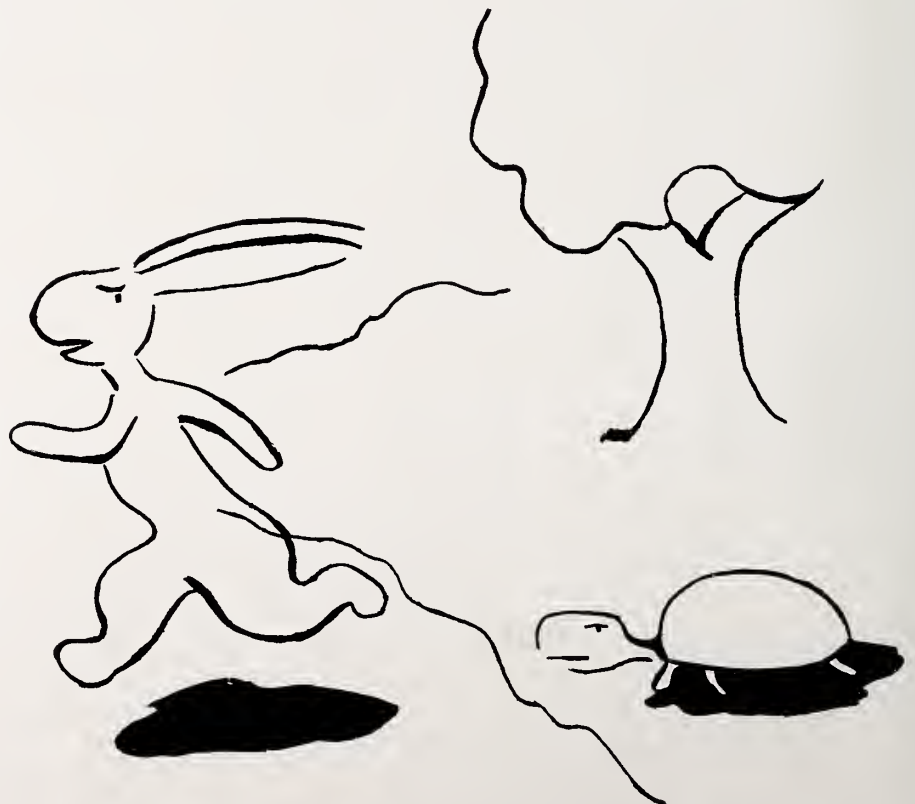
". . . and you all be sure to be back at 1:00. We'll all meet in the 1A room we were in this morning." The room

with the grownup's inkwells. They swarmed to the door and to their first lunch at school. Paul lived near in an apartment house, he was eating soup at home.

The lunchroom was cool like a cellar. Big, a lot of talking. He went to the little boys' room, like a very big bathroom without any tubs, all white tile. He went out to the lunchroom again, getting on the long line. There were a lot of cold milks piled up like the store, but they were all tiny bottles. He bought one, and clutching the brown bag of lunch to him, found an empty spot on one of the long tables. He opened the bag.

Egg, in two pieces, a little scrootch of wax paper with salt to put on. Sandwiches, peanut butter and salami. The nice buttery smell and soft white bread, not brown like at home. Three graham crackers, one cracked. Dessert. He began eating and gazing idly around, saw the sandwiches of the boy two seats away. He swiftly looked at his own. Red and white on the thick waxy paper wrapping. TAYSTEE BREAD. Then little writing. Eat something something something. TAYSTEE BREAD. Eat something something something, repeated over and over again. He looked at the boy's sandwiches again. In clear wax thin paper. He wished mama had bought the expensive long boxes with

(See LUIGI, page 26)



Stuart McIver

"I knew I could dood it."



# Week Night Dates

|   |   |  |  |
|---|---|--|--|
| <div>8 O'CLOCK</div> <div>Go to the Library</div> <div>Call her up</div> <div>Walk slowly, passionately to the Bell-Tower</div> <div>Go Dancing</div> <div>Take your date and pint to the Arboretum</div> <div>Take her out riding</div> <div>Go to Kenan Stadium</div> | <div>9 O'CLOCK</div> <div>Browse Around</div> <div>Still try to get her—Line's busy</div> <div>Kiss her ruby lips, her golden hair, her curving lashes</div> <div>Dance a little bit closer</div> <div>Clasp her in your arms, caress her lovingly</div> <div>Tell her you're out of gas and must park</div> <div>Look at the stars</div> | <div>10 O'CLOCK</div> <div>Become interested in exhibit</div> <div>Ask her for a date</div> <div>Crush her closely to you—Inhale the Hedy Scent of Shalamarr, the Brew of Love</div> <div>Hesitate</div> <div>Press your lips softly to her mouth</div> <div>Try to start the car</div> <div>Look at some more stars</div> | <div>10:01 O'CLOCK</div> <div>Take her out for a coke</div> <div>Navy has an A-1-A Priority for tomorrow night</div> <div>Go back to sleep and dream some more</div> <div>He who hesitates is not dancing</div> <div>Take a good long drink from her</div> <div>Damn. You really are out of gas</div> <div>Exhausted as hell from looking at stars</div> |
|---|---|--|--|



the jagged metal strip on the edge and a roll of clean and thin waxy paper inside instead of using the bread wrappers. No one was looking. He uncoated the sandwiches fast and hid the wrappers in the brown paper bag, then gulped the sandwiches down without taste.

Outside was still like with rain but no clouds anymore. All the sky was one big grey cloud. There were lots of raincoats. He wondered where Tony was. He passed the caramel-pudding face boy playing marbles in the yard. Alphie and Tom called to him to play tag but he shook his head, feeling the tasteless egg and sandwiches lumpy inside. There was a group of older boys looking at something on the ground, and he wriggled through. The ants were crawling all over the squashed peppermint. Suddenly, one boy raised his foot to stamp one and two kids stopped him.

"Kill an ant and it means rain."

The boy with the foot raised his eyes to the skies and laughed, bringing it down fast. The ant lay dead not moving. The boy laughed beginning to sing.

"Rain rain go away

Come again some other day. . . ."

The boys crowded around the sin, looking not believing at the boy, looking at the sky. The clouds were rolling and the ant was still. It began to get dark like lunchtime night. Luigi's raincoat accused him and he felt ashamed. Mama was always right. She had something like magic to see what was coming all the time.

The schoolyard bell rang, and looking backward at the sky they raced to the cover of the entrance. It grew darker and darker, but it didn't rain. Inside school was like being in bed. The rooms were half dark and the Teacher put on the lights. Now it was like night outside; all the boys felt a big warm secret feeling inside them.

The big windows showed the big black sky. They all looked at it instead of at the Teacher. The air grew warm and suddenly up there a corner of cloud lighted with a center of a tiny jagged white line. They waited. There was a far away rumble like coals in the basement. They looked at each other. Did you see it did you see it. It was exciting. They forgot they were in the 1A room with the big desks, forgot the crystal inkwells with the brass little doors covering the holes in the desk. They no longer wanted the big rich bottle of ink on the teacher's desk, nor the little magic daggers of penpoints. A cool whisper began far away coming in a circle nearer and nearer the school, then suddenly right outside the window. It began to rain. It was raining—a big solid sheet of watery warm rain coming straight down outside the window.

The peppermint patty stayed in his mind, the ants swarming all over it. Then a foot crushing down and an unmoving ant and all the boys quiet. Rain rain go away, come again some other day. . . . He thought of the raincoat hanging alone in the closet with the others.

Miss Smith tried to show them what reading was like. He thumbed through the pictures of the wolf and the jackals, the little boy falling down the hill, but the little marks under the pictures didn't hang together with any sense. He looked outside. Rain, rain, rain. The afternoon grew long. He leaned on the desk with the geek getting far away and getting a tired feeling coming into him, his eyes heavy.

Suddenly, he was wide awake, a little feeling of afraidness growing inside of him. The sound repeated itself. It was

---

## Fortunates

Amoebas sure are lucky things.

They never know of cares,

And never have to tolerate

A husband when he swears,

Or crying kids who scream at night,

Or poetry or prose,

Or women and their wacky ways,

Or any foreign foes. . . .

But that which gets me most of all,

The thing that makes me laugh

Is when it wants to propagate

It simply splits in half!

—Ahbe J. Treu

---

a timid rapping on the classroom door. Before it opened, he knew who it was and his eyes glued to the door. It opened slow.

It was Mama. She was dripping wet with rain. She looked in with a little put-on smile on her face, trying to be nice. She was dripping wet with the rain. She took off her regular coat slow because she had no raincoat. She was wet. Past the stationery, past all those long blocks in the rain. Something sorry got into Luigi's chest, yet when Mama blindlike looked for him in the class, his hands had put the book in front of him, hiding ashamed, ashamed of being ashamed. But in the rain in all those long blocks. He looked outside the book.

Mama was wearing the Sunday dress so he should not be ashamed. The sorryness in the chest began to hurt. He saw that anyone could see that it was a Sunday dress put on special. She had tried to dress different, but she had the kitchen with her. He saw her there bend-

ing over the stove, they all could see her that way. It showed in her hands and face and in the new Sunday dress. Mama didn't look like apartment house ladies. Her feet were wet, she left marks on the floor. All those blocks in the rain. She stood there with the put-on smile trying to be nice, waiting for Miss Smith to finish talking to the class.

Mama I know how it is when you come into a room not knowing anybody and not knowing if it's O. K. and if you belong there. He dropped the book to the desk, with his head like a turtle's in the open but he didn't care.

Miss Smith and Mama began talking low-like, Miss Smith nodding her head and smiling with put-on friendliness. Mama don't try to be nice cause you're much smarter. She couldn't see Poodle and Emmie. But Mama smiled a little put-on smile trying to be nice. She was like acting in a movie. Luigi felt a big hate for Miss Smith. He curled up small and listened in Miss Smith's ear to what Mama must be saying in her funny English. From outside, it looked like they were old friends. He wished they called him.

Then suddenly, he saw what Mama was holding in her hand and all sorryness left him when he saw why she had come. Prickiness got in his face. Now he knew why no mothers should come to school, why none of the others had come. Tom had said "mother," Janie had said "mother," Paul called his folks "mother and dad" and one wasn't supposed to talk about them because they were grownups. Only *he* said *Mama*. So that's the way it was in school. Mama should have stayed home.

"Luigi." Why didn't his body get up?

"Luigi!" He was standing by the desk with the class looking at him.

"Luigi"—that's the second time I called you. Your mother has kindly brought you your rubbers—come up and get them."

There was a prickly feeling in the face. Now everyone knew. He stood before the two women being nice, his mother and he acting before the class like they never were at home. She was smiling nice. He stared like he had never seen her before but he didn't mean to. His face was like little lies. She was like he didn't know her, but then he saw her eyes above the smile and it was Mama with something funny there like a little rabbit's and he wanted to let her know he didn't care. He saw the eyes had something hurt in them above the smile. The eyes were Mama and the rest was a funny woman. He tried to hold her hand when she gave him the rubbers but everyone was looking.

As he walked back, the door closed. She was gone but he was here and it



would never be the same with the class again. They were looking at him. He reached the desk and buried himself in it. He would never—

"Luigi!" He looked up scared. Miss Smith had been calling a long time.

"Luigi—you haven't been hearing me. Stand up." Some one in the class tittered. Miss Smith was smiling kind, but laughing inside.

"Oh, Luigi—the rubbers, *the rubbers* . . ." In his hand, in his hand all the time; he had forgotten them. They got heavy and big in his hand.

". . . what do you intend to do with them? Put them in the closet."

He tried to hide them, He'd drop them under the desk. Miss Smith I'll put them under the desk, he would say, I'll put them anywhere but forget about them. Forget the rubbers let me sit down forget me I'll put them under the desk I'll put them under the desk . . .

"What are you trying to say, Luigi? What? I *can't* hear your mumbling."

Nothing, nothing, *nothing!* Please God, let Miss Smith be run over. But all right, I'll put them in your closet. He didn't care anymore.

Later, the long rest of the classtime was one big no-caring sadness inside. He looked at the book not seeing the pictures. It stopped raining and a little while later, the three o'clock bell rung. The class went out. Luigi, Mama would say, you have a nice teach'. He went to the wardrobe, hating the raincoat on the hook. The rubbers made fun of him in the corner and he gave them a mean kick. He hated the rubbers, he hated the raincoat, he hated the rain because it had stopped.

Outside there were puddles on the sidewalks. Above them, the apartment houses, new, clean and wet, raised themselves to the blue sky, shining in the sun.

## BLACKOUT

(From page 20)

beforehand. I found them in a secret panel where I keep my insurance policies, two bottles of Pinch Bottle, and a set of tires. I repaired to the kitchen. I clambered up on top of the sink to arrange the first curtain, carrying on the operations by the light of the pilot on the gas stove. I came down from the sink, not clambering, but clattering, owing to having momentarily lodged my foot on a wet porcelain drainboard. A second try, however, succeeded, and in no time at all, I had the curtains arranged over all the windows in the room. I shut the door and turned on the light. Softly and like a cooing dove the voice of the hawk-nosed individual rose outside the window.

"Turn out them damn fool lights, you



"... Tar Heel born, I'm a Tar Heel bred, and when I die I'll be a Tar Heel dead."

sneaking draft dodger, or I'll have ya arrested!"

I drew myself up,<sup>5</sup> and searched my mind for the proper retort. In the meantime the hawk-nosed individual continued his address.

"Shut off them lights! I'll come in there and smash your dirty face to a pulp!"

The proper retort not forthcoming, I dove for the light. The light bulb broke beneath my heavy contact, and my right forefinger was wedged into the socket, thereby allowing two kilowatt seconds of the Westchester Light and Power Company, Inc.'s good current to traverse my anatomy. The observing bystander might have noted that I was relatively hasty in my actions disestablishing electrical contact between self and socket. I, on the other hand, under a rather fair amount of duress, was consumed with an unreasonable impatience, and, on the whole, I found the process only to painfully lengthy.

However, as far as my present readers are concerned,<sup>6</sup> I hereby throw my censure on all and every bit of merchandise that is advertised to assist in the surviving of blackouts, and I counsel the general citizenry to shut off the light and sit tight during the alarm period, assuaging the inevitable impatience with polite conversation and a round of drinks.

<sup>5</sup> If you think this is easy, try it sometime. Besides that, a bloke by the name of Newton once proved it impossible. This just goes to prove the inadequacy and downright error of the English idiom.

<sup>6</sup> Housewives, I presume, are not reading this article. If they are, I jolly well advise them to get about their household duties of baking bread, milking the goat, spooning out the cod liver oil, or whatever it is that housewives do in this day and age.

## STRAW

(From page 19)

home by nine that night. And going out, this time, he bought a package of Sen-sen. He was a hopeless case.

Well, I found I had to stay in Hoboken till the next night, so I went around to see him in the early evening. The old girl met me at the door, and she wasn't even mad at seeing me. Crocodile tears were rolling slowly down her cheeks, and her makeup was all streaked. She had an apron on, and the house smelt like burnt pork chops.

She told me he wasn't there, that he hadn't come home from the office that day.

"I remember just so plain how he did," she wept. "He took his quarter off the table as usual and went out the gate. . . ."

## MY ISLANDS

(From page 13)

lost in confusion. The docks were gone; Honolulu spread before me, its distinctness rapidly assuming hazy outlines. Diamond Head sprang into sharp relief.

I began throwing my leis into the sea, one by one, for the tradition is, if they float back to the Hawaiian shore, their owner will someday return to the islands. We were opposite Waikiki now, and only a few miles away I could see Manoa, the valley in which I had lived for the past two years—the valley of rainbows, of bright clouds. Fading familiarity brought agonizing realization that the ever increasing depth and expanse of ocean was a final barrier between my beloved islands and me. I kept watch as the leis bobbed on the sunlit surface and drifted slowly home.



## FOOD

(From page 17)

Border sections of Virginia have plenty of milk, while Tar Heels here and there are unable to get enough.

One freshman, recently out of a hospital, left Carolina. He was unable to get a proper diet in Chapel Hill. The case of another freshman who fainted in mid-afternoon after having had nothing to eat all day even reached South building, and was there inappropriately poooh-pooohed by one outstanding dean.

None will starve in Chapel Hill; all will forego tasty meals. Wholesome food will be adequate; elaborate luxuries are a thing of the past. Merchants and restaurant owners can relieve the situation by better service, by ceasing to burn food or serve it cold, by variety when possible. Stricter, more frequent check-ups by Health Department officials have always been a necessity, and should be enforced today. Certain local restaurants have been mollycoddled, closed when they became periodically too dirty to pass state standards, re-opened a few days later.

Best advice is to watch state ratings. All restaurants have been investigated during the past two weeks and new ratings have been assigned where necessary. Choose the establishment with the best rating. A "C" rating means only 70 to 80, a "D" according to University marking. A "B" is in the eighties, an "A" in the nineties. A place that does not display a rating card has been recently closed by the Health Department for uncleanness or faulty equipment, and has not yet received another rating.

Eat well. It is necessary. But be prepared to pay more. University prepared meals, sold for cost, get twenty-nine dollars a month. The freshman handbook two years ago guaranteed adequate food for twenty a month. It is difficult to tell whether local restaurants have raised prices unjustifiably. Labor and wholesale costs have risen, as has overhead. Five to ten cents more per meal seems to be the average rise. This increase, over a day's sales, is plenty more coin in the owner's pocket, and, in most cases, is more than enough to make up for increased operating expenses. Profiteering is inevitable. The Board of Aldermen is a bunch of sleepy old men, obviously protecting landlord and merchant interests. The Navy is active, hard-hitting, in power, and, with the Chapel Hill Consumers' Association, is interested in prices in Chapel Hill. Naval officers kicked about rent increases, and hell broke loose. If they kick about food increases, the same will result. Whether they will or not is another question.

## SICK AND TIRED

(From page 14)

it anymore. Oh well, he thought, I suppose it is simply a matter of getting used to it—and Bill continued on down the street.

The dorm was quiet and for the most part asleep. He ran quickly up to the second floor and stopped in front of his room. A light shown through the transom. The fellows must still be up, he thought. Bill decided to surprise them, but as he clutched for the door knob and felt nothing he began wondering about surprising them.

Being unable to open the door, he walked through the door. Very simple, he thought, I should have tried this before.

No one looked up as he entered the room. A hell of a way to treat a man who had returned from hell—almost.

Tom was sprawled in an easy chair. Karl was sitting on the bed. Each of them was holding a half a glass of scotch partly thinned with water.

Hi-ya fellows!

No answer!

Bill walked over and tried without success to pour himself a drink. His fingers passed through the bottle. He shrugged and moved over to the bed beside Karl.

The fellows were silent until Karl raised his glass and said slowly, "To the best guy who ever loved a woman or slugged a drink of scotch."

Tom nodded and they drained their glasses.

A lovely sentiment. Bill smiled sadly as he wished he could have joined them in the toast.

He stood up and walked back through the door and out of the room again. There didn't seem very much for a dead guy to do.

Maybe he could talk to Ann. If he could talk to anyone, he could talk to her. He hurried down the steps and out of the dorm.

She would be down at the house now and asleep. But what the hell—there weren't any regulations about a dead guy going to see his girl even if it was late and she was asleep. Besides, this was an emergency.

On the steps of the sorority, he tried to pick up a cigarette butt, cursed softly, and went into the house. There was a dim light on in the reception room. The rest of the house was quiet and dark.

Bill hesitated a moment and then walked down the hall to her room. Ann wouldn't mind. Besides, he was begin-

ning to doubt if there would be anything at all to mind.

He passed through the door and moved over to her bed. She was very beautiful even without make-up and with her hair rolled up. He bent over and whispered softly.

"Ann."

"Ann, wake up darling. It's me, Bill."

He thought he saw her smile uncertainly in her sleep, but there was no answer.

He left the house and walked out into the night.

Oh well, there must be dead women somewhere.

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## LT. SUCCESS

(From page 10)

in the sunlight, if he just saw us sitting still with no words or gestures to express ourselves and confuse him, could he tell which was the failure and which the success? Or is there something definitely organic about achieving or not achieving success? Is failure just more than a mental attitude? Do the actual molecules and chemical formulae change in the body? Do fat and muscle tissues visibly expand or contract? Or is the feeling of tightness, of tautness inside only imaginary? Maybe the hard lump with the dull persistent ache that extends from the throat to the stomach, from the spine to the lungs is only the bio-chemical result of the excess flow of the endocrine or adrenal glands.

"The commanding officer was swell," Harry was saying between gulps of the beer the waiter had brought. "Said a lot of nice things."

"He's a great guy," John said.

Congratulations! Everybody will be congratulating you today. Not so enthusiastically when they notice me, for they will want to be kind, but after I'm gone they'll slap you on the back and say what a great fellow you are!

Look, Second Lieutenant Success, you might not have passed that exam if there were three more drops of salt solution in your brain—or a pinch of phosphorus. Except by a chance balance of acids and alkalis you might be like me. One less dent in your gray cells and you might be a moron. Or instead like me. One more carbon atom in a nerve fibre and you might be a gibbering idiot not able to make all your beautiful instantaneous calculations. The understanding of the relation of two or more difficult ideas or theorems might have been lost forever to you because one segment of your cerebellum was imbedded a fraction of an inch too deep in your cerebrum.

Harry held the half-empty glass up before him and squinted at it. "The old man said I had a great future. Gee, he's a swell guy."

"He's right. You do have a great future." He's the guy who flunked me.

What's the difference between us, Mr. Second Lieutenant Harry Success? We eat the same sort of food, you get sick on your stomach and vomit after the fourth stiff drink—I wait until the fifth. We both like Spencer Tracy in the movies. You sometimes get the hiccoughs and have to be slapped on the back. Your beard is tough like mine and you sometimes cut your chin shaving and watch the blood make a red little scar. When a mosquito bites you, you scratch and curse. When a girl sits close beside you,

you get warm inside and want to sit closer. You like to feel smooth soft lips against yours. Sometimes you're funny and everybody laughs at your jokes and then for a long time you'll be just normally dull. Once in a while you'll have an outstanding idea and express it and then for a long time nothing new will click in that brain of yours.

There isn't much difference between us, but now we're not at all alike. There's only a thin wall dividing us—I can even see through it into your side of the world—but it might as well be as thick as the universe. Something snapped at the right time in your brain when it didn't in mine. The right idea flashed a signal that you could catch and understand. Some electrons in a cell made the proper contact. The energy that runs all these works was on your side.

"I made a good grade on the exam—best in the class the commander said. I don't know how it happened," Harry said.

## Fools

There are mortals that go  
Like fools through their life,  
Placidly, stolidly—never they dream,  
And never feel rich,  
And never feel poor,  
And wasting their life it would seem.

—KAI HEIBURG-JURGENSEN

"You should," John answered. "You can always think faster than the rest of us."

You look very self-satisfied and shiny—even here in the half dark. The outside glare is for you, Harry. It's the nice bright glare of success, like a battery of spot-lights as powerful as a searchlight picking out a plane in the night against the clouds. The dimness in here is mine. But even in the gloom there's the yellow flash of your damn brass buttons. Mine are only wood, Mr. Second Lieutenant Harry Success.

If I took a piece of your brain and stuck it on to mine, would anything happen or would I still go on being what I am so that a stranger could easily tell us apart?

"Let's have another one," John said, smiling again.

"Sure. Today we celebrate!"

Sure, Harry my fine boy, today we celebrate your fine little triumph—your fine little V for Victory. Something happened back there a quarter of a century ago when two little seeds met in a dark damp cavity and now we're celebrating your success. Certain little chromosomes and genes locked in a certain way before you knew what it was all about and now twenty-five years later

you're six feet tall with a tan face and blond hair and we're drinking to your success. Whatever became of the little chromosomes and genes?—or don't you need them any longer? Success is maybe a substantial thing itself without need of support from antecedents. You might lend them to me but maybe they wouldn't fit—only one set to a customer—no duplicates or hand-me-downs.

"I like this beer, don't you, Harry? It's the only good thing they have here."

"Yeah, it's damn good. Everything's good today!"

You're tasting the beer just like I am—the same sharp but yet musty bitterness. Only you're tasting it with the tongue of a second lieutenant in the American Air Corps. The foam tickles your nose. You try to lick it away with your tongue and then wipe it off with the back of your hand.

You can get drunk and everybody will think what a great guy you are. For they know that when you have to, you can make the cells jump the way you want them to. I can get drunk too—every day—all I want to. But people will laugh and say that's all he's good for and why doesn't he do something useful. There isn't much difference between us, Harry my boy, my fine success, but what there is is a hell of a lot. Enough for a stranger to tell us apart if he looks closely enough.

"Now, don't start that," Harry said loudly when Johnny reached for the check. "This is on me. This is my day. Everybody's gonna be happy. Aren't you happy, Johnny?"

"Sure, Harry. I'm happy whenever you do something good."

"You're a real pal. Now let's go and see the boys."

They slid out from their booth and walked across the empty floor. Harry stopped for a minute at the bar mirror to set his cap at a jaunty angle. John watched him silently and then stepped out into the morning glare with him. Harry turned and put his arm about his friend's shoulder. The brass buttons flashed suddenly in the sunlight and Johnny blinked his eyes.

"It's a swell day, Johnny old boy! It's great to feel that I've passed everything. You know what I mean!"

"Yes. I know what you mean."

"Yessiree. It sure is swell."

They started up the street, Johnny holding his body rigid under the pressure of his friend's arm across his shoulders.

The difference between a spinster and a bachelor is that a bachelor woman has never been married but the spinster has never been married or anything.



## SOME CHANGES

(From page 7)



dents. Football has supported minor sports for years. With players leaving for the services, equipment hard to replace and team transportation doubtful, it seems likely that Chapel Hill will see its last year of collegiate ball for the duration.

Increased individual physical education, however, is slated to take the place of spectator sports. Walter Rabb, intramural director, has planned a program which, in scope, has no rivals. Whether plans become habits and the four-hour requirement proves too much to contend with, is business for the future.

### Fraternities

The Lambda Chi Alpha house had its furniture stored, its front door locked, its windows closed. Carolina had but 20 fraternities left; but the significance is in the disappearance of the presumably healthy house without warning. The draft, increased living costs and limited rushing possibilities have brought the Greek letter houses to cliff's edge. But they have brought them too toward cooperation. Rivalry and jealousy, holding back previous attempts at mutual aid, have been tucked into safe keeping with persistent mortgages. Such united action resulted in the coal cooperative, bringing a huge saving to the affiliated houses; and may lead to joint-purchase of food and equipment. Sororities watch, precariously-balanced on the fence.

### Cooperatives

Cooperatives are successful. The Carolina and Tar Heel groups are well-managed proof. And student and faculty leaders, acquainted with the situation existing here at present, see boarding cooperatives as the solution. Fear of

offending state merchants by support of such groups, has moved officialdom to stamp a "no" on any request that the University act as purchasing agent. Such aid by the school would save a boarding organization sales tax, and insure wholesale rates on goods. South building, still listens from but one ear. The educators are in favor; the administrators are administering.

### Publications

Publications have gotten the verbal hot-foot for years. Their changes might stimulate new reaction. There'll be no more lukewarm Daily Tar Heel, no soft-speaking, soft-treading editorials, no fear of campaigning. Bucky Harward, DTH editor, will crack long-preserved crockery, toss bricks at deserving parties, cut deeply where the infection is cancerous. Approval of a tabloid-style paper by the Publications Union board is, despite Harward's strength, doubtful. The Carolina Mag, now pumped with humor, will be more efficient, will surely seek and strike.

Meanwhile, the Yackety-Yack, pre-war monument to wastefulness, and ageless reward to BMOs, continues on its huge budget. Staff trouble and rising printing and engraving costs may sink the Y-Y for the duration.

### New Courses

Announcements of new courses are reminders of the University's failure to meet the same changes which it has urged its students to face. War or not, the same subjects required for a degree ten years ago are still needed; substitutes are rare; relative studies are in the realm of wishful thinking.

They'll prepare you for the Army or train you as a chemist or teach you how to answer wireless. They'll drill you several hours a week and send you over

an obstacle course and send you to class at eight. They'll remind you that there's a war going on and urge you to economize and ask for your cooperation—but give graduation credit for non-divisional subjects? Are you kiddin'?

### Safety Council

By far the biggest flop-joke-gripe at The Hill so far is the Safety council. Guilty of sending out what is probably the stupidest piece of literature in recent years, the council has yet to redeem itself by decisive plans. If the purpose of the ill-advised letter was to cut down gas consumption and tire use by eliminating student cars, students should have been told just that. By now they are surely wise enough to detest being spoon-fed their patriotism.

### Fire

A non-replaceable high school building smoked and crumpled one morning after an all-night fire which left less than a shell standing. The incident, sending children to improvised schools for the duration, ignited action to obtain more equipment for the local department. With the present fire-fighting apparatus, insurance rates are extremely high; and local home owners have only a symbol, no protection. The aggressive talk which bubbled here just a few weeks ago has been hushed now; plans have been put aside; the proposed fire engine has become a "rather ambitious dream."

### Defense Area

Establishment of Chapel Hill as a defense area might well put an end to the bickering between local restaurateurs and the sanitary board. Commander O. O. Kessing, of the Pre-Flight school, cusses and acts with the expert effi-

(See SOME CHANGES, page 31)



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## FREE! A Box of Life Savers for the Best Wisecrack!

What is the best joke that you heard on the campus this week?

Send it to your editor. You may wisecrack yourself into a free prize box of Life Savers!

For the best line submitted each month by one of the students, there will be a free award of an attractive cellophane-wrapped assortment of all the Life Saver flavors.

Jokes will be judged by the editors of this publication. The right to publish any or all jokes is reserved. Decisions of the editors will be final. The winning wisecrack will be published the following month along with the lucky winner's name.

### WINNER OF LIFE SAVER CONTEST

And then there is always the joke about the blind man who took the physical exam for the Army and was turned down because his seeing eye dog had flat feet.

Jim Groome  
Phi Gamma Delta House  
Chapel Hill, N. C.



## Oh! Brother I Almost Found A Room, Really!

By ART GOLBY

I finally located a room.

I packed my bags on Monday, having decided that, conditions being the way they are, it would be a good idea to look over the room before I put my rent over the marble.

On Thursday afternoon, late, I arrived at the house of my new quarters without much difficulty. Monday afternoon I hit a little rain, but visibility was good. Tuesday, the tail-end of a hurricane from the north east. Wednesday was my best day: visibility good, ceiling excellent.

I was shown to my room with a thankful heart for finally succeeding in accomplishing what the best of students have been trying to do for many months now. And it was with a feeling of pride and anxiety that my hands turned the cold knob of the door that was to lead to my habitat of solitude and thought, where I would read the wisdoms of the poets and hear the music of the heavens, where my world was my own and my imagination could leap fearlessly, solving my unforeseen problems, fathomless,

merging at last into the moat of intellect and the endless satisfaction of realizing the new light.

In the corner stood a bed.

But it was really not a bed at all.

It was really not a bed.

It was . . . an old plank torn from the one time out-house that was still standing for the use of the boarders, lacking that plank in a most inappropriate part of the wall. This plank was covered with an old burlap which served as the mattress.

Did I yield? Did I shudder when the rats ran from the ceilings, the walls, the roof, the windows, the out-house, the floor, the corners? No. I did not. I remembered the peoples in all parts of the world in the throes of tormented anguish, etc., etc.

I set out again for the Hill and my belongings, trekked those never-ending miles, beat the most-oh-most Godforsaken roads of man and time ceaselessly sprawling to return and face life once more.

Wordlessly, with heartfelt pangs and

tongueless cries of nobility, from hunger, and self satisfaction for accepting my inconvenience quietly and manfully, I bought my share of War Bonds, and with my packs on a mule, I returned to my new found happiness, greater than I had ever known.

There was a telegram waiting.

**EVACUATE THIS TERRITORY IMMEDIATELY. NAVAL BASE PLANNED HERE.**

**\$"42 FLIGHT COMMAND**

### SOME CHANGES

(From page 30)

ciency of a Navy man. He has given the military wink to officials in the capital, promised local organizations that the proclamation is forthcoming.

But out of the confusion of these first weeks, from the mistakes, the executive faux pas, the lack of sincerity and fair play, must come the new and the good. Organizations must change, fit their programs to this need. Administrative attitude must change, turn its strength toward that single direction. Individuals must change, move in the tempo or get out. For the new Chapel Hill will not wait; upon its strength today depends the return of liberal thought and milkshakes at 10:30, strong government and blue and white, victory and the promise of tomorrow.



## Editorials - - -

SYLVAN MEYER .....Editor  
HAYDEN CARRUTH.....Managing Editor

### Third Phase

This is not a *new* Carolina Magazine. It is different. But it is not new.

Metamorphosis began under editor Adrian Spies. The mag got gay. Under editor Henry Moll, startling, versatile, the mag was a surprising creation of ingenuity.

Now it encompasses all phases of student life—the humor, the art, the creative, the trivial big things. But even so, its change will be gradual.

Imperative factor now is whether or not the campus enjoys and appreciates the efforts of the staff and editorial board. We are drunk with copy, immune to jokes, saturated to boredom at cartoons. Our material becomes amorphous. We have seen it too

### Some Pipe

Two years ago three wheezing pumps pounded the walls off the University Lake pump house in a dying effort to force enough water into a perspiring Chapel Hill while University officials turned greyheaded begging townspeople to follow a strict rationing plan.

Bowman Gray pool showed its clean dry tiles—athletic fields spit dust—and lawns turned a beautiful golden brown.

Then came the news that a tide of officers with their families and an ocean of cadets who sweated on the fields were due here. The Chapel Hill weekly announced a new defense plant in Carrboro and water department engineers went around with their little oil cans patching and praying for a wet summer.

A *Daily Tar Heel* reporter, who didn't believe that praying brought rain, got uneasy and checked on water department figures. He was told in a hush hush manner that at times the tanks had barely a half hour's reserve. A half hour's reserve is not much for a busy town of 8,000 when it is always endangered by pump breakdowns, pipe damage, or a MIGHTY BIG FIRE.

So the next day a 48-point *Tar Heel* headline ran "Summer Water Shortage Threatens Chapel Hill" and everyone laughed and watered their lawns and praised the Pre-Flight cadets with their shiny faces, while the University lost money running a third pump. A third pump increased operational costs 50 per cent yet only increased the gallonage a mere 1,000 an hour due to friction.

Yet last May the *Daily Tar Heel* story read "There is only one solution. The problem is no longer a threat as it has been in the past but a stark reality growing more grim with every passing day. Two pipes are needed."

Four six-column pages of *Tar Heel* doesn't always add up to 24 columns of notices and politics. Every so often a smart reporter "smells" news that says something. Student reporters go to a lot of work to get all the facts on a good story.

Student publications do some good after all. There's a long list of attempted reforms including rooming conditions, weekend price rises, lack of fire fighting equipment, and \$60,000 worth of new pipe.

Somebody in the Bible said "I believe." If somebody in Chapel Hill stood up and said "I believe" there still might be a . . .

much. Our taste grows flat. We lose our public perspective.

Our aim is a magazine of interest, editorial striking power, amusement, an ample outlet for the best of Carolina talent in all lines from highly artistic impressionism to the glibest of current punch-lines.

But born of intrigue, maneuvering, high-pressure, necessity, the mag will not please everyone.

National press association awards are lovely trinkets and flattering to the editor's ego, but the true test of a publication's worth is the degree of its adaptability to its particular public.

You are our particular public. Your magazine in this issue has more separate offerings than any previously. Judge this magazine thoroughly and carefully. Your opinion, made known to the editors, will determine its future policies.

If you have a gripe, gripe to us. We can do something about it.

If you like the magazine, let us know. It will make us feel good.

### Revolutions

From dire necessity at last has risen cognizance in pedagogical minds that education for action can result only from superflexibility in program.

The utter fruitlessness of bucking hidebound curricula perpetuated by pedants in many American universities has forced conscientious students to make the choice between a fancy diploma and a valuable education.

Unfortunate alternatives: if the student chooses to map a program to meet his needs or to alter it suddenly to counter an unusual circumstance, he is stymied. He is denied a degree. He hasn't the "right courses";

If he chooses to lash out for a now-more-than-ever-nebulous sheepskin, he finds that the courses he wants lead him to nothing more than a mere education—not to a diploma. He cannot write "college graduate" in little blanks.

The University of North Carolina has altered its program to accommodate the war.

These new war courses can not substitute for the required courses listed in antiquity that carry you riding to a diploma.

You should take courses that will help you to help your homeland. Certainly. But they won't count toward a degree. What is your choice?

If you haven't taken a science, you must. By all means. But you must take one of the sciences listed right there. Take another science? Take map reading or meteorology in place of botany or zoology? Out of the question. Sorry. There are the rules, right there.

When you entered Carolina you meekly informed the school of arts and sciences that you would major in English.

Now you are listening to a lecture in English romantic poetry (required) while an airplane practices dive-bombing the library dome.

You wanted to study radio, or map-making, or weather, or something useful, interesting. Sorry. Required, you understand.

Our strongest boast always has been that Carolina is a school that treats an individual in his own right—he is himself, his ideas are his own, he develops in oneness, toward his own dream.

If this is hypocrisy, then announce administrative dicta as dogma and clean the slate of empty, though happy, delusions.

If it is truth, why are we not living in honesty?





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N-161



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ENTERTAINMENT ISSUE



THE  
NOVEMBER 1942

# CAROLINA MAGAZINE

NEXT MONTH: «The Mag Looks at  
Carolina After a Year of War»





"**TIN FISH**"—that means torpedo in submarine language. The phrase, "the smoking lamp is lit" means Camels are in order—for with men in the Navy, the favorite cigarette is Camel. (See below.)

# You want STEADY NERVES to launch a "tin fish" or make one!

**H**IDE-AND-SEEK. A deadly game of it with the T.N.T. of depth charge and torpedo. That's a game only for steady nerves!

But what isn't these days—with all of us fighting, working, living at the highest tempo in years. Smoking, too—perhaps even more than you used to.

If Camels are not your present brand, try them. Not just because they're the favorite in the service or at home—but for the sake of your own smoking enjoyment, try Camels. Put them to the "T-Zone" test described below and make your own comparisons.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina



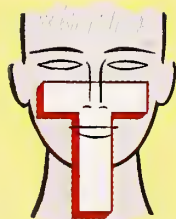
FOR  
**STEADY  
PLEASURE  
CAMELS SUIT  
ME TO A 'T'**

## FIRST IN THE SERVICE—

In the Navy—in the Army—in the Marine Corps—in the Coast Guard—the favorite cigarette is Camel.

(Based on actual sales records in Ship's Service Stores, Ship's Stores, Sales Commissaries, Post Exchanges, and Canteens.)

—THE CIGARETTE OF  
COSTLIER TOBACCOS



The "**T** Zone"  
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are judged

The "T-ZONE"—Taste and Throat—is the proving ground for cigarettes. Only your taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you... and how it affects your throat. For your taste and throat are absolutely individual to you. Based on the experience of millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-ZONE" to a "T." Prove it for yourself!

CAMELS WIN WITH  
ME ON EVERY  
COUNT. THEY'RE EASY  
ON MY **T**HROAT AND  
THEY DON'T TIRE MY  
**T**ASTE



**GYROSCOPE GIRL**—Pretty Rosemary Gregory (above) calibrates automatic directional devices at a Sperry Gyroscope Co. plant, and she's just as partial to Camels as the fighting men who depend on her precision. She says: "Camels suit me better all ways. For my taste and my throat, Camels are tops with a capital 'T'!"

# Camel



# CAROLINA MAGAZINE

For NOVEMBER, 1942

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ARDIS KIPP ..... Business Mgr.  
RICHARD ADLER ..... Fiction  
BEN MCKINNON ..... Humor  
ANNE MONTGOMERY ..... Art  
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## Issues

**W**HAT always hands us a laugh is to see people despondent and perturbed over Conditions. In the first place, these people suffer from wild hallucinations. They think they can do something about the Situation. They discuss the apathy of the Student Body. They talk about how Bad Things Are Going. It is to chuckle. Uncle Sam will take a lot of worries off their minds.

Twenty people on the campus want to Solve Things. They would fight the devil, and often do. They would watch the sun peek over the horizon. They would toss Bacchnaliam revelies, boozing 'till the cows come home—to be mechanically milked. They would rant and rave. They would mouth foul epithets against stupidity. They would go all over tremors, consume cigarettes like burning fagots in a high wind. They would moan in weird unison—these twenty.

But things have changed. There are now nineteen.

**W**E have it straight from the party boys that the famed Carolina import is approaching a state similar to that of the brontosaurus. Unless arrangements bordering on gross



coed hours are dwindling to mere recesses. For gentlemen who like their females late and without too many strings, the import will be made to order. Perhaps the room isn't important. No matter what the conditions, neither party does a lot of living in any particular room for an entire weekend. We did, however, think it was worth mentioning. Folks can get upset about the darndest things these days.

**S**INCE a bit of ill-considered writing our second year here—any specific designation as to class might not go unchallenged—anonymous and threatening telephone calls have been an enjoyable part of our everyday living. Of late, though, some organizational genius has taken over and the rhythmic regularity of these annoyances is beautiful to behold. Unoriginal except in timing, the muffled voices exemplifying Mr. Bell's gift to civilization express the same feeling of contempt for our mentality, parentage and upbringing of the previous extortionists. Our only objection to these calls is that the caller hangs up before we can counter with the retort perfect.

After the first such revelation had been committed and the receiver had been replaced we were flabbergasted with surprise. The next ten minutes were spent conjuring up vile and terrible things to use in repartee in case any such incident should re-occur. Suffice to say that it did reoccur. The cowardly knave hung up before we could use a prepared syllable of it. A faithful darcy retainer has been putting the suede gloves in good repair and burnishing the needle-like rapier. It is to be hoped that the next caller will present himself to be dealt with in the accepted fashion. Our person is a thing of general scorn perhaps, but our honor must remain inviolate. In the meantime, bodyguards of animal instincts have volunteered. The telephone operator, we suspect, has been against us from the beginning. —S.M.

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immorality are formulated, there is no place for the traveling ladies to park while undergoing the festivities of a given weekend.

If a room in town remains uninhabited, we can take immediate steps to habitate it to a fine degree—at a negligible commission. The fact exists that

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Special Credit: Ann Seeley, Brad McCuen, Harriet Browning, Bud Kaplan, Jud Kinberg, Kai Heiberg-Jergensen, Burke Shipley, Jimmy Wallace, Marion Frink, Gloria Tinfow, et al.



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## Light Brown and Blue



DUKE ELLINGTON. "Sherman Shuffle is not named after the general but the Chi hotel. Tram trio adds to an already plush piece. Reverside — "Hayfoot. Strawfoot." (Vic)

JIMMY DORSEY. "Brazil" is a nice vocal version of this tune due to frequent quite a few jukes. Reverside—"Day-break." (DECCA)

SPIKE JONES. "Der Feurher's Face" is a silly number that describes Mousey's visage with a P-ppfftt. Listed because it'll be a nickel-grabber about these parts soon. Reverside—"West Virginia." (BB)

TOMMY DORSEY. "There Are Such Things" is the next Tee Dee side to hit the jukepot. It is pleasant. Reverside—"Daybreak." (VIC)

HARRY JAMES. "I Had the Craziest Dream" is from Harry's new pic, "Swingtime in the Rockies." Who doubts that it'll be a hit? Reverside—"A Poem Set to Music." (COL)

WINGY MANONE. "When My Sugar Walks Down the Street" is a number too long overlooked. This features the late Choo Berry and Cozy Cole. Reverside—"My Honey's Lovin' Arms." (BB)

DICK JURGENS. "Why Don't You Fall In Love With Me?" is one of the better pops of the season. This is the best recording. Reverside—"Hip, Hip, Hooray!" (COL)

WOODY HERMAN. "Singing Sands of Alamosa" is tops for a singband treatment of an average pop tune. Hearing is believing. Reverside—"Gotta Get Back to St. Joe." (DECCA)

XAVIER CUGAT. "Brazil" is the best from XC in some time. No vocal, just pure melody. Reverside—"Chui-Chui." (COL)

JERRY WALD. "Mad About Him Blues" is the best this band has done to date. It tops Dinah Shore's by far. Reverside—"Trains in the Night." (DECCA)

JOHNNY MERCER. "Strip Polka" is just a steal from "Tavern in the Town" but Mercer wrote the words and has the funniest record. Reverside—"Air-Minded Executive." (CAPITOL)

JIMMY DORSEY. "At the Crossroads" is that old fave "Maleguena" rewritten. It makes nice lovemaking music. Reverside — "Manhattan Serenade." (DECCA)

GLEN GREY. "Don't Do It, Darlin'" is a sleeper. A cute hillbilly tune that is climbing in popularity. Reverside—"I Don't Get Around Anymore." (DECCA)

## DANCE INVITATIONS

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BARNEY BIGARD. "C Blues" is an exciting workout for Barney. Carney, Nance, and Tizol of the Ellington crew. Reverside—"Brown Seude." (BB)

JIMMY LUNCEFORD. "Keep Smilin'" is less objectionable. This is a rare let-down from the Lunce. Reverside—"It Had To Be You." (DECCA)

COUNT BASIE. "It's Sand, Man" is a good riff tune. If you like your riffs on the hot side. Reverside — "Underwood Five." (COL)

MITCHEL AYERS. "Rock-A-Bye Bay" is a pleasant pop that is easy on the ears at first listening. It might wear well, too. Reverside—"Kille, Kille." (BB)

—BRAD MCCUEN.



## Book of the Month



**PAST IMPERFECT**—Ilka Chase:  
Doubleday, Doran & Company, Inc.  
\$2.00.

**I**N THESE DAYS there is a feeling almost of guilt in reading a book which is not about war or tinged with war impressionism. But there is much refreshment to be found in Ilka Chase's *Past Imperfect*. The refreshment is there in every paragraph except when Miss Chase herself gets the guilty feeling and throws in a line or two to stop Hitler. Then her book is incongruous. If you like froth, if you like to read about a New York life, if you like glamour and glitter that is real, you will like *Past Imperfect*. If you like brittle wit and caustic comment on the life of the last decade, you will like *Past Imperfect*. It is funny. It is clever. It is sincere. It will keep you laughing.

Most widely publicized incident in Miss Chase's life concerns the fact that she played the New York lead in "The Women" with unforgettable success. Less widely publicized—but equally as interesting—are the other incidents which have made her life something to write a book about. Ilka Chase is no angel. She does not have an angelic point

of view when she criticizes the fashions and mores of the years she has lived. But she has a sense of humor that is priceless, and she handles her sarcasm with skill and no bitterness.

Educational product of nine schools and a year in Europe, Miss Chase has vividly humorous descriptions to add to her autobiography, of the convent where "the difficulty was that convent authority lingered over those weekends when I returned to my pagan home, and my parents suffered considerably from my reiterated tales of convent standards, invariably prefaced by 'Sister says—' 'Never mind what Sister says,' they would remark tartly. . . . Sister once said it was impolite to blow your nose in public, which elicited from mother the retort practical: 'What are you to do? Let it run?' "

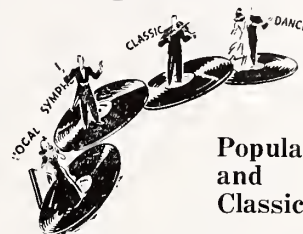
Particularly well-done are the short character sketches of some of the great names in the theater and movies today. Ilka Chase very early decided that acting was the life she wanted. Her home life—such as it is—she treats with frankness and with an ironic approach that is at all times cheerful, a little impertinent, and filled with a joy for living. Most delightful and truly authentic are her descriptions and experiences concerning her stay in Hollywood, where she found "one of the peculiarities of the cinematic rich: they build their houses twenty feet from the high-tide mark of the Pacific ocean, and between the house and the ocean they put a swimming pool."

There is no end to the story of *Past Imperfect*; Ilka Chase is still very much alive. It is a nice feeling to know that in these days there are people who, though they may live crowded, exciting lives, are still possessed of a zest for life, a caustic wit, and a sense of humor.

—ANN SEELEY.


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## To The Coeds



THE war has wrought many changes in the wardrobe of today's co-ed as well as in everything else. Let us waste no time in mourning the pleated swing skirts, long, sloppy jackets, three-piece ensembles, full-length evening wraps, frills and tucks of yesterday.

Instead, let's go "all-out" for the straight lines, short skirts, little boy jackets, and other sturdy fashions of today. This year's formula for college clothes is fine fabrics, good tailoring, and beautiful color. Costumes may be individualized by the many new shades.

The government asks us to mingle and juggle colors in order to avoid dye shortages. In a world of khaki, blue, and white, the vivid new shades of toreo red, cadet blue, air-force blue, hacienda blue, bluejay and lovebird blue, rio rose, cascade green, gosling yellow, wisteria and many others worn by the co-eds are outstanding. Unusually good this year is the ever popular pink and black combination.

Brilliant clips and pins of unusual design, and bright handkerchiefs copied from other nations do their bit to brighten an otherwise conservative outfit. Try the new snapshot belts and kid money-belts just like the ones worn by the soldier boy-friend. No more flashy tweeds—try instead the small checks and heather mixtures borrowed from the English. . . . Go back to your childhood days with a chinchilla coat and snappy tam.

All hats are smaller and more conservative, so the gents shouldn't have any complaints on that score anyway. Fleece coats are coming into their own. Have you seen the "General MacArthur" and the "Winston Churchill"? . . . three-quarter length coats copied from those worn by the heroes themselves are smart.

If partial to the navy, why not try the sailor boy jacket with the quarter-master pockets just like those of the gobs? The wool shortage indicates that we'll be wearing cotton all winter—why not?

## Carolina THEATRE

FRIDAY & SATURDAY

Nov. 13 & 14

**ADVENTURE DRAMA**  
*of a joltin' Navy gun crew that rings with reckless courage—and romance unafraid!*



For hikes, hay-rides, and general sports wear, nothing can stop slacks, knickers, culottes, and bike pants featured this year. They can be figure-flattering as well as comfy.

But don't forsake the pretty spike-heeled pump entirely. Try the shoes with the new wooden heel and sole—different, and a good buy! . . . During a midnight raid on the ice-box, include in your loot the oilsilk covers used to protect left-overs—then, next time the heavens flood Chapel Hill, wear them over your head to protect those curls (remember the shortage of hair pins!).

—Marion Frink





(Bishopric)

## It's beauty as usual for Fall Germans

Here Miss Doris Clark combines fresh appeal with sophistication in a moulded bodice of midnight jersey atop a sequin scattered skirt of baby pink net. This is only one of the many eye catching smart formals to be found at STEWART'S in Durham.

### Stewart's

#### Distinctive Women's Apparel

## Reflection

Everything I know has something  
higher than itself—

And something lower;

But each has its end—Even dust on the  
cobweb,

Reflections in the water,

Music in the wind.

—Sara Anderson



*"Just 4 hours ago those soft hands  
were drilling steel!"*

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK DEP'T.  
Advt. p. 136 Life 10-19-42



YOU HAVE OUR SYMPATHY DEP'T.

*"I need a girdle . . . it keeps my chin up!"*  
Advt. p. 56 Life 10-19-42



Advt. of L. N. Rosenbaum & Son  
New Yorker 10-17-42

*"We will undertake the refinancing or  
rehabilitation of large corporate enter-  
prises in distress, or the solution of their  
intricate financial problems."*

Thanks!



Clay Croom and Doris Clark,  
football enthusiasts extraordinary,  
demonstrate the proper way to  
get in shape for the Duke game.





# Behind Those Shining Faces

by Ernie Frankel



South Building is crowded with names and faces that the Carolina student meets only when in trouble. Behind those faces are stories of work, worry and trial.

**S**OUTH BUILDING, administrative doghouse, has been damned, lauded, criticized, rebuked, smiled-on, scoffed-at. Names like Carmichael, House, Rogerson, Hobbs, Bradshaw, Griffin, Armstrong, Parker remain, to the average student, official titles who are "mentioned" in Daily Tar Heel columns, "assorted geni" in the Alumni Review, and unavailable to the campus at large.

This analysis is an impartial commentary on these people, an attempt to clarify the activity of South Building.

## Billy Carmichael—Controller

Billy Carmichael's duties and success have far more importance than college journalists have realized. His contacts in the state and over the nation have often turned seeming disaster into success. His knowledge of his job and of the people he must work with are surely responsible for many of the unpublicized triumphs of the administra-

tion everywhere from budget meetings in Raleigh to Navy conferences in Washington.

From student critics and from the faculty have come potent criticism; but if the facts were known, both student leaders and academic departments would gain new respect for Carmichael. Many times when credit went to other parties, who received it unwillingly, it was the controller who had done the job.

It was he who foresaw the situation arising from the war. It was he who held the Navy to its promises. It was he who built our now invaluable airport. Some of these things were done while Daily Tar Heel editorials screamed "war-monger"; while alumni and students accused him of turning the University into a "military hell hole."

Such has been Carmichael's payment here. Never blinking when called "liar, militarist, pacifist, spendthrift, pinch-penny," the ruddy cheeked fellow in the controller's office has been remarkably

even-tempered. He's made mistakes, made choices between two evils, "filled-in" continually for an ever-absent President, spent hours with diplomats, alumni, admirals, politicians and students. Billy Carmichael not only heads the business office, he is the business office.

## L. B. Rogerson—Business Manager

Promises, jokes, good stories, good company available—in L. B. Rogerson's office. The "Little Flower" of South Building has also caught his share of hell from irate students, townspeople and merchants. As a fellow to chat with for an afternoon, there's not a better man in the village. As an administrator, as a conscientious worker, Rogerson has all the qualifications. As an aide to the students, the business manager has often fallen short.

He has taken the rap for many a South Building faux pas. He has had to

(See SHINING FACES, page 28)



by Mike Beam

A Carolina Student turns vagabond, bumming the open highways from here to the Pacific. Mike Beam tells the story of how Ted Croner found true peace under the langorous skies of Mexico.

NIGHT had fallen over Guyemas, Mexico and another evening of pleasure had begun. Inside the *Los Pierdos*, a dark haired girl danced wildly across the top of the bar, kicking glasses to the floor amid shouts of "Bravo" from the men seated at the tables.

Ted Croner shifted in his chair, picked up his glass of *tequila*, and resumed his conversation with his two friends from the shark-fisher, *Mayo*.

Pablo, the younger but no less profound, spoke in a low, sleepy voice. He was a lover of all things beautiful, particularly women, and his thoughts, if not his words, seldom wandered from the subject.

Pancho was older and more of a realist. He had reached the age where he appreciated the love of one woman more than the pleasure of many. And he spoke movingly of the simple joy of fishing on the open sea, of the mystic beauty of the water rippling and sparkling in the sunlight, and finally of the values of friendship and conversation over a table at night.

The pale color of Mexico's tangy *tequila*, the fine, although faltering, Spanish words of languor, the anticipation of another day chasing the sharks that romp the Gulf of California—this was Croner's reward for crossing the hills and highways of a continent.

Perhaps it was the complication of an unfamiliar idiom, but for a moment, Ted was lost. He remembered as one remembers in a dream:

Charlotte, N. C., the prosaic grey town . . . leaving with less than a hundred dollars and an irresistible urge to see strange places and unfamiliar people. The rolling highway to Chicago . . . the pungent smell of the stockyards . . . the flat taste of tall buildings driving him westward to Omaha . . . the old timers bulling over the days of Carson and

Hickok. Then across the endless rolling country to Denver . . . the lure of the 14,000 foot summit urging him to climb Pike's Peak . . . and down to Colorado Springs.

Then to Salt Lake and the land of the Mormons . . . across the white flats to Wendover . . . wild, open, vulgar Reno . . . and on to the Golden Gate . . . no luck in Frisco . . . Los Angeles—a brazen, artificial beauty . . . life guard at Santa Monica . . . where to now—Alaska? Let's try Mexico.

So here he was: Guyemas, a town. That was all. People in a small cluster

A warm sun had begun to melt the chilliness from the early morning air as Ted and Pablo walked through the village. As they passed the *Los Pierdos*, Pablo pointed to a peon sleeping peacefully on the sidewalk.

"There is a man to envy, Señor Kilometro. He takes no part in the evil occupations of life. He drinks his rum, he sings with his friends and makes love to his sweetheart. Someday, I think I will stop working entirely and become a religious man."

The village was slowly beginning to awaken . . . the street venders crying,

## Mr. Mile High

by the Gulf, fishing, talking, loving, and a crucifix over the door.

He was meeting the Mexican.

Pablo drained his glass, wiped the back of his hand across his mouth and looked at Ted. From his short Latin stature, he surveyed all of Croner's six feet, four inches. Smiling, he turned to Pancho.

"I have a name for our American friend," he announced whimsically. Señor Kilometro—For one whose head towers in the heavens is truly a mile high."

Pancho nodded in agreement.

The three men were silent again until Pablo remarked, "It is such a beautiful night. I am afraid it would be a sin against Jesus to sit here drinking when Ponchita and Rosario and Maria are along."

Sensing the humble reverence and profound wisdom of these words, they immediately arose from the table and began to weave their way out of the bar room. . . .

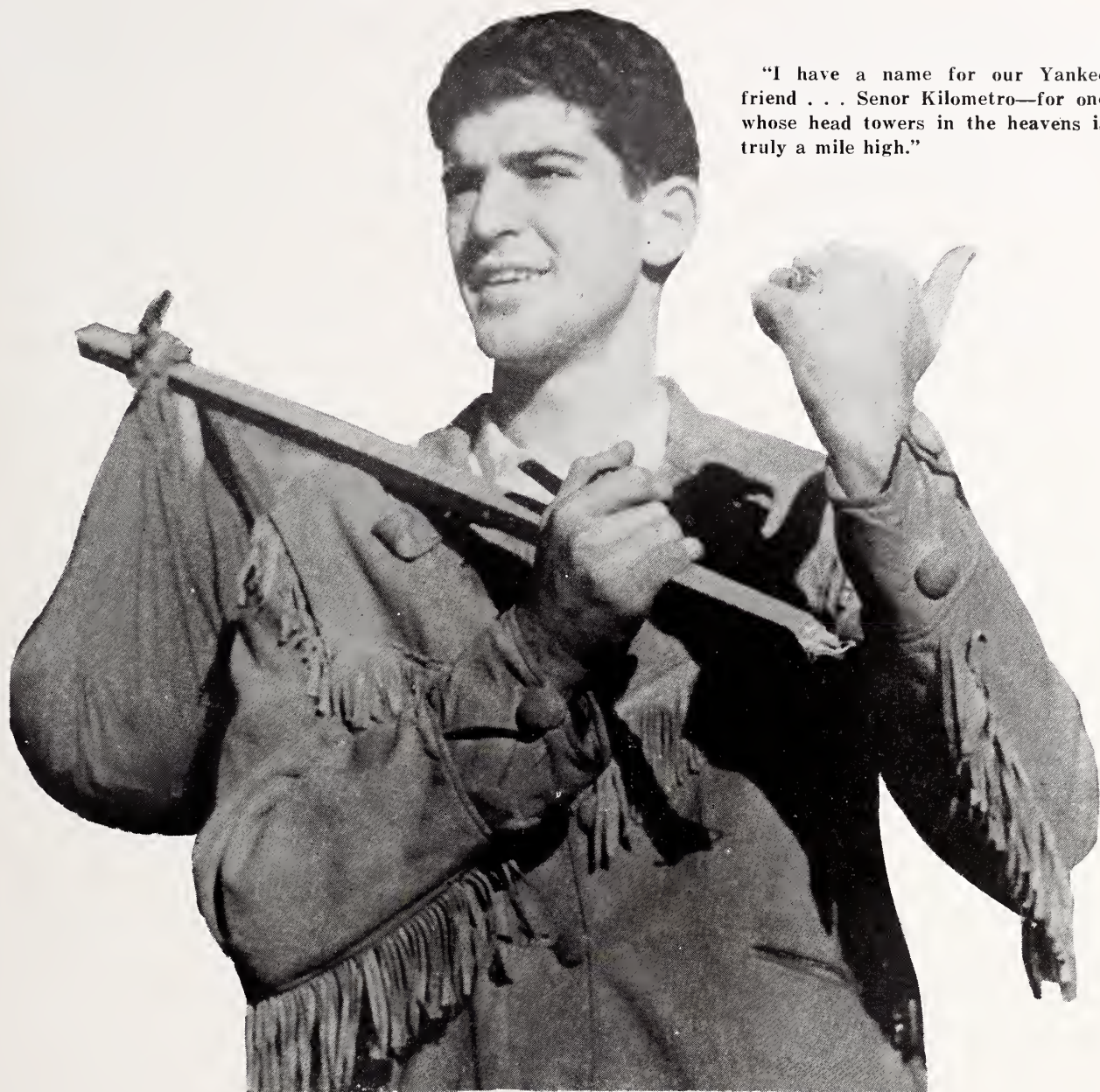
"Cafe caliente—hot coffee." . . . a few energetic peons driving their creaking burro wagons loaded with produce to market . . . the dark, swarthy fishermen greeting them as they passed, "Ai, amigo." . . . and the brown naked kids playing on the porches and in the yards. . . .

As they approached the harbor, Pablo wrinkled his nose in disdain as the odor of boiling shark liver reached their nostrils. He fanned the air with his straw sombrero and complained, "The way they make the air stink, I am very glad when we get out to sea where the wind is clean and cool."

On the wharf, the fishermen were mending their nets and with the early tide spreading far up on the beach, the first schooners were putting out to sea. From aboard the *Mayo*, a friendly voice called out, "Señor Kilometro! Why so late. We fish this morning and you, the industrious Yankee, have slept like the lazy Mexican peon."

They looked up to find Gaston stand-





"I have a name for our Yankee friend . . . Senor Kilometro—for one whose head towers in the heavens is truly a mile high."

ing impatiently at the rail watching them cross the gangplank. Pablo laughed.

"Maybe we will make a good Mexican out of this Yankee after all."

The engines of the *Mayo* started, and the boat pulled slowly out into the bay. . . .

And in this fashion the days and nights passed quickly and brought the summer to its end all too soon. But even so, Señor Kilometro would probably still be in Mexico tonight drinking with his friends if the Selective Service Commission hadn't interfered.

Late one evening at the beginning of fall, Ted, Pablo, and Pancho were gathered in the patio of Rosario's home.

Pancho lit a cigarette and regarded the evening sky speculatively.

"Tomorrow will be a good day for fishing," he said.

"But it would be a better day for sleeping," Pablo insisted.

After a moment's silence, Ted arose from his chair and turned to his friends.

"Tomorrow will be a good day for sleeping or for fishing, but tomorrow, I am leaving."

"Leaving, señor?" Pancho asked in surprise.

"Yes, I am leaving to return to school. Another year and I will be an *aviador* in *la guerra*."

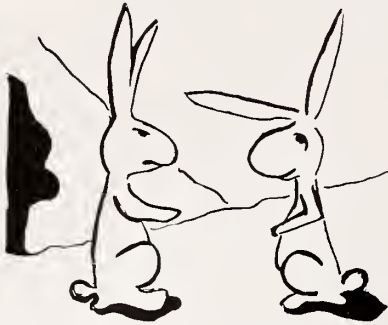
His friends stood up and gravely

shook hands with him. A moment of good-by's and Ted turned and walked out of the patio. As he left, Rosario called to him, "We will pray for you, señor."

But no matter—Ted Croner did return to Chapel Hill to resume his work in geology and to exploit further his photographic talent. But he did not return as the same Ted Croner who left Chapel Hill early in the summer of this year.

He had been in cities, in the presence of magnificent creations of man and nature. But it was not these things that he remembered. It was the friends he had made—it was the people that counted. •





Stuart McDur

"Now, I don't wish to be overbearing..."

## Piney Woods Pete

Dere Dallas,

Yer Uncle has a job at last, the fust time that he has wukked in nigh on to 48 yeres. We air rich now and git seventeen dollars and thutty two cents every Thursday. So we went down to Sears Roebuck and bought one of them new fangled bathrooms like the folks in Virginia has. It done come and we got er all set up. My, you ought to see her.

Over on one side of the room is a long white thing like the pigs drink out of only you can git in it and wash plumb all over.

On t'other side of the room is a little white contraption called a sinc. This is fer light washing—hands and face. They also sent us a roll of writing paper but forgot to send us any envylopes.

Now over in the other corner of the room—WOW. We got a thing there that you can put one foot in at a time and scrub it good—then push the handle in and you can git clean water to wash the other foot with. And when you want ter wash yore hair, all you've got ter do is stick your head in and pull the handle. It's getting so that washing is a plumb pleasure.

Two lids came with this last dern contraption but we can't figger out no use fer 'em. Ain't no use a'tall fer 'em in the bathroom so ma is a using one of 'em fer a bread board and we got Grand Pa's picture framed in the other one.

Yore loving brothere,  
Abner

A couple registered at a country hotel as Mr. and Mrs. John Smith.

"Give me your real name," the clerk ordered.

"Well, put down Mr. and Mrs. William Shakespeare."

"That's better," the clerk said. "You can't fool me with that Smith stuff."

## EXTRA LIBRIS

She: "When we get married I'm going to cook, sew, darn your socks and lay out your pipe and slippers. What more can any man ask than that?"

He: "Nothing, unless he is evil-minded."

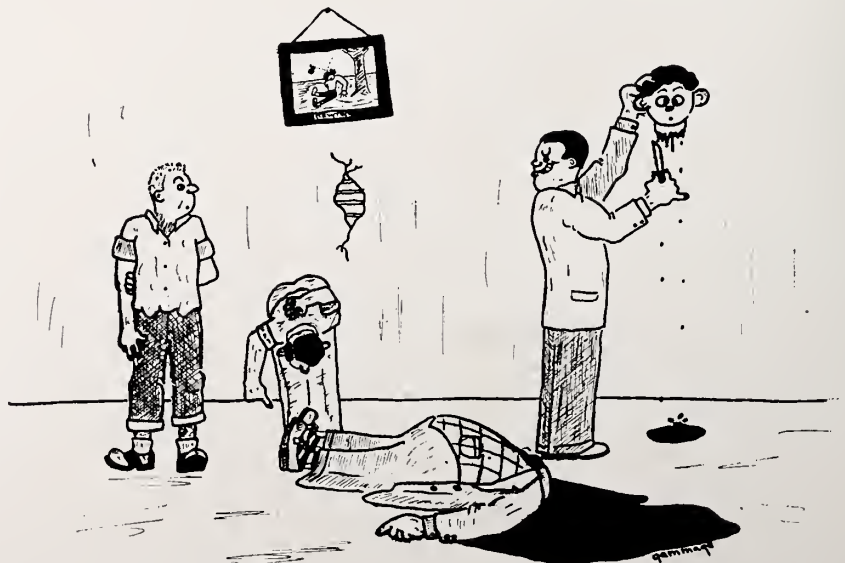
Piney Branch, N. C.  
Ocktober 9, 1942

## Action

It happened in New York's largest department store during a rush. The elevator was jammed and the cables groaned.

The elevator rose slowly, and as it neared the third floor, a piercing scream caused the operator to stop the car midway. All eyes were focused on a large woman in a short seal jacket who wore an injured expression. A small boy, not yet of school age, stood directly behind her.

"I did it," he announced truculently. "It was in my face so I bit it."



"Now is there anyone who doesn't understand what 'decapitated' means?"

## The Wolf

If he parks his little fliver  
Down beside the moonlit river  
And you feel him all a quiver  
Baby — — he's a wolf!

If he says you're gorgeous looking  
And your dark eyes set him cookin'  
But your eyes ain't where he's looking  
Baby — — he's a wolf!

If he says that you're an eyeeful  
But his hands begin to trifle  
And his heart pumps like a rifle  
Baby — — he's a wolf!

If by chance when you're a-kissing  
You can feel his heart a-missing  
And you talk and he won't listen  
Baby — — he's a wolf!

If his arms are strong as sinews  
And he stirs the gypsy in you  
And you want him close again' you  
Baby — — you're the wolf!

## Pome

Men seldom elope  
With girls who take dope.

Athlete (leaving gym): "What's that strange odor I smell?"

Bystander: "Fresh air."

Leb Deb: "It happens in the best of families."

Father: "Well, you stay away from the best of families after this."

BUT IT MIGHT BE SOMEBODY'S MOTHER  
DEP'T.

"Never give a toilet germ an even break..."

Advt. p. 143 Life 10-19-42



# All I Want To Save

by Ralph Jackson

Illustrated by Anne Montgomery

HELIA laid the record on the revolving disk after turning the side crank until the spring was tight. The record spun around faster and faster until the gilt letters on the red label were only a swirling blur. For a moment, from the loudspeaker behind the wooden slats, there was only the magnified scratching of the needle against the ridges, and then slowly from out of the noise there came the treble notes of a piano. Each note was clear and distinct by itself above the scratching, as if the artist had carefully calculated the weight of his finger on the key, the pressure used to force it down, and the length of time it was to be sounded.

Helia listened as the bass notes in subtle counterpoint stole in against the treble. She listened again for the air raid warning and then forgot it. After closing the lid, which minimized some of the scratching, she sat down at the piano beside the phonograph. She was a tall girl with no heaviness to balance her height. Everything about her was vertical. Her long straight hair, her thin nose, her hands, her body, and legs. Only her eyes, a pale but shining blue with thin straight lashes, crossed the dominant vertical lines. Her mouth and eyebrows were unnoticeable.

She neither looked her age of nineteen nor any other particular age. The tempo of the notes was faster now and they were no longer distinguished separately but were merging into a flowing steady melody that was a whole of sound with no individual parts.

The flowered curtain that screened the kitchenette from the living room-bed room was suddenly snatched back. A woman as tall as Helia but fatter stood against the strong kitchen light. "Are you playing that damn thing again!" Helia looked down at the scratched keys. The record played on mechanically as the spring unwound. The woman jerked her head impatiently. "I wished I'd never brought that old piece of junk from the other place. I was crazy enough to tote that piano over here. That old victrola isn't even good enough to play some good swing records. And now you've got it playing so loud we can't even hear the air raid warning!"

Helia got up and closed the small doors before the loudspeaker so that the notes were muffled. The woman, whose eyes were no longer shiny but whose lips were noticeable because of their in-

tense greasy redness, watched her daughter.

"Playing that old fogey music isn't going to get you a husband. I've tried every way I could to help you. After you saw the mess I made marrying your father I thought you'd have enough sense to see how important it is to get a good husband!"

"I'm only going to play one piece, Mother," Helia said without looking at anything in particular.

"You know I don't like that stuff. Instead of trying to make it easier for me, you—! After all the money I've spent on you—my money that I made—not your father's. He don't give a damn about you. In Alaska for all I know. Well, after all the trouble I've taken—Well, my Gawd, you ought to be more of a lady by now!"

"I'm trying to be, Mother. That's why—"

"A man wants a wife—a sweetheart, not a piano player. That's why you don't need any piano lessons. So don't start begging me again. Culture is all right, I guess, if you've got plenty of money and time. But what'll it get you! If you're pretty you can get the kind of men that'll be good to you. But you won't even wear the clothes I buy you."

"They're—they're just not—"

"They show up more what you got. You act like I'm not trying to help you. You act like I don't really love you—even though you do worry the daylight out of me. It's you I'm worrying about—not me."

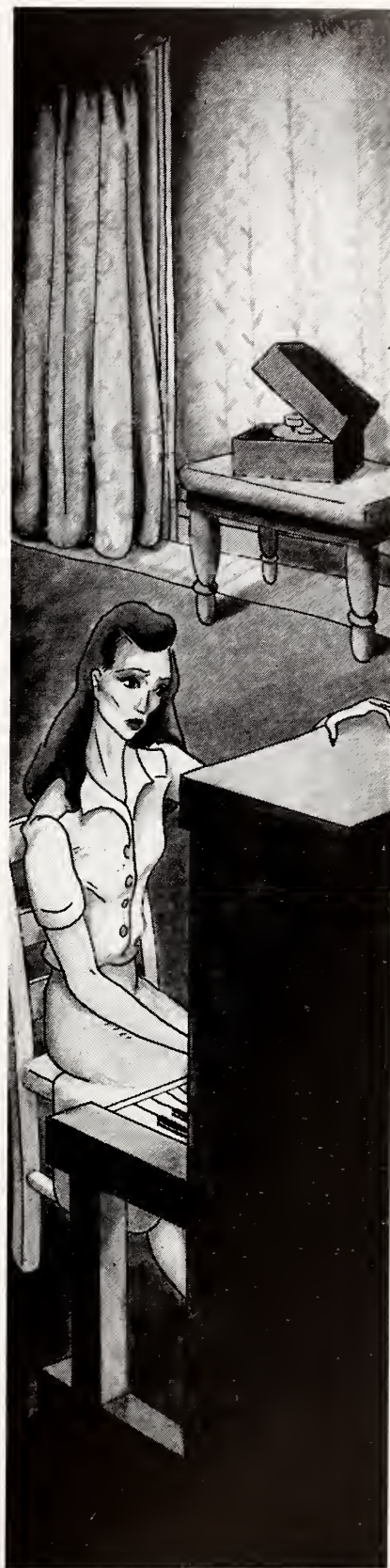
"I know it is, Mother. If you want I'll turn off the phonograph and help you with the dishes."

"I don't need you. Besides, you've got to keep your hands pretty." She watched her daughter a moment more. Her eyes were critical and puzzled but she said nothing. She half shrugged. "Hurry up with that stuff. I want to hear the siren."

The woman backed into the kitchenette and pulled the curtain across the door.

Helia waited until she heard the water running over the dishes, then placed the needle at the edge of the record, and opened the doors. She listened, her eyes closed, at the opening notes. Behind the curtain the sound of water splashing over dishes stopped for a min-

(See ALL I WANT, page 30)



"A man wants a wife, a sweetheart—not a piano player. That's why you don't need any lessons . . ."



A real character—house boy, companion, and friend in need. The story of one of Carolina's oldest supporters and staunchest friends.

# De Oldes' Gobbler

by Joe Leslie

YAS, SUH, brother, I'se a ol' gobbler all right. You boys is jus' young tukkies, but I'se a ol' gobbler. I'se de oldes' gobbler of all."

These are the time-worn words of Brother Henry Merritt, 83-year-old janitor at the Kappa Sigma fraternity house.

"I 'members," he says, "when I use to wait on brother Dr. Woodhouse, brother Dr. Lowe, brother Long, brother Hackney, an' all dem other ol' brothers when we wuz in de ol' house in de alley."

Then he will, if in a talkative mood, run into a story of such exaggerated proportions that one scarcely knows whether it did or did not actually occur. But it's sure to be a good story, like the one he tells of the time when the chief of police entered the fraternity house during a liquid and doubtless rowdy banquet to ask that some of the noise be stopped. Brother Merritt maintains that the chief weighed 500 pounds and that he had considerable difficulty in getting through the door into the house. At any rate, the chief came in brandishing a huge nightstick and asking for a more quiet celebration. Hardly had he opened his mouth, however, when one of the brothers, "a baseball man," as the Gobbler calls him, came out of the back room with a baseball bat and took a well-aimed swing at the chief's head, knocking him unconscious to the floor. The Gobbler still laughs at this incident and still insists it really happened. He is truly a master story teller with an immense imagination.

For nearly a half-century the Old Gobbler, now bent and short of breath, has swept rugs, made up beds, and laid fires in the large open fireplace in the front room. Hobbling about on one game leg and one good one and dressed in old clothes three sizes too large for his small frame, the wrinkled old warrior still manages to do heavy work that some of the "young turkeys" would be incapable of.

Early each morning he comes to the house to build a fire in the front room fireplace. He carries heavy logs for this purpose up a long flight of steps from the basement but never asks or accepts help from anyone in this task. Should anyone offer aid, he quickly answers "No, suh, thank you, brother. Dese are my boys and I want to do de wuk. De Ol' Gobbler is goin' to wuk fo' dese boys 'til he drop in he shoes."

After the fire has been built, the Good

Brother proceeds to the sweeping of the carpet. Armed with broom and vacuum cleaner, he sets out slowly and carefully, considerably hindered by the injured leg. Early risers, listening from the top of the stairs, sometimes hear him talking softly to himself in a language that perhaps only he can understand. Occasionally he will shout for one of the other servants to come and help him, partly because he might actually need help with some of the heavy furniture, but more often because he wants to show "them kitchen niggers" that he's the boss. None of them fail to jump when the old tyrant yells.

Not having learned to read or write, the Gobbler, nevertheless, has a profound curiosity about books and magazines. In passing by open rooms on the upstairs hall, one often sees him seated in a large comfortable chair with a month-old copy of *Colliers* or *Redbook* in front of him. His short, thick fingers thumb each page slowly and clumsily, and occasionally he smiles when he comes to a page of particular interest.

Certainly it must be a picture of some kind, perhaps of an automobile, a truck, or an airplane. Otherwise he would not understand. When he discovers he's being watched, he rises from his chair, shuffles over to his broom with a quick "yas, suh, brother, fine thank you," and resumes his work.

It is on football week-ends that the old fellow is at his peak of performance. As the old brothers of earlier days come to the house to warm up a bit after the game, Brother Henry sits at the head of the walk, a one-man reception committee to all who enter. And not a single alumnus passes without having an intimate word or two with the Gobbler, who knows them all by both first and last names. Always he is dressed in his white waiter's jacket, kept starched and clean for this single ceremony. More often than not, the visitors lean down and whisper something to him. He smiles and follows them inside to the basement. When he returns to his post, he is still wiping his lips and smiling a toothless smile, testi-

(See OLDES' GOBBLER, page 12)





# First Case

by Dave Hanig

DINNER was over and the guests, by ones and twos left the table to saunter into the living room. Mrs. Merrill, past forty and aware of it, had eaten heavily and was laughing nervously. Every now and then she tore at the slim wisp of handkerchief.

"My land," she gasped, "doesn't Mrs. Blankfort have the *nicest* dinners. I was telling Joan the other day, 'my dear, the woman's a *marvel*, but really . . . ' and she married four months to Doctor Blankfort. Such a *nice* girl, isn't she? A trifle aggressive in getting what she wants, but I was telling Mary . . ."

The pale, thin woman who preceded her listened with a strained smile. Her eyes sought the faces of the other guests. In the living room she sat down near the fireplace. Placidly Mrs. Merrill placed her own ample self down beside her. On she gushed, like a cut artery, to relate this bit of trivia or that pointed observation about someone.

"Of course, Elizabeth, you know *me*. When Doctor Blankfort entertains he's certain to invite *some* famous person. Why it never fails."

Elizabeth hardly seemed to hear the stout woman. As a group of people came in through the hall she perceptibly stiffened and sat in an expectant attitude. Her pale, thin face flushed slightly as she waited. Everyone in the room grew politely hushed as though they were waiting also.

Mrs. Merrill laid a nervous hand on Elizabeth's arm as two men came through the door. Excitedly she whispered:

"My dear, Dr. Blankfort and, who would *think* it . . . Dr. Wells. He's that famous specialist, you know. How did she ever get him to come?"

As the two men advanced into the room the company of guests drew near.

Mrs. Merrill and Elizabeth faced the two doctors as the other guests stood or sat nearby. Mrs. Merrill erratically broke the social ice.

"Tell me, Doctor," she began with a rush, "in your long years of practice can you recall your first case . . . your very first patient?"

Doctor Wells smiled. "It's a long time, Madam."

Mrs. Merrill's voice became shrill with excitement.

(See FIRST CASE, page 23)

The Mag humor editor gets a good swift look at the Big Town. He didn't think it was at all funny at first, but when the bruises disappeared, his ever sunny disposition shone through.

by Ben McKinnon

YOU can't fire me," I said to the boss, "I quit!" And with those words I did quit, keeping intact my record of having never been fired from a job.

All summer long I had labored, toiled, and struggled but still I had not been able to learn that new jitterbug step.

I needed a vacation so Bobby Graham and I packed our bags and headed for the wide open spaces. We hit the road at five-thirty Saturday afternoon. At six o'clock Saturday afternoon the road hit us.

We had to take the train to Washington. I made a mistake and bought a ticket from Washington to Fayetteville instead of Fayetteville to Washington and I had to ride sitting backwards.

We arrived in Washington at 3 a.m. and left at 3 p.m. But we're not complaining. Bumming is a little off, but things seem to be picking up. Hitchhikers at intersections this season are thumbing in only two or three directions instead of four. We caught a ride all the way to Baltimore—a distance of 32 miles and one puncture.

Did we make a hit in Baltimore. The town loved us. They must have, they wouldn't let us go. So we took the bus to New York City. It was pretty crowded. We were in one seat and the Dionne family was in the seat next to us. The bus had an indifferent horn—it just didn't give a toot.

We checked in at one of the classier hotels for a change and a rest. The bell boys got the change and the hotel got the rest. The sign in hotels—Stop, have you left anything?—should be changed to: Stop, have you anything left? We moved into the YMCA the next day.

New York City was mad about us. They blew a big siren in our honor and turned out all the lights, and then an unidentified airplane flew over our heads. Boy, did they like us.

We got up at noon Monday. We had tickets for the Broadway play, "Tobacco Road" that night, but it was called off because three of the actors inhaled too much and were sick. The play has been running a long time. But the only thing that dates it is that Jeeter Lester has an automobile tire. Anyhow, we picked up a couple of girls at the theatre. We were walking down

# A Look at New York

the street, and some guy turned to me and said, "I see you're an antique collector, buddy." I ignored him.

The four of us landed in a joint called "Mother Kellys" and then Mother Kelly landed on us. That ten dollar bill was never the same again. The place was pretty low. Five jokes stood on top of each other and still got crushed by an exercising termite. A bottle of 7-up on the table couldn't do any better than 6%. Over at the bar they were serving Sloe Gin—it Sloely knocks the hell out of you.

Tuesday morning I got up and looked in the mirror. I've seen better looking pans than that under a slow leak. We went to see the Dodgers play that afternoon. We didn't go over so big out there. A bunch of fellows behind us kept yelling, "Go on, you bums."

Wednesday we went to Coney Island. We were coming back on the Fourteenth Street car but I went to sleep after the tenth went by and we missed it.

We hopped on the next train but didn't know where to get off. So we acted real nice to a couple of girls and they told us where to get off. And how. We got off at the end of the track and thumbed back to town. It is very simple learning to ride on a subway. You get on, and then when you think you're there, you get off and take a taxi back.

After the show we went around to a dime-a-dance joint. Three hostesses quit when they saw us coming in. We danced with each other.

We headed for home Thursday morning and spent Thursday night in Washington. One fellow met us and said that he was from Carolina. We smelled his breath and agreed with him.

In Richmond we went to see a couple of girls. We opened our suitcases but couldn't find a thing but empty bottles. Then we opened our pocketbooks but couldn't find a thing but empty space. So they took us to dinner. Then we sat on the porch and held hands. I held mine and she held hers.

We arrived home Saturday morning.

The trip was swell but I did get a little peeved at those subways. Understand that I am perfectly able to go where I want to all right. But I did get a little angry at that sign downtown that says, "This will take you to 42nd street." I sat on the darn sign for two hours and it never moved an inch!





Are all men dogs? A campus coed maintains this hypothesis in a brief, vitriolic sketch of Carolina manhood. Where do you fit in?

by Rosalie Branch

**T**HERE are a number of things that may and should be said about the canine species colloquially known as men.

All men can definitely be classified as dogs. There are many types of dogs, so don't necessarily be insulted. Just read this article—if you can't read, let your roommate try—and see what kind *you* are.

Writers in times gone by divided dogs into several groups, but for practical purposes (i.e., to find out about yourself) they may be put in two classes: sporting and non-sporting dogs. Non-sporting dogs are the exception, so forget about them. The majority of sporting dogs are wild. Occasionally they become domesticated, but usually they've been forced into it.

The dog most frequently roaming the campus, or in the "Y" in case of rain, is the Wolfhound, called Wolf for short. He may run in a pack or be a lone wolf. He has classy markings and makes an ideal watch dog around drugstores and dances. This breed seems to be on the increase.

The bulldog is quite a hunk of dog. He has a letter marking prominently displayed on his coat and has played ball since he was a pup. The bulldog is remarkable for the order of his intelligence.

The wire-haired terrier is found more often in Kremel ads than anywhere else, but the Scottie, as he is affectionately called, is a better known breed. When this dog takes you out to dinner (sandwiches) he expects you to pay the cover charge, tip and incidentals—which incidentally mount up.

The Chi-Hua-Hua (any relation to fraternities is purely intentional), is usually a sot, but sometimes he runs out of liquor. If he is at all intelligent, however, he drinks wood alcohol, housecleaning fluid or some other reasonable substitute.

Some dogs baffle description. Webster

would have taken one look at them and become a babbling idiot. The Saint Bernard is a magnificent specimen. The head is very massive and shows great depth (from eye to lower jaw). The face is rather short, muzzle wide, deep and cut off square, and the lips hang down and are loose. This type is wonderful if you can get on the intimate side of them.

The Whippet is the most rapid of the species and the rat terrier the lowest. There are lots of dogs in these two classes. A mut is any dog a quarter of an inch shorter than whoever calls him a mut.

Dogs have other kinds of phobias besides hydrophobia. That is just the mildest form. They are attracted by anything of a shining blond color and they growl, howl and are suspicious of cats in general—with no grounds whatsoever.

Dogs live in kennels and sometimes in basements. They exhibit zero reflex action in the morning until they give themselves a shake (That was all wet). Heeling is the only thing that comes natural for him.

Something should be said at this point about whistling at dogs. Don't do it. They may whistle back at you. Also there is a trite little phrase about "sleeping dogs lie." It has been reduced to "dogs lie."

Dogs sometimes wear a contraption called a collar. There is only one brand that a well-collared dog will wear. It is non-inflammable and liquor-proof. The pointer may be mentioned in connection with this subject. He can sniff a whiff at a considerable distance. The setter is related to the pointer. His natural habitat is the bench in front of Battle dorm.

GLAD TO MEET YOU DEP'T.

*"I'm the dog everybody is talkin' it shouldn't happen to."*

Article New Yorker 10-17-42

The retriever usually operates in other dogs' kennels. He brings back anything he or his kennel-mates can possibly use for the next few months—cigs, ties, cufflinks, etc.

# Dogs

But no matter what a dog does, cats are interested in him, for after all, dogs will be dogs! •





A shot of corn tops the month's satire with a portrayal of the more feline tendencies in womankind. Read on, men, and catalogue your last date.

by Ben McKinnon



ACCORDING to Webster, a cat is a domesticated member of the tiger family. They are characterized by their retractile claws, their short faces, and the reduced number of their cheek teeth. Continuing with Webster, we find

close to your ear and softly purr, "Damn It! Get your hand off my knee."

The best known species of the cat family is the lion. To classify a woman

ranged in circles. Women are spotted with dark red and various colors of pink and sundry smells with the spots often arranged in circles — under their eyes. The bones of leopards have been found, according to the encyclopedia, in British caves and the bones of women have been found, according to the Student Council, in dormitory room closets.

Descending to the domesticated house cat, we find several distinct varieties: The Alley Cat, The Tabby Cat, The Persian Cat and The Black Cat.

You've seen women that reminded you of alley cats. They always slink along with a seductive sway and switch of their hips. At night, they yowl and it is hard to shut them up. In fact, it is hard to shut them up any time. Just like an Alley Cat, they always have you on the fence and you can't knock them off with an old shoe, Oh, No! But candy and flowers will usually do the trick.

The Tabby Cat is the type that tabs you on first sight for how much she can get out of you and how much dough you can spend on her. She's out for a good time and she is going to have it—on your money.

The Persian Cat falls almost into the same category. When she wants something, she sidles up real close to you and starts to purr. (Now, ain't that a catty statement?). She's haughty and sophisticated and she knows just what she wants and usually gets it.

The black cat, however, is the devil of the species. She'll blacken your reputation no matter how many times she has to cross your path to do it. She tells all the other girls all your secrets and don't think those things don't get around. She'll bring you bad luck just as sure as cats drink milk.

There's your case. Women must be cats because they fit into all branches of the feline family; they say catty things, and pussy-foot around. They must be cats because we chase them and don't dogs chase cats! •

# vs. Cats

that cats are carnivorous mammals kept by man as a pet.

All of the girls that I know have retractile claws. These claws or fingernails often fall off and are glued back on. They love to rake them gently and tenderly across your face to make you refrain from some playful little pastime. Meanwhile they smile up at you with a feline look in their eyes, move their lips

as a lion is not hard to do. They both have hair of a uniform tawny color. Oddly enough, women have hair of many uniform colors. Both are ferocious when riled, especially the woman. Both have ravenous appetites and will eat you out of house and home. The lion preferring to eat up your children and the woman preferring to eat up your pocketbook. I'd rather lose the children. You make a pass at a woman and first thing you know you're lion flat on your back. You make a pass at a lion (Ed. Note. Who in the hell is going to make a pass at a lion? Author Note. Another lion) and the only thing you have to worry about is getting clawed to death.

Women may also be likened to another species of the cat family: namely, the tiger. The tiger is recognized by his long, thick coat and a woman is recognized (you can't miss her or the bill either) by the long black coats that she wears. But, I will have to admit that tigers make the best looking rugs.

The Leopard is spotted with dark brown and black, the spots often ar-





Weak, untaught, but eager, the youth of America from Portland to Philadelphia, from Monpelier to Wilmington are entering Chapel Hill in weekly batches. Three months later, strong, courageous, skilled, they leave, wreathed with the glories and the traditions of the United States Navy. This is North Carolina's gift to the Axis!

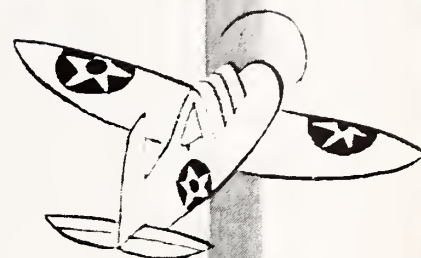
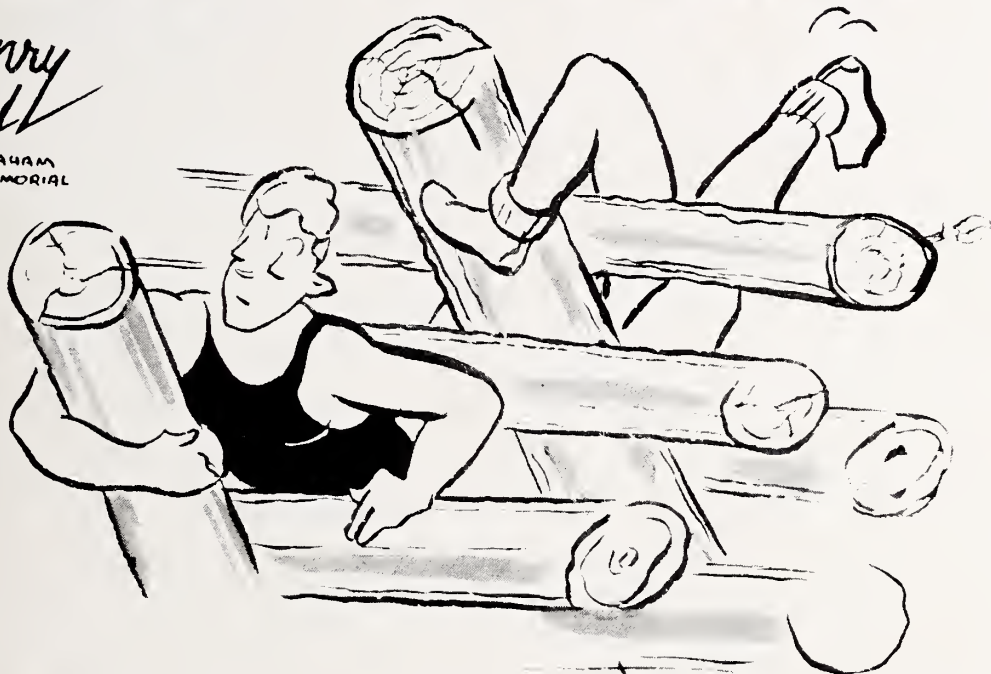
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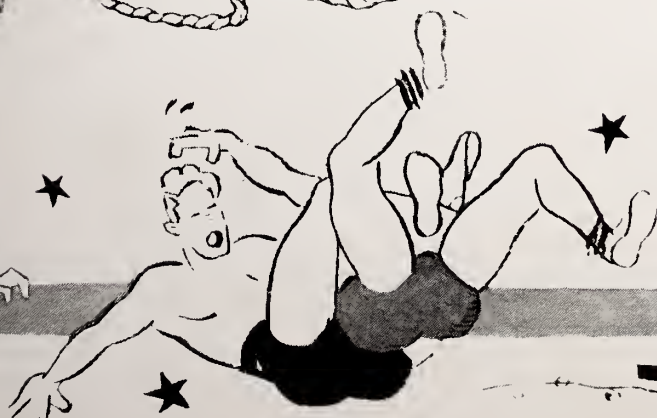


# R CADETS

BY  
*Henry MOLL*  
GRAHAM  
MEMORIAL



"I was a 98 lb  
weakling..."





# Conversation

by Nancy Smith

WHEN Mary was sure that she was going to have another child, she thought of the priest. He'd have to tell her. She had four children already. One of them was dying of tuberculosis.

Her husband worked very little and used what money he earned for drink. She was worn out and tired. It was harder and harder for her to go out cleaning now. If she died, what would happen to the children she had already brought to life? She couldn't have any more after this one. She knew that the Church was against birth control but of late years, there had been talk that the church was sanctioning a certain method. . . . Mary *had* to find out about that. So she went around to talk to the priest.

He seated her opposite him in a comfortable armchair. She looked around the well-furnished warm room. She looked at the priest. He sat at ease with his legs crossed smoking a fragrant after-lunch cigar and he was enjoying it mellowly. His informal attitude made it easy for Mary to talk to him. He listened with friendly attentiveness.

"So you see, Father, it's not that I would ever get rid of a baby already started. I just want it so that there isn't a baby every year."

"You are married, Daughter. It is your duty to have children."

"Father, if you could understand. We are people who have nothing. One of my children is so sick and my man is not the kind to work steady. Sometimes it seems to me it might be a greater sin to bring a child into the world than not to."

"I have told you your duty."

"But if I die . . . if they die . . ."

"You won't die. They won't die. Let me tell you that it's hard to die. Human beings fight to live."

"That may be true but I have a child who is dying anyhow."

"You must have another to take its place. The world must go on. The Mother Church must go on. Only by the coming of children can this be."

Mary stood up to speak. "Father, I am a good Catholic. I want to do what is best for the Church. But I am also a person, and I'd like to do what is best for me and my children. I think it's better to have two or three children brought up to do credit to the Church and to me than to have nine or ten children who will always be on the streets and grow up neglected to be criminals and whores. The more children poor peo-

ple have, the less good people you have for the Church. Father, do you want the Church full of criminals and whores?"

On the pretext of removing his cigar, the priest's hand went up to hide a sudden smile. After carefully flicking off the long gray cone of cigar ash, he spoke gently. "Daughter, you will never be a happy woman." Pause. "You think too much."

Mary stared at him sitting there looking well-groomed, urbane, and at rights with the world and his God and his Church. A wicked thought came to her. She colored and crossed herself quickly.

"Yes?" inquired the priest.

"Nothing, Father."

"Tell me."

"I repent the thought."

"Tell me the thought."

"You won't like it. But it's true."

"I am your Father-Confessor. Tell me."

"I thought: What can *you* know of life—you who've never been with a woman and never fathered a child." He sat looking at her. "Now you are angry." She sighed.

"No, Daughter."

"Did you know that the Church does not accept men for the priesthood who do not have the desires of normal men? Yes, we priests have all of the frailties and passions of our kind. As a young man, I was in love with a woman. I put her out of my mind when I heeded the call to become a priest. Since then, all the love I would have given her, all the devotion I would have given our children, I have given to Mother Church. I tell you this so that you may understand that even though a priest may not live as other men do, he has the understanding of how they live." He sat upright and smiled at her. "I am speaking to you now as a man and not as a Father."

"As a man then, tell me what I came here to find out."

Again he waited a long time before he spoke. Then he sighed and not look-

**Prolific but quiet, Nancy Smith again proves her merit in the field of fiction with the poignant story of a poor woman, a priest, a shaken faith.**

ing at her, told her of the method the Church sanctioned; the rhythm of the lunar month; the time of abstinence and the time of indulgence. Mary thanked him quietly and then told him frankly:

"I could have found out somewhere else, but I wanted a priest to tell me so that I could be sure I wasn't going against my Church. I am a good Catholic."

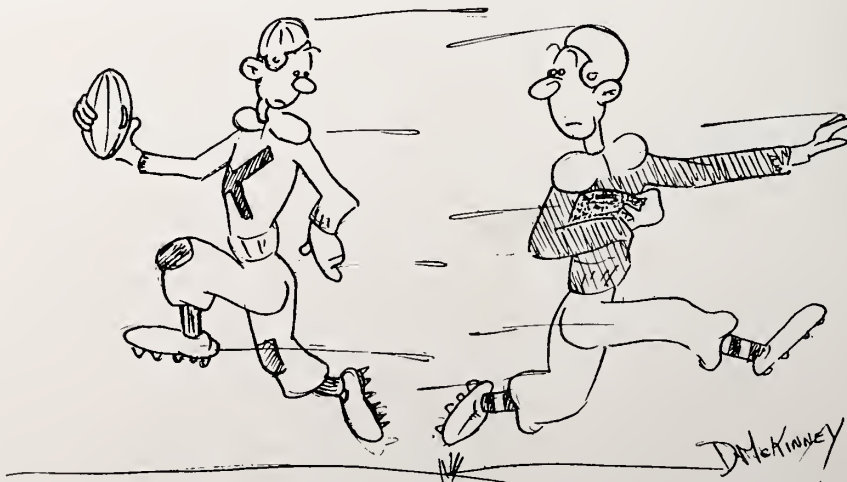
He smiled wryly. "You'd be a better one if you didn't think too much." He rang a little bell on the table and when his housekeeper appeared, he asked her to bring a glass of sherry for Mary. She sipped the fine dry wine that a thoughtful parishioner had given him for Christmas some months before, and she enjoyed it very much.

As she was about to leave, she opened her shabby purse and took out a very dirty and much folded dollar bill. She put it into his hand.

"For the poor," she said.

A grimace of pity twisted his mouth. "And it shall go to the poor," he said. He pressed it back into her hand. She knelt for his parting blessing.

On the street, she put the bill back in her purse. It was the only bill among a dozen pennies. The priest stood at the window watching her thin, bent body bracing itself against the winter wind. He turned away and looked about his warm, comfortable living room with his books and the decanter of fine wine still standing on the table. He looked at the box which held his fine cigars—also a gift. He was very fortunate. He should be happy, he thought. But he shuddered suddenly. He did not feel safe anymore. •





# Reading Time 2:05, and All Is Well

by Bud Kaplan

"Next stop, Upper Tupper Township; leave by the center car."

Miss Leete thought a minute and lifted her eyes from her magazine. She lifted them very carefully because they were brand new, and she did not want the same thing to happen to them that happened to her last pair. She hesitated for another second before she spoke to the young man across the aisle. "Pardon me, Sir," she said, "but didn't I meet you at the Krovney Hollow Abnormal School for Slightly Abnormal Young Boys, last June?"

"Oh, no. I spent last June at the training camp for Fuller Brush Men. You see, I had some experience as ticket-seller at Phoebe B. Beebe's new canoe canal," he replied with a look in his eyes that spelled "DRINK COCA COLA"; he was a mercenary little devil.

Atha, for that was Miss Leete's first name, drew back agape. In fact, she drew back two gapes thinking to save one for a rainy day. What could be more useful on a rainy day than a short, slightly used gape? You're right! Her next move was to attract the handsome young gentlemen's attention without causing herself too much embarrassment. Her opportunity came when he went for a drink of water; as he passed her seat she simply put out her foot and tripped him.

While he was being revived, two innocent bystanders were heard to say to each other, "Do you think that Dick Tracy will escape from the Mole?"

"I don't know," her friend replied, "do you think that Atha Leete will win her man and live happily ever after?"

"To be sure. Just watch."

As they were finishing their conversation, our heroine was having difficulties with the villain. He came in while the extras were talking.

"Go you . . . you . . . you wolf in peg pants. Go and never darken my towels again!"

"All right, I'll go now, but there'll come a day."

Our hero, his name was Ming Toy Epstien, was now leaning on one

elbow, his left to be exact, listening to what Despicable Deadbeat, the villain, was saying. As Despic was leaving, Ming Toy said under his breath, "You cur."

Luckily, Despicable did not hear him.

Atha put her head in her hands; it was more comfortable there than on her neck, and sobbed, and sobbed.

Ming tried to soothe her, "Now, now, young lady, now, now."

"Now!" she cried enthusiastically.

"No, not yet. First we must solve the queer, quaint and curious case of the crosseyed catslaw. You are agent QP, aren't you?"

"Yes, how did you know?"

"I recognized the way you tripped me as number thirty-four in the *Secret Agent's Handbook*."

"Very observant, very observant. Now, what are the clues that we have?"

"We have the claw of a crosseyed cat."

"Is that all?" Atha asked him.

"Yes," he answered.

"Alas," she sighed.

"Alack," he countered quickly.

"Not much to work on, eh?"

"No."

At this point the conductor interrupted the brilliant conversation with, "I'll confess."

"Go away, you bother me, boy," Ming snapped. "We're busy."

"But I want to confess, do you hear, I want to confess."

"Just go to bed and sleep it off; you'll be all right in the morning," Atha advised him.

"No, I killed J. Rodney Krubble and I want to give myself up." He was screaming now.

"You know, Atha, I think that he might have something there. That's just the lead we need."

"Once again you're right. I think . . ."

And so we leave our happy little trio, and as we leave the harbor we hear, in the distance, the strum of Hawaiian guitars, bidding us farewell. We hope to see again, soon, the quaint island of Lainoninoni but under better circumstances, perhaps? •

## Grecian Spring

The buds are nuzzling the April winds;  
spring's all ready to begin  
its frolic:

the air's a froth of fauns  
cunningly mixed by sun, officiating  
at the unveiling of this dawn,

blithely leaping from the shoulders  
of all the earlier ones,  
the lowly yeomen, goblins that did the  
groundwork to free this diamond  
from their den;

and yet the sky lies on the ground  
a sered and crackling sound  
of scratching-leaf,  
lies everywhere as thorough as the  
dust of grief,  
grown and broken from the twig  
of eyes;

the buds are nuzzling, but what are buds  
but taunt and lies  
to eyes that drag a broken wing?  
and what are birds  
juggled like jacks by great somersaults  
of joy  
or fragrance-garbed, the grapes for  
grapes, the wind in waves  
but ironical flowers  
guarding those in graves or nearly  
there?

I was a patch of peacocks:  
leaping milk: fairytale-telling,  
princelike, silky sleep; sugarballs  
the tears I wept—  
a patch of peacocks and mad green  
fields;  
the rocks crooned  
to the song my heart as baton  
brilliantly wielded:  
all was simply heart's wild overflow;  
someone like a nasty child  
broke it or stole it:  
now they're molding bullets and blood  
and death out of my day,  
the sun's flood  
merely a heap of faggots and hay!

—T. Weiss

### UNDERSTATEMENT OF THE MONTH

"They kicked him in the face and stomach, they pulled his hair, smashed him with their fists, jabbed him with a pitchfork, knifed him. Then one of them got him by the arms and another by the legs and bounced him off the tank. They finally moved away from the tank and let him lay where he was. He took a beating."





# Dangerous Dan McFoo

by H. C. Cranford

Illustrated by Anne Montgomery

A bunch of the boys were whooping it up at Harry's one stormy night,  
 And the stink of brew came strongly through the haze of smoke-choked light.  
 Under a table at the rear of the joint lay Dangerous Dan McFoo,  
 And feeding him beer and holding him near was the coed that's known as Woo.  
 When out of the night, which was black as hell, and into the din of the hall,  
 There stumbled a stranger fresh from the sticks, skonk-dirty and stinkin' withal.  
 He looked like a man, this stranger did, who'd broke a date with death,  
 Yet he fondled a roll that would choke a cow and called for brew 'neath his breath.  
 There was none could place the stranger's face, though we racked our brains for a clue,  
 But we all joined in a snort to his health, including Dan McFoo.  
 Now there are such men that freeze your skin and grip your heart with a spell,  
 And such was he, and he seems to me like a stowaway from Hell.  
 So I kept on watching him closer still, and wondering what he'd do,  
 And I shifted my gaze—and watching him, too, was the coed that's known as Woo.  
 His eyes were a pair of blood-red slits, and they swept the room in a glance,  
 And he shoved a nickel in the old juke box and called on the kids to dance.  
 Harry had gone to the back of the room; there was no one there on the stool,  
 So the stranger staggers across the room and sprawls down there like a fool.  
 In a polo shirt that was glazed with dirt he sat and belched aloud,  
 Then he tossed a fin in the pretzel bin and called on beer for the crowd.  
 And as he guzzled the foamy brew and the stuff ran down his chin,  
 I thought I noticed a tear or two, beneath a lonesome grin.  
 Then through the haze of cigarette smoke and the beery fumes of the place,

The stranger moved, and his face was grooved, and he clutched a piece of lace.  
 And you felt you'd lost the woman you loved, and her love was a devil's lie,  
 That your soul was lost and the best for you was to sneak away and die.  
 Then a noise was heard in the back of the room and into a rumble it grew,  
 As off the floor, in a coat that was tore, rose Dangerous Dan McFoo.  
 The juke jive stopped, then started again, and the rhythm was loud and hot,  
 "Cuss his soul," said D. Dan McFoo, "I'll give him all I've got."  
 Then the stranger turned and his eyes they yearned in a wildish sort of a way,  
 In a polo shirt that was glazed with dirt he began to rock and sway.  
 Then he smashed his glass against the wall and he spoke and his voice was calm,  
 And "Boys," said he, "you don't know me, and none of you give a damn.  
 "But I want to state, and my words are straight, and I'll bet my roll they're true,  
 That one of you is a fraternity man, and that one is Dan McFoo."  
 Then I fell on my face and the lights went out and two shots rang in the dark,  
 And I dug my teeth in the greasy floor and prayed they'd miss their mark.  
 Then a coed barked and the lights went up, and silence fell on the room,  
 And I looked at my side and there I spied two men who had met their doom.  
 Pitched on his head, his gut full of lead, was Dangerous Dan McFoo,  
 While the man from the sticks lay clutched to the legs of the coed that's known as Woo.  
 I'm not as wise as the professor guys, but strictly between us two,  
 The woman that cried in the stranger's beer was the coed that's known as Woo.  
 And here's the moral to my tale, wisdom aged in wood:  
 "Steer clear of brew and coeds, boys—both are no damn good." •



Carolina's biggest operator in the field of spoken humor, Art Golby, gives forth with a fluent pen in this mad story of a madman, Alvin Argentine, Crazy Boy, the shy fellow who bounces, in a story from the heart of little-time Manhattan.

WHEN the window on the eighteenth story of the Corinthian building opened and the shape of a man plummeted downward, hitting the pavement below on the backside of his lap, bounced up again back through the window, I smiled to myself and walked a block thinking of the endless unbelievable things you could see in New York City.

I wheeled, staggered. A trolley car passed down Seventh and it beat on the tracks, "You didn't see it. You didn't see it. You didn't see it. He's only kidding. He's only kidding."

Back on the street from which the Corinthian springs to the sky, activity was normal, traffic was usual.

The eighteenth floor presented a maze of office doors staggered at intervals along the sides of the endless corridor. The glass panels on the doors were all labeled:

ELI FORTLOCK

BALL BEARINGS AND CRACKERJACKS  
ENTRANCE

and,

OH'TOOM'S NOVELTIES AND ACCESSORIES, INC.

COUGH DROPS

RAZOR BLADES

CUSTOM MADE PAPER WEIGHTS

EXIT

Countless offices, countless occupations. One panel in particular interested me:

ALVIN ARGENTINE

CRAZY BOY

USE OTHER DOOR

Of all the offices on the eighteenth floor this seemed the most probable to be the quarters of the man who fell out the window and bounced up again. It later proved that it was.

I walked down the corridor to the other door. It read:

ALVIN ARGENTINE

CRAZY BOY

USE OTHER DOOR

Now I have been going into office doors these twenty odd years, up and down Broadway, in and out, and never have I encountered a corner situation. There were only two doors belonging to Alvin Argentine and each of them requested the use of the other one. I tried them both. Not only were they locked but the door knob refused to turn and the glass refused to break, and the bell refused to be answered, and the master key refused to unlock. Now, whether or not Alvin Argentine was the

man I was looking for I was determined to investigate this door situation.

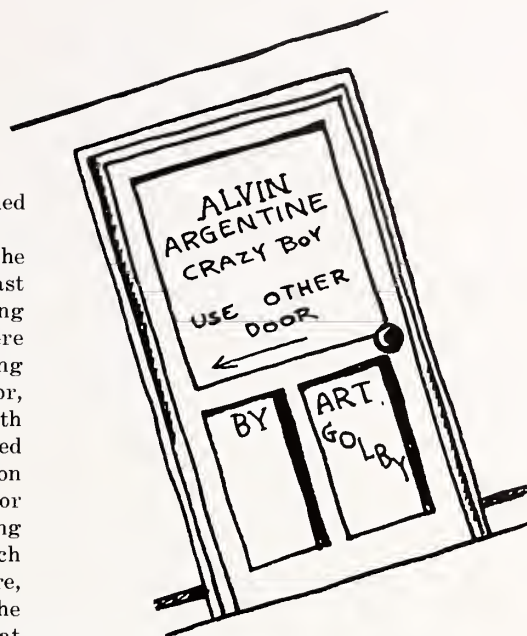
I hunted down the manager of the Corinthian Building and put the blast on him. But he told me to run along and find myself a crowd because there were only sixteen stories to the building and if there was an eighteenth floor, that somebody was getting away with murder because he had never collected the rent for its rooms, not to mention anything about the seventeenth floor for which he was also not collecting any rent. He said there were no such floors to the building and if there were, he had never seen them, and if the occupants had gotten away with that type of hocus-pocus, it was jake with him because he admires smart individuals.

So I called the wife and told her I would not be home for dinner, and that if I was not home by midnight to send a squad car around to the Corinthian because that would mean that something dreadfully remorseful and bad had happened to me. She bawled me out because she had fixed a chicken pie and it took her a long time. And she said I was a terrible husband. I let it go at that and kissed her goodbye over the telephone and told her I was sorry but that it was something very important or else I should not miss the chicken pie and that I was sure it was good and I hope she enjoyed it.

I was convinced that the manager was wrong because I checked and rechecked. I walked the stairs of the eighteen floors three times and marked each one off with a pencil in my little note book, then counted up the marks. There were eighteen and there was no getting away from it.

I was down in the lobby and figured now that I had checked by foot, which was very accurate, I would go up again and case the eighteenth floor. Only this time by elevator. Of course, the elevator man assumed a very superior attitude when he told me that there was no eighteenth floor. He did however say that there was a seventeenth floor, but no more. I thought at least he had come closer than the manager by one floor—but I was thoroughly convinced that they were both wrong.

So I took the push button elevator at the end of the lobby. And while looking for the button numbered "eighteen" the door closed by itself and I soared up in the elevator. We came to a gentle stop, me and the elevator, the door



opened, and I was in the magic corridor again, the corridor that nobody knew about.

I stood against the wall between the two impenetrable doors, lit a cigarette, and contemplated the situation.

Now you won't believe this, but as sure as I know that the day after tomorrow is Wednesday, the part of the wall against which I stood fell in and I found myself on the floor of the office of Alvin Argentine.

The room was huge and heavily furnished with drapes and deep cushions upholstered chairs of leather. A tremendous desk stood toward the back of the room made of the finest walnut wood. Around the edges on top of the desk, stood little what-nots; elephants, tennis balls, toy trains, daggers, crystal balls, miniature toothbrushes, and similar articles of importance.

On the desk, leaning against a large ketchup bottle, was a note. It was written by hand in large script:

"Open the window at six fifteen."

The minutes flew by. At six fourteen I opened the window and sat on the sofa at the side of the room. At precisely six fifteen a form floated through the window and sat in the large chair behind the desk.

I came to with a bottle of smelling salts being waved from side to side under my nose. It was Alvin Argentine. What an entrance!

He was about five feet eleven inches tall and very thin. He was skinny. But his figure was good and he wore a blue gabardine suit that fit him perfectly. His face was handsome and his hair parted in the middle.

"Mr. . . . Ar—Argentine?" I stammered.

(See ALVIN ARGENTINE, page 31)



# JUKE BOX *Types* BY KEN GAMMAGE



The Ick—on a red hot platter he pats his foot about six beats slower than the music's tempo.



This guy thinks he's another Krupa in the bud—can't listen to a recording without beating on something.



Portrait of an extremely knocked-out cat.



We don't mind classic lovers who mind their own business but we rather despise this type of goat who comes in and preaches on the horrible influence of modern music upon the modern young.



The omniscient lad—knows how many Lumbagos there are with Guy and his Royal Canadians and other pertinent facts.



The romantic type—waits for the slow pieces, then oozes about the floor with a look of rapture and protruding hindquarters.



The meatball who knows absolutely nothing about music, but waves his arms significantly and talks about his "experience."



The stingy guy who feigns preoccupation until someone else puts the dough in the box, when he sits back to listen contentedly.—Gammage.



## OLDES' GOBBLER

(From page 12)

mony enough that he has had some more medicine for the bad leg. As the day wears on, his trips to the basement become more and more frequent. He grows talkative. It is during these times that he tells his best stories of the old days of the fraternity.

Little is known of the home life of the old man, who takes particular care that this segment of his life shall remain a near-secret. So it is among many old Negroes. What is known, though, is that he is the patriarch of the whole Negro settlement in Carrboro and Tin Tops. There his word amounts to law, and not even the cockiest buck of the lot would dare oppose him on any issue.

It is a common thing for him to refer to his freshman days in college. He claims that he received invitations from every fraternity on the campus, but that it did not take him long to make up his mind which one to join. When asked how he made the important decision so quickly, he declares in all seriousness, "Well, brother, I found out that Jesus Christ and Santa Claus wuz both Kappa Sigger, so I knowed I wuz doin' the right thing." •

## FIRST CASE

(From page 13)

"Oh, come now, Doctor! Surely you can remember!"

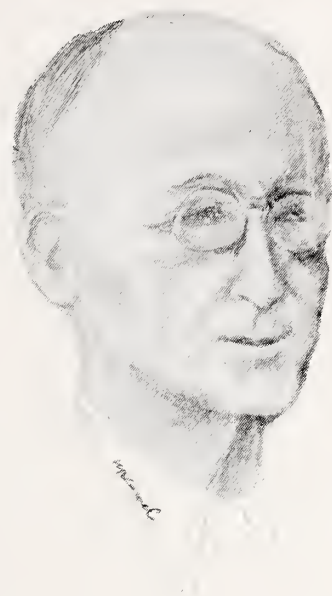
The tall man pursed his lips. "Yes, I do, now that you mention it. I remember a young woman came to me, unwed and rather unhappy. It seemed she was going to have a baby and she was ashamed to go elsewhere. It was an understanding nurse who sent her to me." The doctor looked past Elizabeth to Mrs. Merrill.

"I still see her occasionally," he finished quietly.

There were polite murmurs while Mrs. Merrill, embarrassed, attacked her shred of handkerchief.

Mrs. Blankfort came in. Her manner was sure, vivacious. She seemed one who would dominate any occasion.

"Why, Doctor Wells," she said amiably, "so you've decided to come to our gathering to-night. Oh, don't get up, please. You know, friends," she turned to her guests, "Dr. Wells is a real friend of the family. He should be. I was his first patient." •



**G**EORGE Coffin Taylor is an enigma. Shakespeare, hog-raising, law, newspaper work, and back to Shakespeare. That is the life cycle of Carolina's number one absent-minded professor.

English is not an over-popular subject at best, and Shakespeare has not been known to draw outstanding crowds in modern-day universities, but the Carolina English department's chief worry each quarter is how to handle the crowd that regularly flocks to Taylor courses.

In case you have not already guessed it, George Coffin Taylor is Carolina's Shakespearian expert although he does sneak in one course on Milton. Although his classes are large (he likes to believe it's because of the course), he still delights in knowing all his students personally. Cursed, however, by a Hollywood-version professorial mind, he often finds difficulty in remembering acquaintances of long standing. Girls call him "cute" and the boys say he's a "character," but all agree that Taylor is tops.

Born, but not bred, in Charleston, S. C., some sixty-odd years ago, he managed to stay around that state long enough to graduate from the University of South Carolina. This was followed by two years of graduate work at Harvard. His first job was at the Asheville School for Girls. But the lure of greater things was before him, and he soon became an instructor at the University of Colorado, teaching at last his beloved Shakespeare. In his own words, "The middle-west first made an American out of me," and he stayed there for ten years, including two on a leave of absence to teach at the University of Chicago.

A sudden distaste for the academic point of view induced him to throw up

## Pigs vs. Shakespeare

by Stuart Cahn

his position and quit the teaching profession. A desire to further understand human nature, plus his farmer background, led him back to his native South Carolina, and pig-raising. "It was the only thing I could make any money at. Besides, you can learn an awful lot more about human nature by watching about fifteen generations of hogs than by merely observing two generations of people." Whenever the hog-raising business was slow, he turned to a bit of law, but for sixteen years George Coffin Taylor, Ph.D., Litt. D., was a breeder of pigs. Still not forgetting his training, one of his favorite stories now is about the two rebellious hogs whom he named after King Lear's terrible offspring.

A fling at editorial-writing for the Kansas City Journal, and then fate, in the form of a former instructor, brought him back to the academic life. James Finch Royster, then head of the Graduate School at Carolina, visited his former pupil and asked him to help out an English Department hard-pressed for capable instructors for one summer. Once in Chapel Hill, the lure of the classroom was too great, and here he remained, ever since 1925.

Why Shakespeare, rather than some other writer, is his special pet, is explained by the feeling that the Bard had a greater variety of impulses than any other of his contemporaries. His conception of women is Taylor's favorite example of this. Also, with the exception of the technical aspects of the modern world, Shakespeare had more understanding of present-day civilization than any other of his time. As the above may illustrate, Taylor is not an exponent of literature for literature's sake. Contrary, the philosophical and historical implications are to him every bit as important as the literary. more interesting in the catalogue. Few instructors are there, indeed, who find it necessary to spend a good part of the first day of every quarter in talking students out of taking an already-overcrowded course.

Taylor is no "crip." Students are never sure of which he is more proud, having studied under Kitteredge and Santayana or having raised hogs for sixteen years, but they know one thing. Shakespeare can be made an interesting and absorbing study. Take Taylor and find out. •



Christmas in the dry goods business may not always mean happy faces and plum pudding. Sometimes it may mean the downfall of a henpecked husband, the righteousness of ultimate justice.

by Jack Kurtz

# HACK'S MONEY

JOHN Barrows passed a thick hand over his creased brow, "But, Mary, I just can't fire him, and that's all there is to it." He spoke in a high, angered voice. The flesh on his neck shook slightly as he loosened his necktie.

"What do you mean, you can't fire him?" said his wife in a shrill, piercing voice. "Who's the owner of the store, you or Hack Roberts?"

John was silent for a second with helpless anger. He pressed his thick lips tightly together and stood up. He wasn't very tall—about 5 ft. 8. His body looked firm, but it was much too heavy. His hair, thin around the edges, was black and tousled. When his anger had receded, he said in an almost pleading voice, "Darling, what'll he do if I fire him? After all, he's not a young man any more."

"He can get another job. There are plenty of jobs for men like him. He's not necessary in the store, you know he's not. It was all right when you hired him, five years ago. He was down and out and needed a job. He's saved up a few hundred dollars now. That'll keep him going until he gets another job. When you're competing with a chain store like Margol's, you've got to cut your expenses to the bone."

"Cut my expenses?" John shouted outrageously. "Hell, I only pay my clerks twelve-fifty a week now. Margol's pays their clerks eighteen-fifty."

"Well Margol's makes their girls work. You don't see their clerks running all over the store to talk to one another. All that Miss Graeber does is gossip all day."

"That Miss Graeber is one of the best salesladies in this town," John managed to slip in.

"And that Miss Spears! She's nothing but a lazy, overgrown cow."

"Well, I happen to know that Margol's offered her eighteen-fifty if she'd come work for them." John said this with relish. He thought at last he had found a suitable retort. "And you know I have to have two girls in the store," he added, when Mary didn't answer.

"All right. You have to have two girls in the store, and I come down there when things get rushed. But where does Hack come in? What does he do to deserve twenty-five dollars a week?"

"He does—he does plenty," John said desperately.

"Plenty," Mary echoed contemptuously. "All he ever does is write a few letters, and open up the store so you can sleep a little longer." There was a long silence during which both were trying to think of some retort. Mary spoke first. "I heard that the 'Darling Shops' were planning to buy that vacant lot on Trade Street."

"Ah, they've been saying that for years."

"Well, maybe so, but one more chain store in this town, and you'd be ruined, the way you run your business."

"I don't need any help to run my business."

"No. You don't need any help. But I notice you've got a lot of bills you haven't paid." Mary looked at him fiercely. "And your son couldn't even come home for Christmas vacations."

John's face reddened. He said in a hoarse voice, "Jack could have come home if he'd wanted to."

"Don't tell me that stuff. You know good and well he didn't come home because he knew you couldn't afford it. And what about me?" Mary changed the subject quickly. Somehow she felt ashamed of having brought Jack into the argument. "What about me? I'd like some nice clothes and a new car. I'd like to go places and see things." She caught her breath. "I want my son to be more than just a small-time business-man like his father."

With a flushed face, John said between heavy breaths, "All right, I've heard enough. I'm going to bed. Tomorrow's a big day."

Mary's voice suddenly hardened. "You listen to me. Tomorrow morning I want you to go down to the store and tell Hack he won't be needed after Christmas."

"All right," John said in a tired, defeated voice.

"What do you mean, 'All right'? That's what you said six months ago, and Hack's still here."

John stared at the floor. With a great

effort he said, "Yes. You're right. I'll fire him in the morning."

"And don't forget," Mary added.

Without replying, John walked from the kitchen to the front room, and plumped into an arm-chair. It was a small, square room, with a big, unlit fireplace. Outside it was dark and quiet. A light snow was just beginning to fall. He turned off the light so he could watch the snow carpeting the ground. He heard Mary going upstairs to bed, and he felt relieved. He rested his fat cheeks in his hands and looked intently at the snow gliding past the window. "Oh God," he thought, "Why does all this have to happen to me?" It was true, he knew, what Mary had said about Hack. He couldn't really afford him. Well, tomorrow he'd go down to the store and fire him. Yes, that was the only way he could put Jack through his last year of med school. In spite of everything, he'd just have to fire Hack. With a sigh he got up and groped his way upstairs.

When John awoke the next morning, he looked out the window and saw that everything was snow-covered. The world was clean and new and bright. He opened the window and let the cold, crisp air blow over his body. It made him shiver and feel glad to be alive. He dressed quickly and went downstairs.

The maid had already prepared his breakfast of two eggs and a cup of coffee. The eggs tasted better than usual that morning. After breakfast he went into the front room and read Winchell's column in the morning paper. When he had finished, he put on his overcoat and rubbers and left the house.

At the door of his garage he hesitated. I'd better leave the car for Mary, he thought. She always complained about having to walk to work in the afternoon. He looked again at the dull-blue '37 Chevrolet. He hated to drive it. It always stalled at traffic lights, and he'd get embarrassed when people

(See HACK'S MONEY, page 26)



# Russian Night

By Richard Adler

"My darling, you look very beautiful tonight."  
She grasped his arm and nestled close, her steps were light.  
They walked down the street together.

"Tonight's our night, our weekly night to dance and play."  
"I have it! 'atmosphere, soft lights, serene yet gay' . . .  
The Russe Cafe!"  
She said. . . .

"Extra extra! read all about it!"  
"What's that?"  
"More war news."  
"Kharkov lines hold . . . Nazis push on to Sevastopol . . ."  
"Is that pronounced 'Kharkov' or 'Harkov'?"  
They wend their way to the Russe Cafe. . . .

And there it was . . . Russia on 57th Street . . .  
He's a real Russian all right . . . all right,  
Six foot four, red coat trimmed in black, that funny hat,  
And a beard . . .  
He's a real Russian all right . . . and could he fight!  
They went inside and the extra boy passed again and shouted  
About 'Kharkov' . . . now should it be 'Harkov'?

"My darling, you look very beautiful tonight,"  
She grasped his arm and nestled close, her eyes were bright . . .  
and the lights were dim . . .  
Velvet lights . . . orange and green and the Soviet's red,  
Russian waiters all with accents thick like Vodka,  
Russian Schashleck on a flaming stick and bodies  
Bending with banal sway . . .  
They were lost in the maze of Russia's Cafe,  
On 57th Street. . . .

They drank and they danced and their talk was loose.  
And their hearts were high in the Cafe Russe.  
Hearts high? yes, insincere he thought,  
For in spite of the gaiety here, a war was being fought. . . .  
And where? across the many seas with names like the dim lights of the  
Cafe Russe . . . the Red Sea, the White Sea, and especially,  
The Black Sea. . . .

A sensitive woman with rustic hair sang us a tune,  
A Russian air . . .  
"But she can't be a Russian woman . . .  
What soft white hands, what a delicate face . . .  
She's not rugged, molded from the earth—  
Why how could she fight to save her race?"  
And he was disappointed . . . this woman was a ruse. . . .

Then came the gypsies—they played, they danced, they sang,  
This was the best of the whole shebang . . .  
For he thought of a Gypsy song as a universal truth—  
A Gypsy song he thought is like a negro Church sermon  
That begins with serenity, rising steadily to a heated crescendo  
Only to fall after a gratifying peak like petals from a  
September rose . . . frostbitten in full bloom . . .  
A Gypsy song is like a good play, symphony, phallic feast . . .  
Their hands clasped together and his thoughts turned to the East. . . .

And over the blatant gypsy din of trembling shoulders and tambourine,  
And through the mist of rainbowed lights,  
He saw the land of the people's rights . . .  
And dreaming . . . fast, in his snug plush chair  
He heard the cry of the Russian Bear.  
A People fighting for their own homes now,  
Factories, schools . . .  
He heard the determined battle call . . .  
Something like a Gypsy song he thought  
The only difference, it will never fall!



## HACK'S MONEY

(From page 26)

honked their horns and shouted at him. This morning he felt like walking anyway.

With short, quick steps, and holding his head high, he set out. The air was cold and invigorating. The soft snow crunched under his feet. When he had walked several blocks, he began thinking of how he would fire Hack. His pace slowed, and his head lowered.

In town he stopped and looked at the window of Margol's. Margol was a chain-store that had opened up last year. A lot of his customers had gone there. Margol's windows were neat and modernistic—a bit artificial-looking, John thought. Just then Sam Arnstein, the manager of Margol's stepped out. "Good morning, Mr. Barrows. Cold enough for you?"

"Why, hello, Mr. Arnstein. Nice looking window you've got there."

"Thank you. It's those new designs the company sent last week."

"Well, sure looks good." John walked off, mumbling to himself, "Hmmp. He needs new designs to dress his windows. Hell, Hack could dress better windows with pine boards." Then he stiffened as he suddenly thought about firing Hack.

He stopped in front of his store and admired the windows. Hack had already opened the store. It was an old-fashioned brick building, with two big windows on each side. They had been cleverly decorated with cheap cardboard and imitation snow. The cardboard had been cut into the figure of a huge, winking Santa Claus. On one arm he held a fur coat. The other arm was pointed at the coat. At his feet was a cardboard bag, with some slips and stockings draped over it. The snow was scattered over everything. Nearer the front of the window, a piece of cardboard had been cut into the shape of a sleigh, with three horses in front of it. Hosiery was neatly attached to the sleigh, and several pairs were scattered behind it, as though they had fallen from the sleigh. A few pocketbooks could be seen sticking out of the snow in front of the horses. Hack was a damned good window-dresser, John thought.

While he stood there looking at his windows, a tall woman with a pinched face approached him. "Mr. Barrows," she said in a surprised voice, "I was just coming in to see you."

"Good morning, Mrs. Hutchinson." It was a small town, and he knew most of his customers personally. "How's Selma getting along?"

"Oh, she's fine. She'll be here tomorrow. Coming home for Christmas vacations, you know. Is your boy coming home soon?"

John winced at this question. "No," he said, "I'm afraid Jack won't be here this time. Got a letter from him the other day. He's got a job up there for the holidays."

"Oh, that's too bad."

"Yes, I'm beginning to miss the boy. Haven't seen much of him since he went off to med school. Guess he's been working pretty hard up there. It's darned expensive too. This is his last year, and he has to have a lot of surgical tools and like equipment. I do wish he would have come home for vacations though."

"Well, that's the way they are when they grow up." She paused for a second, her withered-looking hands clenching a cracked, patent-leather bag. "Mr. Barrows, what I came to see you about was the bill I owe you. What with Selma coming home and all, I wonder if I could put it off another week?"

"Why, of course you can," said John in a full, cheerful voice. "Just pay me when you can afford to."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Barrows," she said, much relieved. "I'll never forget this. Well, I must be running along now. Good day."

"Good day," said John, feeling much better. He turned and entered the store.

The familiar buzz of sales-talk and gossip filled the narrow, dimly-lighted building. On the left side, in the shoe department, a young, neatly-dressed clerk was trying to get a pair of high-heeled suede shoes on the foot of a laughing, heavy-set woman. On the right side, in the accessory department, a small, talkative saleslady was gossiping with two women. Further back, between rows of dresses, a tall, square saleslady was showing a dress to two soldiers and a girl. It took only a few customers to make the place appear crowded.

John began unbuttoning his coat as soon as he stepped inside the door. He glanced to his left and said, "Morning, Bob." The clerk looked up from his work and answered, "Good morning, Mr. Barrows."

John was still struggling to get his coat off when the saleslady from the accessory department ran up to him in quick, jerky steps. "Mr. Barrows, Mr. Barrows," she said excitedly. "Do you know what I just heard?"

"No! What?" said John, trying to appear interested.

"Miss Ridenhour got married to Tom Barber!"

"Really, Miss Graeber?" said John. Ordinarily this news would have excited him, but this morning it just didn't seem to matter.

Miss Graeber looked at him quizzically. "What's the matter, Mr. Barrows? Don't you feel well?"

"I feel all right. It's just that I have a lot on my mind."

"Oh," said Miss Graeber, with an understanding nod of her head.

"By the way, where's Hack?" John asked.

"He's gone to get the mail, Mr. Barrows. He ought to return any minute now."

"Well, tell him I want to see him when he gets back, will you?"

"Yes sir, I'll tell him. Oh, I nearly forgot. Mrs. Barrows called up and said for you to call her as soon as you got in."

"She did? Well, I better go see what she wants."

The two soldiers and the girl passed John on their way out. The girl was carrying a package and giggling. John said, "Merry Christmas!" The two soldiers answered, "Merry Christmas to you, sir." The girl just giggled.

John walked up to the saleslady and said, "You're doing all right, Miss Spears." Then, looking at the amount rung up on the register, he whistled softly and said, "Ten twenty-five! That's damned good!" But the saleslady looked worried. In a drawing voice and slowly shaking her head, she said, "Lord, Mr. Barrows, I sure hope those soldiers get fooled and that girl don't do nothin'." John couldn't suppress a laugh. The saleslady suddenly turned towards him and said in a pleading voice, "Mr. Barrows, you don't think she really will, do you?" John answered sympathetically, "No, of course she won't." "Well, I sure hope so," she sighed.

John walked to the back of the store and opened the door that led to his office. It was a small, round room, with a desk, a chair, and a filing cabinet the only pieces of furniture in it. Over the desk, directly above the typewriter, was a large calendar with all the numbers up to 22 checked off. On one side of the desk, in a little tray, was a small stack of stamped, unmailed letters. A very light covering of dust could be seen on the top letter. On the other side of the desk was a telephone.

John threw his coat over the filing cabinet and picked up the phone. He dialed a number and waited a few seconds. "Hello, Mary?" He said. "Yeah, this is John. What? No, Hack's gone to get the mail. Yes, as soon as he

(Continued on next page)





"Pardon me, is this the YMCA?"

## HACK'S MONEY

(From page 26)

comes back, I'll tell him. All right. I said I'd fire him, didn't I? Don't worry, I'm not going to forget. No, we're not very busy. I don't think we'll need you until this afternoon. Okay, Good-bye." John replaced the phone and sat down.

He was still sitting there, staring at the calendar, five minutes later, when the door opened.

"Hello, Mr. Barrows," said a vigorous voice. "Here's your mail."

John looked up with a start at the tall, slender man standing in the doorway. The little hair he had was brushed down tightly on both sides of his narrow head. He wore a cheap but nice-fitting suit, and a starched shirt.

"Hello, Hack," John said. "What did we get today?"

"Well," Hack said, thumbing through the mail, "Mrs. Barrows got a letter from Jack. Here's some advertisements from a couple of new dress houses in New York. And, huh-oh, here's a letter from the Stanford Collection Agency."

Just then Miss Graeber bustled into the room. "Oh, excuse me, Mr. Barrows. I hope I'm not disturbing anything," she chattered gaily. Then without pausing she said, "Hack, you know that hosiery display you put in the window? Well, I was trying to get a pocketbook out of the window and I knocked the darn thing over. Will you help me put it back up?"

Hack said jokingly, "Good Lord, Miss Graeber, haven't you learned how to get in and out of a window yet?"

"Hack," she said, in a peeved voice,

"You know perfectly well you can't get to those pocketbooks without that old doodad getting in the way."

Hack turned to John and said, "Excuse me, Mr. Barrows." They walked out of the office with Miss Graeber still trying to explain how she had knocked the hosiery display over, and Hack laughing at her.

As soon as they left, John closed the door and started going through the mail, mumbling to himself, "Joan Arden Dress Company . . . six seventy-five cottons for spring . . . Lavine Brothers . . . damn crooks, twelve dollars for the same coat L. J. Minsky sells for ten-fifty . . ." He stopped when he got to Jack's letter. He studied the postmark—Breastwater, New Hampshire. John wondered vaguely just where New Hampshire was. Then, as though to avoid the temptation of opening it, he placed it on a far corner of his desk. The next letter was from the Stanford Collection Agency. He read it slowly and put it back in the envelope. Then he reached over and picked up Jack's letter again. With a quick movement he opened it. The handwriting was small and nearly illegible. Jack never could write well, John thought. He wished he could have given him a typewriter this year. Well, maybe when things get better, he thought, and began reading. The letter wasn't very long; all about the swell job he had as an assistant in St. John's Hospital. The money he made there would pay part of his expenses, but he needed a hundred dollars for tuition when school started in January. John stopped reading.

Hack had entered the room and was laughingly saying, "That Miss Graeber is a mess." Then, suddenly changing his mood, he added in a lower voice, "You wanted to see me, Mr. Barrows?"

John turned his chair around and faced Hack. "Yes, Hack, I did want to see you. I—" John glanced down at his feet. He had forgotten to take off his rubbers. "But before I forget," he said hastily, "Did those dresses from Lo-Mar come in?"

"Yes sir," said Hack, leaning against the filing cabinet. "They came in this morning."

"What did you mark them?"

"Four ninety-five."

"I think we could have gotten five-fifty for them, don't you?" John knew four ninety-five was the best price, but he always disagreed with Hack about prices. It made him feel more useful.

"Well, now I don't know," said Hack, pressing his hair down with the tips of his fingers, "You might be able to sell them for five-fifty, but do you think

we could sell enough at that price to make it pay?"

"Hell, Hack," John said fiercely, "If we can get five-fifty for them why in hell didn't you mark 'em five-fifty?"

"All right, Mr. Barrows," said Hack calmly. "Maybe you're right. I'll go mark them five-fifty." He started to leave the room.

Why in the hell doesn't he ever get mad, John was thinking. It would be easy if he got mad.

"No. Wait," John said. "You're right. I think five-fifty is a little too high for those dresses."

Hack came back and leaned against the filing cabinet again. For a long time both of them were silent.

Finally John spoke slowly, without looking up, "Hack, that letter from Stanford—they're going to sue me."

"Ah, Mr. Barrows," Hack shifted his weight to his other foot. "They won't do anything. That's what they said last time."

"No, this is really it. They mean business this time. I'm going to write them a letter telling them I'm cutting down on expenses . . . Salaries and all that kind of stuff. Maybe that'll make 'em give me a little more time. I've really got to cut down on expenses too."

"You're absolutely right, Mr. Barrows. There's a lot of expenses we could down down on around here. That imitation snow, for instance. I could have dressed a good Christmas window without that."

"Yeah, but Hack, I've got to start cutting right away. I'm really in the hole. And, well, to tell the truth, I'm afraid I'll even have to—"

"Mr. Barrows," Hack broke in, "I've still got a hundred dollars in the bank—if you can use it, you're welcome to it. You've done a lot for me, I'm not forgetting that."

John was thinking, "A hundred dollars. A hundred dollars. That was just—" Aloud he was saying mechanically, "Thanks, Hack. Thanks a lot. But I couldn't accept it. I haven't even been able to pay back that hundred I borrowed from you last fall. You see, it's not just this bill, it's the whole business. We're not making any money here. We've got too much overhead for the amount of business we do."

"This was just a bad year, Mr. Barrows," Hack said. "Things'll be better next year. You're just down in the dumps today. You didn't even shave this morning. Go out and get a shave, and you'll feel a lot better."

John sighed and mumbled to himself, "It's no use."

"What's that, Mr. Barrows?" Hack asked.

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## HACK'S MONEY

(From page 27)

"Nothing, Hack. Nothing at all."

"I tell you what," said Hack, suddenly animated. "Send them my hundred dollars now, and tell them you'll pay the rest later. That'll keep 'em satisfied. And don't worry about paying me back. Pretty soon you'll be making so much money here you won't know what to do with it. Why, I got an idea this morning that'll bring every one of Sam Arnstein's customers in here. We'll run a dress contest. The girl with the most-perfect figure will get a free dress. They'll have to come in here to get measured, and if we get 'em in here, we'll sell 'em—you know that." Hack laughed, "Old man Arnstein'll think the stock market crashed again."

His enthusiasm was contagious. In spite of himself, John's face brightened up. "Hack, that sounds like a damned good idea. I believe it'll work. But I can't accept your money. God knows when I'll be able to pay back the last hundred I borrowed from you."

"Now look here, Mr. Barrows." Hack leaned forward. "You admit the dress-contest is a good idea, and you say that Standford's going to sue you. Well, you can't run the dress contest if you're being sued. This way you'll be killing two birds with one stone. Come on, Mr. Barrows. You've got to take that money."

John couldn't resist the logic of his argument. "All right, Hack," he said. "I'll take the money, if that's what you really want me to do. We'll write a letter to Standford right now . . . Er, you'd better write it . . . you can do those things better than I can. Tell 'em all about the money on the books that'll be collected in a few weeks—you know, all that kind of stuff."

Hack was already placing the stationery in the typewriter. He typed steadily for a few minutes while John looked over his shoulder, occasionally offering suggestions. When he had finished, he looked up with a satisfied smile, "How's that, Mr. Barrows?"

"That's fine, Hack. Just what I want."

Hack patted his hair down and said, "I'll go get the money now. You can send it out this morning."

"Hack," John said, "I really appreciate this."

"Ah, forget it, Mr. Barrows," Hack turned and left.

When he had gone, John picked up Jack's letter again and reread it, carefully. Then he quickly scribbled a few

lines on a sheet of paper and placed it in an envelope. He addressed the envelope to Jack, but he did not seal it. Then he went to the front of the store to wait for Hack. He looked at the mass of people about him and felt like shouting "Merry Christmas!" at the top of his lungs.

When Hack came back, he looked almost like a ghost. "Here's—Here's the check, Mr. Barrows," he said, reaching in his coat pocket. John was taking the check when Miss Graeber rushed up. "Hack," she said. "I'm glad you finally got here. That drawer where the pocketbooks are got stuck, and I can't open it."

John walked back to the office with the check. He looked behind him and then closed the door. He hesitated for a moment. He tried to think, but only vague images passed through his mind; of Mary upbraiding him; of Jack leaving for college; of Hack; of his clerks.

## Summer Song

I wanted—oh, I wanted

To pen a summer song—  
A song of suns and seashores  
Till autumn comes along.

But when I had it written down, I found  
I'm not the only one—

Oh, no, I'm not the only one by far  
Who wrote of chalkwhite sails and  
sunny seas  
And smoky smell of tar.

It was already done—

—Kai Heiberg-Jergensen

The images fused into a meaningless chaos. He shook his head and tried desperately to think clearly, but it was no use. Finally he took the check and slipped it into the envelope addressed to his son. He sealed it and placed it in his pocket. Then he picked up the letter to Standford and placed it in his other pocket.

When he went to the front of the store again, Hack looked ghostlier than ever. His face was white and taut. His few strands of hair were scattered about his head, leaving small bald spots. John got worried and said, "What's the matter, Hack? Did something go wrong? You look sick."

Hack looked at John strangely. "Mr. Barrows," he said. "I was just talking to Mr. Armour at the bank. He said that the Darling Shops bought that vacant lot on Trade Street yesterday. They expect to be open by spring."

John said nothing. He only walked to the post-office as quick as he could. •

## SHINING FACES

(From page 7)

fight off student disapproval to do the "best thing" for the University; meanwhile, pushing off merchants to do the "best thing" for the students. Greatest criticism of the man is his disregard of promises made in good faith to student leaders. Questioned about the availability of plumbing for old dormitories, about other sanitary installations on campus, he promised speedy, direct action. There has been none in many instances.

But, it was he who aided in the establishment of the prices in the Book Ex. It was he who directed many of the unsought improvements in campus buildings. It was he who is responsible for one of Chapel Hill's greatest community achievements—the faculty and negro cooperative housing organizations.

His black marks lie in questionable dealing with student leaders who received promises, but no action. Only the "Little Flower" knows.

R. B. House—Dean of Administration

Bob House has played the harmonica at more functions in Chapel Hill than any other member of the administration.

He is a good fellow. Students like him. His colleagues respect him.

Responsible for much of the good that has come out of South Building in past years, author-musician-educator-dean House has shown his versatility whenever a test of public relations appeared. He is frank, honest with his opinions; and he has no use for any other way. When House says something, it's true. The fact that he rarely speaks puts a premium on his word with students.

Only tussle the Dean has had with self-government on the campus was his intervention on behalf of the Law School last year when it appealed for its share of student publications' fees for use on their magazine. The PU board refused his request, told the lawyers where to go—they're still going.

As an aide to student government, House has been active mainly in turning over former administrative powers to the campus at large. The new fees bill, placing the aggregate of student-collected money in student-hungry hands, is nearly entirely his work. The dean's main fault is chronic passing of the buck.

Ben Husbands—Registrar

A strange man is Husbands—one of those rare men who don't talk too much.

(Continued on next page)



## SHINING FACES

(Continued from preceding page)

He's well-liked in South, respected for his work. He too has brought much to the University through his national contacts. Honest, sincere, ready always for a joke, willing to listen to a little scandal, Ben Husbands has probably made more friends among prospective students than any other man in the administration. However, he either misjudged the housing problem, or decided to let the draft solve it.

His interest in student government is limited to the manner in which it affects his department. His opinion of it rests on what it does to justify its existence.

### Roy Armstrong—Assistant Registrar

Roy has been the butt of more comment than any other administrator since school started this year. He has been taking plenty, saying nothing. Probably, he deserves it.

It was Armstrong who refused to collaborate with student leaders this summer when they begged for the chance to help solve the near-due housing and eating situation. It was Armstrong again who told the newspapers that there would be "no problem in caring for students this year." It was Armstrong who refused to see the conditions as they were bound to appear.

However, his critics have forgotten something.

His fault was in not cooperating with the students who wanted to do the job. But, as for his work, nothing can be said except "adequate."

### Francis Bradshaw—Chrm. Faculty Com. on War

Francis Bradshaw is not the milky-idealist he was pictured a few years ago. He is aggressive, but quiet. His manner is not one of a hurried, busy, driven executive, but that is what he is. His work, on the part of the University, on the national educational problem created by the war, is outstanding. His dealings with students, both as Dean of Men and in his present post, have been fair, sincere, straightforward, far-seeing.

Last year when others were planning strategy in afternoon conversation, Bradshaw was investigating, readying students for the true situation. He called a long-remembered meeting last spring, told campus leaders just what they might expect. He was right. He didn't color the picture, didn't demand or coerce. He asked for student opinion, got it, acted on it.

### Pete Parker—Dean of Men

The greatest friend student government has had this year, in the heat of change, has been Roland Parker. The administration's voice, usually hoarse, has come clear and direct from him. He's not pulled back, never feared endangering his standing with his colleagues. An ardent fighter for students, Roland Parker would probably get a unanimous vote from student leaders as the administration's "best bet."

In summer deliberations, in preparations before students returned, in these first weeks of school, Parker has been the right hand of anyone who wanted anything worthwhile done. His has been the office where leaders went with their

## Black-Out

she stepped into the flare  
of the match as into  
and through a door unlatching,  
stepped into the light,

catching, of the blooming match  
as through a door  
into a room, but the light  
went out and so did she

as through a door  
into the night, and all  
that he could see  
was his desire, his curiosity,

filling everything like sparks  
that had shoved  
behind the door of dark  
his former brightest misery.

—T. Weiss

problems. He eats with students, talks with them, plans with them, for them. He is a rare fellow, a rare individual.

Most-used sentence in student circles these days: "Thank God for Pete Parker."

### A. W. Hobbs—Dean of College of Arts and Sciences

Here is a different type South Buildingite. Dean Hobbs is an educator first, an administrator later. He is probably the least understood man in the administration. But, he is okay.

Naturally shy, he doesn't assert himself, won't go out of his way to know a student. But get him interested in something he considers vital, and he'll fight against anyone to get it for you. Getting him interested is a real problem. To Hobbs, the collective student is the most important part of the University. To Hobbs, all functions of the school should be for and of the student. To Hobbs, the student must learn

to do for himself, not be coddled. He has overemphasized this last point.

He knows his way around Chapel Hill, has unrealized influence in town and in the faculty. A quiet worker, with ideas so steady that he is often reactionary, Hobbs is one of the most conscientious men at Carolina. Few realize the power he holds in the administration, fewer still have learned to come to the Dean when they needed a fight won. However, he is inflexible when curricula alterations are concerned. Note physics troubles. Students would do better to take him into their confidence. He's a surprise.

### Ike Griffin—Head of Central Records

Young Ike Griffin is the student idea of a "helluvagoodguy." He's willing to spare time to talk things over, always listens to new ideas, suggestions for speeding up the gigantic motion that is his office. He's easy-going, honest, sincere, steady. But he has no patience with dawdling, dreaming men who don't see tomorrow.

Students have neglected an intensely interesting personality with a desire to do the right thing. Because he's book-buried on the top floor of South doesn't mean that he's hidden from the faults of the campus.

He could be a valuable aide to students as an adviser and an organizer.

### The Whole

On the other hand, when you lump these personalities into the entity that is South Building only two or three stand out as progressives submerged in confusion and blindness.

Buck passing is a favorite sport. Especially between South Building and the physical education department, is there organized swapping of responsibility. This should be avoided.

Faculty meetings shot with pure bull, with anachronistic schemes and principles of action cheat the purpose of progress. In a recent faculty meeting a motion was presented dated 1926. Times are changing.

Rigid requirements in programs designed while Hitler marched on the Rhineland still bind students who want to adopt their courses for the war effort.

South Building still has to relax. While there is one student left on the campus, the University must not abandon her objective—each individual an entity to be dealt with as befits his personal requirements. Our registration numbers are to expedite book-keeping. They must never be stubs in a wild educational lottery. "All numbers between 1890 and 1950 will take physics at 8 in the morning." •



## ALL I WANT

(From page 11)

ute and then started again as her mother began singing angrily:

"Saint Louis woman, wid all those diamond rings,

Pulls dat man ub mine around by her apron strings."

As the notes of the recording flowed into a melody again, Helia sat down at the piano and poised her fingers over the keys. With first one finger and then two and then with both hands, she silently touched each key, lingering on some when the music paused and then touching them more quickly when the music accelerated. Occasionally she would hit a note, but quickly soften it with the pedal when it sounded in ugly disharmony with the tones rushing more rapidly out of the loudspeaker.

She no longer heard the scratchings or her mother's voice. As her fingers tapped the keys, she began to hear music from the piano. Soft and distant at first like the wind in a weeping willow tree. Slowly the phonograph became silent to her ears and the strings of the piano vibrated to her touch. The melody changed key and she swept up with it. The fingers of her right hand skimmed through imagined arpeggios as her left hand climbed with great chords. Her eyes closed and she felt herself rising with the music. As her hands swept into the silent crescendo, she no longer felt any distinction between herself and the music. They were vibrating as one string with infinite sounds and beauty. She, from her own infinite capacity was producing music, and at the same time she *was* music.

After a short powerful chord the music stopped. The scratching of the needle as the arm swung back and forth across the blank circle around the label and the words of the song—"Saint Louis woman wid all her diamond rings"—were again clear.

Helia sat motionless on the piano stool. After a moment she let her hands skim over the keys, striking combinations at random. As the ugly clashing tones throbbed in the strings, she shuddered. She tried to pick out with one finger the theme of the recording, but her fingers clumsily slipped onto the wrong notes. She let her hands fail limply in her lap and stared at her dim reflection in the half polished music rack of the upright piano.

The song in the kitchenette stopped for a minute. "Have you finished?" her mother called.

Helia looked up. Her pale blue eyes were sparkling now and the sparkle be-

gan slipping down her cheeks. "What?"

"I said, have you finished that stuff? If you have, get your coat out so we can be ready when the siren starts."

Helia got up and placed the needle back at the edge of the record. "I'm going to play it once more, Mother. Then I'll do what you say."

"Oh, my Gawd—!" Her mother pulled the curtain back with the weariness of the exasperated. "Helia, think a little of my feelings. I got to take care of you—that's burden enough. Not that I mind, but you oughta help. You won't try to do anything else I ask you. All the other girls have an eye out for some nice young man, but you. . . . At least you can spare me this much."

"This is the only favor I ask you," Helia said quietly.

"And it's the worst one you *could* ask me. But I think I could even learn to stand that if you'd just once smile nicely at one of the men in the apartment. Helia, I can't figure you out. I never seen anybody like you. I love you all right, but to me you're just like a big jigsaw puzzle with the pieces all jumbled. Can't you see that you've got to get a man to look after you. You're not good for anything else. There're two or three *very* nice ones on the next floor. If they weren't a little too young I'd look at them myself. I never had any trouble when I was a girl. They all winked at me and I winked right back. I never thought I'd have a daughter who—. Now, take that Hodges boy—"

"Mother," Helia interrupted quickly, pushing the needle over so the music would begin, "if you want to discuss him with me, if you must discuss him, please wait until after this. It's the last piece I'll play tonight—or even this week if you want."

Her mother looked at her silently for a full minute and then shrugged. "Sometimes I feel like giving up." She sighed and pulled the curtain after her. After a moment the song began again.

Helia sat down before the piano, but her fingers would not move over the keys. She tried to drift again into the world in which there was only beautiful sound. But she could not push beyond the walls of the room and the sound of her mother's song. There was only the scratching of the worn needle and the music of the record that could be played mechanically over and over until the ridges were worn smooth. She dropped her head on her arms and laid her face against the cold keys. Four or five notes banded under the sudden impact. The noise rushed around her head, drowning out the record. Like her own notes

they pushed the real music away. When the music once more played in the quiet of the room, it sounded far away, unimportant like the sigh of a stranger.

When the siren suddenly screamed, Helia's head jerked up. Quickly she wiped her long thin face dry and then flicked off the record. Her mother switched out the light in the kitchen and yanked back the curtain.

"Helia, have you got your coat!"

"I'm getting it now, Mother." She ran to the closet beside the bed and pulled out a too brilliant red coat with a heavy white fur collar.

As she pulled on her own plaid one, her mother glanced sharply at her daughter's flat heeled shoes. "Can't you put on something a little more dressy?"

"It doesn't matter in a raid, Mother."

"You never can tell who you'll meet. I bought your coat with just that in mind—and you shouldn't complain about wearing it. A young unmarried girl should always be prepared."

Helia turned her eyes with a slight shudder from her reflection in the bureau mirror and crossed to the phonograph. Carefully she lifted the record from the disc, slipped it in an album lying on the bed, and tucked it under her arm.

Her mother stopped, frowning, as her hand reached for the switch. "Now, Helia, you're not going to take that with you again!"

Helia walked to the door. "It's the only thing I want to save in case we're bombed."

"You could think of your clothes. They might get you something!"

Helia opened the door. "Hurry up, Mother. It'll be so crowded in the cellar we won't be able to get a seat."

"And another thing." As the light switched off, her voice suddenly sounded strange in the thick darkness. "You might say just one polite thing to that Hodges boy."

"If you say so, Mother."

"Just watch me when I speak to him. If there's one thing I know, it's how to act nice before a man. When I was a girl—"

The siren screamed again in a long piercing wail. Helia, shielding the music in the album from the noise around her, turned to grope her way down the steps. There were no longer vibrations of music anywhere. •

C'EST LA GUERRE DEP'T.

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Advt. p. 49 Time 10-19-42



# The Sea With Rage

---Kai Heiberg-Jergensen

Raging Inferno that hammers and pounds—  
Heads that are aching with thunderous sounds—  
Legs that are straining some balance to keep  
In a rolling Inferno—without any sleep.  
One moment light like a gasfilled balloon,  
Floating through space with a greenish-white moon—  
Next moment sick'ningly heavy like lead,  
Crushing your neck with the weight of your head.

Neptune is rocking the ship in his hand—  
Stuffed is your belly with slithering sand—  
Stagger below and climb weakly to bed,  
Slide to the foot-end—slide back on your head.

Sweeping up, sweeping down while the minutes drag by,  
Down to the bottom and up to the sky,  
Clutching your pillow and holding your breath,  
Sobbing and gasping a prayer for death.

Neptune is pounding the ship with his fist—  
Veiled are your eyes—and green is the mist—  
Neptune is pounding the ship with his fork—  
Last night for dinner you wallowed in pork!

Now just a whiff—no matter how small—  
Up comes the dinner—and green is the gall—  
Choking and gagging and sweating with strain,  
Up comes the dinner—again and again!

Storm-angry waves that are whirling you by—  
Black is the ocean and black is the sky,  
Wet is the void that is roaring with sound,  
Roll upon roll—and pound upon pound—  
Gone are the sun and the moon and the dipper,  
Next time, by God, you will go by the Clipper!

## ALVIN ARGENTINE

(From page 21)

"'At's me, bub. Bouncin' Al, the kid with the lift, they call me. Have a lem-onade. Now, what's weighin' ya down?"

I soon came to learn that this Argentine guy was really an individual with character, and that the best part of him was behind him. What I mean is, he had a knack of bouncing, when he cared to, by holding his legs in his arms and tucking his knees under his chin. His bouncing spot was a place very delicate to mention, but I am confident that after all this philandering you know exactly where it is.

Alvin Argentine and I became great friends there in the office on the floor which really was not supposed to be there at all, and he told me of his childhood and some of his more interesting experiences bouncing up and down this land and country.

He attributes his bouncing ability to the fact that when as a boy working in a liquid rubber plant in Malaya he fell into one of the vats of boiling latex. It left its mark in the place aforementioned. I, however, do not believe this at all. I think he can bounce because he is crazy.

He told me of a kangaroo he be-

friended in Africa, whom he named Pogo-Pogo, and how they used to get up and bounce before breakfast to work up an appetite. When he talked about Pogo-Pogo, tears watered his eyes, because since those happy days in the jungles Pogo-Pogo had been captured by White men. He goes to the Bronx now whenever lonely and spends many hours with him—in the zoo.

Well, I was under no circumstances going to let Alvin Argentine get away from me now, because he was a character and I had plans for him. So as we walked down to Barney's, I held him by the arm and the people in the streets looked at us.

We had in Barney's eatery the misfortune to sit at a table next to a bunch of Brooklyn characters, who, as you know, are always weird and shiftless individuals. They come to the city in tunnels under the East River so no one can tell who they are.

One of these clowns ruined my life, because when Alvin came back from the back where he washed his hands, he sat on a tack. On that sensitive spot, too!—and Alvin rose! Out of the chair, out of Barney's and out of my life.

Dejected, forlorn, beaten and worn, and feeling generally very very low in the dumps, I shuffled down the cold

streets to my home. I was sure Alvin was so highly insulted he left this land for good. I would never see him again.

At home I scraped what I could of the remaining chicken pie from the pot and crawled into bed—a sad man.

In the morning I went to the Bronx Zoo and introduced myself to Pogo-Pogo. We wept many tears together over the loss of our friend. And our hatred for Brooklyn burned within us. And I made plans to get Pogo-Pogo out and somewhere somehow find Alvin Argentine again. And when we do we are coming back and we are going to saw through the East River and sever that lousy suburb from the Island forever. Do you hear me, you rats? You lousy Brooklyn rats! We are coming back! Back, I tell you! Me and Pogo-Pogo and Alvin Argentine!



"Feminine Fashions" New Yorker  
10-17-42

*"It must be admitted that, so far as inexpensive clothes are concerned, very young women, or those who are just naturally slight in build, fare much better this season than those whose figures are on the mature side."*

Wait 'til next season, Ma!



## Editorials - - -

SYLVAN MEYER  
HAYDEN CARRUTH

Editor  
Managing Editor

### Showdown

OUR student government set-up faces problems chilling to contemplate. Our student government's most pressing problem is that the students fail to contemplate it at all. It is generally acknowledged in executive circles of student government itself that students are complacent, disinterested, that practically any measure can be pushed off on them.

The students don't care. The big operators who give their days and their nights and their sweat that undergraduate freedom might live, despair. It is a sad situation.

You have taken docilely, unknowingly and ostensibly uncaringly, several pieces of legislation entirely unbeneficial to you. Part of the blame is on you.

Student leaders must share the blame. They have been as blind to the danger they challenge as some of our national representatives. Your disinterest has dulled their conscience, it is true. But they made fatal errors.

They failed to comprehend the fundamental causes and purposes of self-government. They burdened their every action with superfluous legislation during a period when they should have been slashing red tape and impractical sentiment.

They constructed a system of government so top-heavy that they spend all of their time attending to its machinery. Their unselfish hours of labor go toward perpetuating the monster they have created go toward merely keeping in action what they have already established. Our student government has been entirely operational, never bothering with anything but complications to its original structure.

Most student leaders have continued to believe that they must please their constituency, pamper the public that elected them to office, spoon-feed the impassionate body politic. This was a mistake of dire proportions. You have been long enough spoon-fed. It is time you took your medicine without the sugar-coating. You won't bother to concern yourself with your position, your leaders should lead you on—prod you on, but they prostitute themselves by allowing you to stagnate.

Student leaders, all of them . . . magazine editorialists included . . . are guilty of lack of foresight. The war is a bitter medicine to them, perhaps it will purge them of political constipation.

Conflicts between the administration, the trustees and student government rock the very traditions

upon which representative freedom is based. Exerting themselves to alter matters which are only trivia to the student body, the trustees and the administration have edged, perhaps unknowingly, onto ground sacred to the students themselves. Here undergraduate apathy does not figure in. The matters, usually, make little difference to thinking students. They do, however, show concretely how the administration can regulate student life.

Coed-cheerleaders, coed hours, student automobiles, dirty magazines, social standards—the administration has breathed on every negative piece of legislation in our records. This creates a real threat to our independence—not that there is a hell of a lot we can do about it. Progressive self-government by students remains a figment of fantasy, a dissipating delusion of liberty.

But the administration and the trustees have their hands full, also. They must continually pacify a state legislature that regards the University as the wildest, most intemperate sinkhole on the continent. Our fine work is always marred by our malconsidered taste. This school operates on grants from the legislature. It is important that they be kept happy. The administration has a job holding us down.

Again a "however." The above fact forces us to legislate against our own conscience in order to prevent the administration from legislating before us. To remain free, we must bind ourselves, lest others bind us. This is comparable to the position of Vichy on a somewhat more limited scale.

The problem of manpower is dangerous. Few of us are trained, prepared or willing to accept positions of responsibility. When the draft cuts our enrollment, what Messiah will arise to keep us functioning as a governmental entity? Here the problem is the fault of no one. It is only another angle to consider.

They are sobered by grim reflection that an era of necessary dictatorship is in the offing. They are intimately and horribly familiar with the involved nature of our difficulties. You may trust them to act with courage. But it is feared that they act without your knowledge and support.

This is your problem, too. True, you may soon be gone. That does not lessen your responsibility. It only increases it.

Our existence throughout the war, our reconstruction after it depends on the manner in which we meet the problems that loom up at us right now. Our actions in this epoch of crisis will be either our salvation or our destruction.

We must remain firm against influences that threaten the freedom of our daily living.

We must act with foresight and surety in our preparations for the future. ●





(Bishopric)

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From freshmen to seniors, Carolina gentlemen know the quality clothes handled by Miller Bishop. Bill Dolan '46 attired in Mac Terry tweed, Jeep Harvey '43 in a Hart Schaffner and Max fall gabardine, and Butch Neaves in one of the latest Fashion Park Twills, are all set for the Duke Game. Come in and see the complete fall and winter selection of smart suits at **MILLER BISHOP, Durham.**

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## CHESTERFIELD

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# CAROLINA MAGAZINE

UNIVERSITY AT

*War*

DEC, 1942



HERE'S ANOTHER WAY to give hours—*days*—of Camel's milder, tastier smoking pleasure—the Camel Holiday House containing four boxes of the popular flat fifties {200 cigarettes}. This gay gift package {below}, with space for your Christmas message, makes any other wrapping unnecessary.

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Yours for a  
good Christmas—  
and the very best  
in smoking pleasure

**CAMELS.** It's fun to give Camels for Christmas because you know your gift will be so genuinely welcome—doubly welcome to those lads of yours in the service...over here—or over there. For cigarettes are their favorite gift—Camel, their favorite cigarette. Remember *all* your friends this Christmas with Camels.

**PRINCE ALBERT.** Give him Prince Albert if he smokes a pipe. Give him the big pound of P. A. that spells smoking joy far into the New Year. Whether he's at camp, at sea, or at home, he'll welcome the National Joy Smoke. For mild, cool, tasty smoking, there's no other tobacco quite like Prince Albert.



# CAROLINA MAGAZINE

For DECEMBER, 1942

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## Issues

IF JOE COLLEGE has not already become a victim of existent international misunderstandings, he soon shall be—this according to the doctrine of a certain weekly photo mag published by benign, chummy H. Luce, a friend of the people. In the November 23 edition of this billion dollar amusement weekly, the students of Indiana University are pictured in an atmosphere not unlike one in which the same publication represented the UNC Sadie Hawkins revels of a year ago.

Various undergraduates, bedecked in the appropriate collegiate garb chase wiley coeds hither and yon, necking in the library, observing certain rah-rah traditions, and canvassing all the ladies



with ingenious enthusiasm. Under one of these "little dramas of life" the reporter has the unmitigated gall to remark that "it won't be like this in the Army."

We have only scattered comments to make. The reporter has either never been to a University or he didn't deserve to go if he did. If these pictures are representative, as claimed, of the college man in the war, LIFE has gone to the wrong college. But our exasperation cannot be so easily expended. We can only say that if Henry is a selfmade man, he exhibits all the faulty craftsmanship of unskilled labor. Regards to the Mrs.

THE ELDERS in our midst remember with nostalgia the olden days when the lights flickered at 2 a.m. indicating that Chapel Hill had switched to the Duke Power Company for the remainder of the twilight hours. An era of boom dawned and we built our own power plant. It has never failed. Or rather, we had never seen it fail and we undoubtedly can lay claim to using less sunlight than most of our constituency, until one Monday night a few weeks ago. This was no cataclysmic occurrence. The lights often fail in a storm. But it has given birth to a mystery doomed to perplex the most persistent campus snoops. Four hours to the minute after electric power was restored, our telephone—a lethal instrument under any conditions—rang insinuatingly. A muffled male voice interrogated, "What happened on the second floor of Alderman when the lights went off?" We of course replied that we didn't know, and replaced the receiver.

Like a snatch of song you can't quite name, this innocent little question has proven most disturbing. If someone with authentic credentials could describe the activities in Alderman on that fateful night, we would be gratefully much obliged.

HUGH MORTON, one of the former good brothers in publication circles and photographer supreme, writes in from Keesler Field, Mississippi. In his travels he stumbled across James Cox, Thomas Wolfe award winner and general literary mogul. "Illustrating the army's disregard for Wolfe award winners," pens brother Morton, "Jimmy is in mechanics school—combined with a great deal of KP." This is to serve notice that news of any former occupants of the student union will be well-treated herein, potato-peeling casualties notwithstanding.

—S.M.

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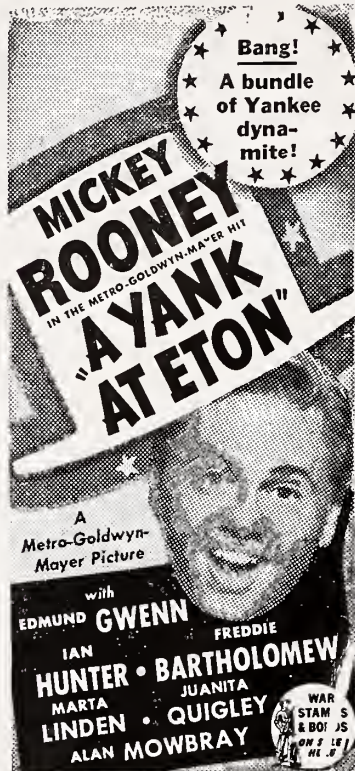
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# CAROLINA THEATRE A

DECEMBER 11th and 12th



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Lionel Houser and Thomas Phipps  
Original Story by George Oppenheimer  
Directed by NORMAN TAUROG  
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**George Murphy**  
in  
**"FOR ME AND MY GAL"**

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## Light Brown and Blue



STRICTLY speaking to the hot jazz fans, we would say that little jazz is coming from the waxworks these days. Bob Crosby did, however, put out two sides recently on Decca that deserve careful listening. "Sugar Foot Stomp" (Dippermouth Blues) features Jess Stacy, Matty Matlock, Eddie Miller, and Yank Lawson. Stacy's piano is consistently good and this solo is no exception. Matlock has long been overlooked by the majority of jazz fans and although he has done better than this, he still is heads and shoulders above most clarinetists. Miller doesn't have much to do here, but what he does is above average. Lawson, who gets billing on the label, reminds us in parts of the o and o Muggsy. His tone is clear and his notes are well chosen. A drum solo by Beaduc could have been left out, but all in all, it is good jazz.

The other side, "King Porter Stomp," has more of Lawson's trumpet and Eddie Miller's alto. The ensemble drive is exciting but not on the same level as some other Crosby recordings.

A new band to most listeners is Bobby Sherwood, a West Coast cat who has come East to thrill the high school kids at Glen Island. Frankly, the band is fine, and we are sorry that we don't know any of the musician's names. "Elk's Parade," an original by Sherwood, is a sort of cross between a Crosby dixieland piece and Woody Herman's "Woodchoppers Ball." An alto and a tenor solo are well conceived and well executed. A clarinet spot is Pee Wee Russellish and creates interest in the future work of the man. The drive is commercial but excellent because the boys play well together and seem to enjoy it.

The reverse side is an old pop "I Don't Know Why I Love You, I Just Do," performed in a semi-commercial manner but featuring a trumpet that we can't forget. It seems to be a hybrid Harry James and Bunny Berigan and is extremely listenable from beginning to end. This recording, incidentally, is on the new Capitol label which at the present is not available in Chapel Hill but seems to be in Raleigh and other towns in the state.

Mary Lou Williams, one very fine piano player in our estimation, recently left Andy Kirk's crew and replacing

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Telephone 3781

Chapel Hill

her was, no doubt, tough. Yet, Kirk did an excellent job. Ken Kersey is a young colored lad who played piano for over a year in Red Allen's jazz band at NY's Cafe Society and with Red he recorded his own "KK Boogie" on Okeh. Kirk's "Boogie Woogie Cocktail" is that same tune featuring the amazing Mr. Kersey. While the orchestra provides a pleasant foil for Ken, he gets off some mighty potent piano.

—BRAD MCCUEN.

"Where did you get that black eye?"  
"I went to a dance and was struck by the beauty of the place."





## YOUR CHRISTMAS STORE IS READY WITH GIFTS!

Gifts for everybody, practical or frivolous, simple and inexpensive or elaborate and precious. Personal gifts or gifts for a home. Come to Ellis Stone's for your Christmas Shopping.

*Ellis Stone & Co*

DURHAM, N. C.

## Of the Month



THE SEVENTH CROSS—Anna Seghers  
—Little, Brown and Company.

PERHAPS it is due to the collegiate aversion (even in wartime) to the old, old story of intricately designed escapes from Nazi concentration camps. *The Seventh Cross* is not appealing. There are two reasons why this new book fails to be a second *Escape*: the first is that it is overloaded with characters whose personalities differ too little; the second is that it is hard to get into and hard to get out of again. It is too long.

George Heisler and six other men contrive to escape from Westhofen Camp. As the seven fugitives are one by one recaptured or killed, the Nazi at the head of the camp forms a plan. He clips the limbs off the seven trees in the prison yard until the trees are crucifix-shaped. He has the trunks studded with nails—points out. Every day he has the prisoners so far recaptured stood up against the trees after they have been sufficiently tortured in the prison yard. They cannot lean back because of the nails.

George, then, early in the book becomes a symbol. The story of George's attempts to carry out his escape after the initial effort has been made and he is free of the horrors—the usual Nazi horrors with which we are now so familiar—of the camp, is well told and interesting. It falls short, however, of its potentialities in suspense or in action because of the method in which it is handled. The story of George's flight is told jig-saw fashion by means of separate story threads of the lives of every person whom George ever knew and every person who could possibly have helped George. We fly with George, cut our hands in glass, sleep in a freezing cathedral, hear footsteps, faint from hunger. Then George is gone, and we find ourselves in the middle of the life of one of George's friends. We never feel that George's friend is really important. We long to skip a chapter or two and find George again. George Heisler is a very real person. He makes *The Seventh Cross* worth reading. He will make it well-remembered.

—ANN SEELEY



## *The Carolina Magazine*

extends  
best wishes for a

### *Merry Christmas*

and a

### *Prosperous New Year*

to all of its  
Advertisers



### *Between Exams . . .*

Relax and dance in Graham  
Memorial's newest addition:

### *The Terra-Cotta Leisure Lounge*

(at the north end of the building)

## Imports

**B**IG weekends at Carolina mean imports on the campus. Despite the general conception that imports and coeds are bitter rivals a great many Carolina girls understand the increase in foreign commerce on weekends. Boys like to show the girls back home that their college life is one of good times and parties, and they also like to catch up on neglected friendships. Then there's the common desire to show fraternity brothers and roommates that they can pull more out of hats than rabbits; a glamorous date can always boost a reputation. Carolina gentlemen are not exceptions. Besides, they have the added reason of not wanting to go stag after Mrs. Stacy rings an early curfew.



Coeds appreciate the situation because they too feel like imports, imports on a seven day a week proposition. They've left behind them the junior colleges and girls' schools that imports still attend. Statistics on this year's crop of coeds show that 61 come from W. C., 32 from St. Mary's, 18 from Greensboro College, 16 from Stephens and a dozen each from Randolph-Macon and Florida State College for Women. Eleven are from Agnes Scott and the same number are from Peace. Ten hail from Meredith while Brenau, Hollins and Virginia Intermont each have six representatives on the campus.

And now it's fun for the coeds to see the imports dressed up. It's fun, too, to dress up and keep them company in high heels, fur coats and evening dresses. A big weekend, is incidentally, the time to catch up on the latest fashions, the newest hair-dos and those prom-trotter techniques. It gives the coeds a progressive feeling to see how the rest of the female world is living.

As members of the Carolina student body the coeds like to feel that imports are having a good time, too, that they are appreciating the atmosphere of Carolina that the coeds help to make up. On the sly, coeds like to create a bit of envy on the part of the imports, for after they've straggled to the bus station one by one the coeds are still here. They're here to live the everyday life

WE WISH  
FOR EACH OF YOU

### *A Pleasant Holiday Season*

THE BANK  
OF CHAPEL HILL

MEMBER F D I C

of Carolina, a life of classes, cokes at the Y, Sunday Night Sessions, fireside concerts, movies on Friday afternoons to celebrate the end of classes and Daily Tar Heels every morning for breakfast. They like to show that this life isn't such a bad one after all.

After all, the girls of Carolina know how imports feel when they go back to school. They used to feel that way too, but that was before the new deal they dealt themselves. They go back to tell the other girls all about it, back to make up the sleep they lost while coeds slept regretfully in their dormitories, back to routine.

But coeds don't have to go back. They're already here. There's not much routine to lapse back into either, because by the time the Carolina student body wakes up from the last weekend it's Friday again. The import's life is one of stolen weekends at Carolina; for the coed it's a day by day job. If they can get the cuts the coeds will play hostesses again and enjoy it. The more the merrier!

—Sara Yokely

And then there was the student who wrote: "Virgin wool comes from the sheep that can run the fastest."





## Peace on Earth == Good Will to Men

These simple words—this simple wish—has very deep significance this year. We know it is the hope highest in all hearts this Christmas time, so in greeting all our friends we re-express this message with the sincerity of a prayer: Peace on Earth, Good will to Men.

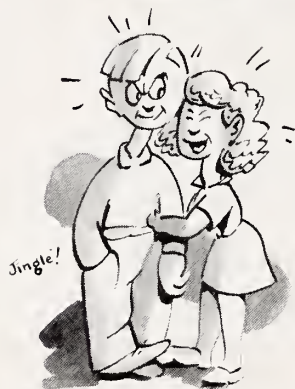
*Carolina Men's Shop*  
*Marathon Cafe*  
*Varsity*  
*Carolina Barber Shop*  
*Harry's*

*Carolina Sport Shop*  
*Bennett and Blocksidge*  
*The Little Shop*  
*University Flower Shop*  
*Danziger's*



# ON MOOCHERS

## And Mooching



**The Gushy or Lovey-Dovey Type**

The common gold-digger. This technique is employed most often by women, small children and room-mates with marvelous results.



**Don't-You-Owe-Me Type**

Always says, "Pardon me" and taps you on the right shoulder. The minute-man, has amazing memory. Sight of money is the lure.



**The Drooling or Wistful Type**

Primitive technique. Tongue hangs down to belt, completely covering up necktie. Dawgs in the "Y" employ this method.



**The Outright Bum**

Nothing subtle here. Sniffs breath, opens bags, punches bulging pockets. Won't listen to excuses. A devil if there ever was one.



**Johnny-on-the-Spot or Conversational Type**

Always on the X-mark when money is to be spent. Frames it to look like an accident.



**Goggling or Store-Window Type**

Wishes for everything, especially the high priced items. May even go so far as to hope for a wedding ring. Extremely dangerous.



**The Chronic Kin-I-Borrow Type**

Without conscience. He will take the tux off your back. Promises to return immediately. Never brought anything back yet.



**The Violent Type**

Determined to have it. Expert in Jiu-Jitsu. Outgrowth of the direct-bum type. This one won't even give up with a struggle!



**Humorist Type**

"You can't eat all that," "Don't care if I do," and other trite phrases. Special seat reserved in Hades for this one.



War is a complicated proposition but colleges still

lack the regimentation and militarization of the first

World War. Carolina treads on dangerous ground.

# Tea Classes Then and Now

by Bob Levin

ON OCTOBER 2, 1918, in Memorial hall, Dr. E. K. Graham read a message from President Woodrow Wilson which reeked of "freedom, justice, and equality" and explained to the men students that "this University was entering a new phase of academic adventure." Before he finished, the war had jumped from Europe to Chapel Hill and 750 students began Saturday Afternoon Tea Classes.

He then cleared his throat and began his famous "faith in principles" speech which was copied throughout the State and hailed as the "most fighting speech ever delivered from a Chapel Hill rostrum" and another 150 boys became Stuck at the College.

A few short announcements and then Dr. Graham introduced "a man who has seen action and loves action," Captain Charles C. Helmer, veteran of the Spanish American War.

"Boys, you are now part of the war. As members of the Student Army Training Corps of the University of North Carolina you will begin campus military duty on the ninth of this month."

It was as quick as that. America was at war. People were parroting the stock phrase of "boys today, leaders tomorrow" and so the government established the new campus army plan. Over 500 colleges turned an olive-grey overnight. Editorial writers termed it the "greatest boost to education since . . ." while parents wondered if the SATC would serve in France.

The campus was at war. You were in the Army now.

October 9: "Fall in for registration."

(See TEA CLASSES, page 28)

Chem labs, other types of technical war training contribute to a wartime Carolina and give an insight into the diversity of the war college. Below an immediate sign of war—the OCD guards our public utilities.





## «The Worst Private in the CVTC»

expounds a la Hargrove on the trials

and tribulations of the amateur

soldiers who can't keep cadence at all.

by Stuart McIver

HEY, you there in the middle! You're out of step." I knew the Sergeant was referring to me because I was the only one in the company consistently out of step. What bewildered me was the remark about the middle. Mind you, I am not sensitive about references to the midriff. Not yet, anyway, though, what with being the only male member of the family under 205 pounds, I expect a time to come when even a playful sentence like that will bring a bright, red tinge over my then corpulent frame. Not to be confused with corporal—a military rank two above a private.

But getting back to the middle and the out-of-step business. It seems that my strides are a bit longer than those the form sheets call for. The result is that I take up a little slack now and then. I always stay several leaps ahead of the other chaps, most of whom must be slow in the uptake.

Occasionally the other platoon members must pay for their misdeeds. Only recently I was walking along behind Pvt. Jack Shelton. Jack had on a pair of those bedroom-moccasin shoe jobs. He made the mistake of keeping in step, so that when the Shelton left foot was at the back of its swing, the McIver left foot was at the peak of its follow-through. The result was something like Shoeless Joe Jackson, only about half as much.

Jack had to get the shoes back on with—if possible—out getting out of marching attention. In an awkward way he did a good job, though not as good as the one done on him later by Dr. Dack, bunion specialist.

Later Captain John Armistead called me aside and marched me up and down the field. "Look, McIver," he said. "It's easy, really it is. Just raise your left foot to a sitting position. Replace it and while so doing take your right foot out of your pocket. Then you go like this. First left. Then right. It's easy. You don't need gas coupons or anything. It's easy. See?"

It looked easy the way the Captain

did it, but I continued to miss out on it. But Pvt. McIver and his marching are painful topics and we will pass lightly on to the pleasanter side of military life.

We are supposed to stand at attention during roll-call. Sometimes it is pretty hard to keep the mouth, jowls and eyes at attention. Every day Sgt. Williams reads out the roll and in rapid succession barks out, "Mason, Dixon."

What worries me is this. Suppose you have to yawn at attention. Are you going to sublimate it and have it break out later in the guise of rocks thrown at those large, round windows at the top of the Alumni bldg.? Are you going to remain at attention while the mus-

The language really gets tricky when you get to a word like "march." Our officers always give out with "harch," just as parade rest is parade hess. I suppose if American military leaders ever interview Rudolph Hess, they will call him Herr Rest just to even things up.

The command "Eyes right" gave me quite a run, too. Everytime Lt. Walker yelled "Eyes right," I felt like answering, "Yo' shoh is, boss."

An officer told one of our men that while standing at attention he looked not unlike the leaning tower of Pisa.

My worst boner outside of feet, personal appearance, outlook on life, habit of clicking the tongue while at attention

# See Here, Private McIver

cles around the mouth drift off into parade rest? Sorry, parade hess. Or are you going to let go, open wide the mouth, stretch out in all directions and then tell the Sgt. you were just pulling the old right dress gag.

Another trouble I run into arises out of the language they use. It's really not a language. It's a system of cues. You don't brood over the meaning of the words. You just respond in such and such a way when you hear certain sounds.

Now take the word "attention." Placed in the mouth of a commissioned or non-commissioned officer, it comes out "Tenshun." Nothing complicated about that. Nothing at all, if your pants are pressed. There was one drill session when all my efforts to keep the chin up, head back, chest out, and tummy in went for nought because the knees of my khaki pants were completely relaxed.

and others I could mention, is calling the first Sgt. Cpl. Only the other day I wanted to know something about something and yelled to the Sgt., "Cpl., Cpl."

The lad next to me whispered, "Not Cpl., Sgt."

I corrected myself then and called the Sgt. Sgt. He came right over and told me something about something. It reminded me of the old cartoon in one of the big slick magazines several months back. You see a picture of a general bowed down with bravery. On one side of him is a chap whom he is talking to. On the other is a gushing, society dowager. The general is snarling, "She calls me Sgt. one more time and she gets it in the kisser."

I know how it would embarrass me to have to correct hopeful friends. After I had been in the unit a good while, they might suppose I had gotten some sort of promotion. The first step above a pri-





"I stumbled out to the front in tatters and stammered out a few sentences."

to remove coats and jackets. I pulled off my windbreaker and stood exposed to the platoon for what I was, another Jeeter McIver.

The Lt. was explaining "To the right flank, harch." When he finished, he asked if there were any questions. Nobody said a word. Then through the autumn air sounded the commissioned voice, "Can you give the order on that?"

He meant me. I stumbled out to the front in tatters and stammered out a few sentences. From the rear the Sgt. said he couldn't hear me. The Sgt. didn't know when he was well off. After I confessed that I didn't know, the Lt. released me and I sought once again my own level.

All through that ordeal I trembled in fear that the Lt. was going to ask me to salute. I figured that the combination of torn shirt and cupped hand would have had the men pitching pennies at me.

Next quarter I will be in the army and the CVTC will have to get along without me. I have not told the leaders of the unit the bad news yet. I have every confidence that they will see it through. They are strong men. They can take these defeats. They can remember that their loss is the army's gain.

But I am afraid that my stay in the army will also present problems. No doubt the office of the adjutant-general is already at work on my case. They need work no longer. I have the solution.

In the first place, it is going to be impossible to train me as a private. Captain Armistead, Lt. Walker and Sgt. Williams will back me up on that. In other words, I cannot be a good follower because I can't follow.

Well, then, since I operate under a system peculiar to myself—and peculiar to anyone else who sees it—it is going to be easier to get men to follow me than to get me to follow them. I have to be a leader of men. It's the only way the government can salvage this war.

I am not greedy. I do not ask for a general's spot. I doubt seriously if I am qualified. I could be content as a Colonel. I have always liked the title. It brings to my mind pleasant old chaps on large plantations in the country.

Yes, sir, old Col. McIver.

At ease, men! •

vate is a private first class. It won't be long now until my mother or some relative greets me with a confident "Hello, there, Pfc. McIver!" and I will have to correct them with "Not Pfc., Pvt."

You have probably seen the uniforms the CVTC boys wear around the campus. They consist of white shirt, khaki pants, brown shoes, dark socks, black tie, a small cap, a windbreaker, a belt and no jewelry where anybody can see it. You can pick up the uniform at any good pawn shop or through the CVTC itself.

It just so happened that I had an old white shirt which, though good in many respects, was a little minus when it came to sleeves. Where there should have been soft, cotton cloth, there were merely jagged openings through which poured the McIver elbows. But it was clean and it had a collar.

One day I decided to wear to march in it rather than wear one that might have been put to other uses. I was relying on my trusty windbreaker to cover up for me. It was a warm day and the Major wasted no time in ordering us all



Character Author Jackson digs up a gentle figure who can't quite get his home life straightened out. The bewildered hero just doesn't know how to take a hint.

# Mr. Harrel Hasn't Left Yet

by Ralph Jackson

YOU think I'm crazy, don't you?" His hand slid slowly back and forth along the round edge of the bar. His hand was smooth and well made like the polished mahogany but it was white where the wood was dark.

"You think I'm crazy, don't you?" he repeated slowly as if tasting each word before letting it fall. He stared down at the other man, waiting for a confirmation or denial. He squinted to keep the man's face in focus.

The other man shook his head. Nervously he ran the tip of his middle finger around the edge of the empty beer glass. His hand was white too, but the nails were not so neatly clipped nor so highly polished as those of the tall stranger. The short one's name was Mr. Beamus. Jonas Beamus. He was shipping clerk for a concern down on Seventh Avenue. Once a week he stopped in the bar for a few drinks. Generally he met somebody with some difficulties. At times he had thought of discussing some of his troubles, but he had never found any he thought anybody else would be interested in. He often felt guilty drinking his beer with such a seemingly unperturbed mind.

The stranger, just before he became interested in Mr. Beamus' thoughts on his sanity, had introduced himself as J. Franklin Harrington. The only reason, he had explained, that he was not a "III" was the fact that his father's first initial was "P" instead of "J."

Mr. Beamus had nodded wisely without comment.

"You may think I'm crazy," J. Franklin Harrington continued, giving his verbally unanswered question the benefit of an affirmative answer. "You may think I'm crazy, but in my second year in college—my sophomore year," he explained to Mr. Beamus—"I came to the definite conclusion that the only way to be completely happy in this world was to be totally insane and"—he emphasized the "and"—"and believe that everything is exactly as you want it. The idea fascinated me. I thought about it for weeks. I flunked three subjects the second quarter, but I would have done that anyway so I didn't feel guilty." His face grew more thoughtful as he blinked his eyes. "Now, sir, if you could really be convinced that everything around you was a part of a paradise—and you could believe it, since according to Hume there

are nothing but illusions around us anyway and we just as well have pleasant illusions as bad ones. If you could be sure that everything you saw and felt was exactly as you wanted it, then, my dear Mr. Beamus, you could be happy. Of course, if you got mixed up and thought everything was bad, then the whole thing would be sort of messy. That's the trouble with this being crazy business. So uncertain. So uncertain. Very delicate. You can't predict what position you'll be in.

"Bartender, another double brandy. And one for my friend here. Beer is no fit drink for a gentleman.

"Now, Mr. Beamus, I tell you in all sincerity that in my second year in college—my sophomore year, you see. How well I remember it." He laughed softly and his voice was even slower as if he were remembering leisurely, pleasantly many things he finally put into a few inadequate words. "At the spring dances I met a little girl from Trenton. Sweet thing. What *was* her name now? Sally? Sarah? Suzy? No. Started with an "R" I think. Next letter to "S" on the alphabet. Must be why I'm confused. Well, anyway, she—I'd forgotten my philosophy by then so it didn't bother me in my friendship with her. But you can see how intriguing the idea was. For days I longed to be crazy. Completely, you see, or the theory wouldn't work. I used to think intensely for hours at a time, 'I am crazy. I am crazy. I am crazy.' Unfortunately, so far as science and philosophy are concerned, my concentration was not intense enough. I never achieved that sublime state of imperturbable insanity.

"By the way, what time is it, Mr. Beamus?"

Mr. Beamus pulled out a large watch he had bought at an auction in 1929. "Five-thirty exactly."

"Thank you, sir. I must make a phone call. Excuse me." Mr. Harrington slipped over to the pay phone on the wall, dropped in a nickel, dialed for long distance, and asked for a number in Scarsdale. After dropping in a sufficient number of nickels and dimes, he waited for the other line to answer.

"Hello!" he said presently. "Is that you, Christine? Tell Mrs. Harrington I should like to speak to her." He waited in silence for a few minutes as he watched the evening traffic passing outside the window. His eyes gleamed suddenly at some sound in the ear-piece. "Is that you, Mildred?"

Mr. Beamus, being only a few feet

away, could hear one end of the conversation clearly.

"I hope I didn't disturb you, dear. You took so long I thought you might be busy. Has Mr. Harrel gone? . . . He hasn't? I hear some noise. Are there any other people?" There was a slight touch of surprise in his voice in the last words, and he waited for an explanation. "Oh. Jack and Mary dropped in for cocktails. I'd still better not come up though, had I? They might leave in a few minutes. Then you'd want to be alone. I wouldn't mind coming, though. I could catch a late train at Grand Central." He waited for some sign of interest on her part. "You don't think so, huh? I'm going on out to dinner at the Marshall's anyway, so it wouldn't be any

(See MR. HARREL, page 25)





## Christmas Gift

by Ben McKinnon

The funny little man with the Charlie Chaplin mustache looked at Santa Claus and said, "You don't look so wonderful! Frankly, I'm disappointed."

"Who are you?" said Santa Claus, wiping a particle of soot from his beard.

The little man scowled, he straightened, clicked his heels together and shouted, "I am Adolf Hitler. Heil Hitler. Haven't you ever heard of me?"

"Can't say as I have," said Santa Claus, "I don't ever go to horror pictures."

"Let's get down to business," said Adolf. "For Christmas I want Russia, I want Walter Winchell to be drafted, I want the Poles to quit worrying my Gestapo. One other minor little thing: I want Hedy Lamarr. Naturally you will do as I say. And the quicker the better."

"Afraid you won't get anything from me, son," Santa Claus said. "At least not this year."

Suddenly Adolf Hitler began to be afraid of this big, jovial man who was not smiling anymore.

"I had a case like yours once before," said Santa Claus. "The little boy was named Napoleon, and he wanted to rule the world. You want to rule the world too, don't you?"

"Oh yes," cried Adolf, "I want to rule the world so that I can make people happy. Together, Santa Claus, you and I could make a much happier world."

"Since you like to run things," said Santa Claus, "I am going to let you run. Tonight you can cover the whole world. Would you like that?"

"Marvelous," shouted Adolf, "and would I make people happy?"

"Very happy," said Santa Claus. "It will be our Christmas present to the world, and it will also help me out because I need an extra helper." Then he touched Adolf with his magic wand.

Santa Claus was very happy as he climbed into his sleigh. As he turned his sleigh high in the sky and skimmed through a fleecy cloud, he shouted, "Up Blitzen, up Prancer, up Donder, up Adolf." "Or maybe," he added as an afterthought, "I should say, 'Heil Adolf.'" •

Drastic methods are being mapped to keep Carolina off the rocks when the armed forces drain enrollment. The business office is readying for action.

by Jud Kinberg

Six hundred of Carolina's Tar Heels will not return to Chapel Hill this January, according to South building estimates, and the University therefore will feel a \$120,000 bite in its pocket book.

Recognizing what such a loss would mean to a budget figured as close as UNC's, the men in South building are formulating a plan of action to offset the drop. An all-out effort will be made to avert the financial repercussions of a forced defection of 600.

Key point of the campaign will be pressure. Despite protestations to the contrary it would seem that Carolina is going to get students by every means available—a student of any other age pays as much.

Main selling feature will be the War college. Heralded by Tar Heel streamers and edits, the college will offer courses in physical education, military science, geography, map reading and the other studies that fit men for officer positions. The War college offers to turn out good officer material in two years.

As a necessary footnote to the War college plan, methods of obtaining the students who have those two years to spend in college have been decided. 16 and 17 year old boys now taking or intending to take the recently added 12th grade in North Carolina high schools will be fully informed about the opportunity they have of dropping that year and registering in the War college immediately. Before the start of the high school semester in February, these boys will receive letters, pamphlets, catalogues on the "new, experimental unit of education."

The logic behind this action is clear. In North Carolina there are over 6,000 students who are now back in high school for the 12th grade. Half of them are boys and of that half the University is planning to enroll between 500 and 1,000. To get this many they are counting on the appeal of a college education as opposed to another year of high school. They know how strong a talking point is a two year course that will fit a man for a commission by the time he first has words with his draft board.

In any scheme as broad in con-

## 600 Missing -- More Later?

cept as this there must be a snag. In this case it's the effect it will have on high school teachers, principals, officials. They can hardly be expected to sit placidly by and see the twelfth year they fought so hard for all but blotted out by inroads into their twelfth year students. If UNC must live, then certainly so must the high schools. If UNC must look out for itself, then certainly so must the high schools.

In the event that an agreement can be reached between the two educational forces, the University may find that it has struck a student goldmine. But if the two decide to fight each other, Carolina will probably win, but it will be a Pyrrhic victory.

Still indefinite is the result the President's policy of sending enlistees and draftees back to school will have on the size of Carolina's student body. Because the University has been a pioneer in the move toward war courses and because the school has the academic facilities for such students, the men in South building will be greatly disappointed if Washington doesn't send about 300 men for war training in Chapel Hill.

If all these sources of students yield the expected numbers, the 600 loss will be more than made good. In fact, so large will be the enrollment that existing housing and feeding facilities will be hard put to take care of all of the men. This problem must be solved before Carolina embarks on its powerful drive to get students.

The offensive to keep the student enrollment on a working level is five-pronged: the War college; enrollment of 16 and 17 year olds; special enrollments; trainees under the Roosevelt plan; and above all, pressure publicity. •

•

From the Washington Post, Sunday, November 15:

*"President Roosevelt could not be reached but it was expected he would approve of the allied invasion of Africa."*

Be sure to tell him when he comes in.



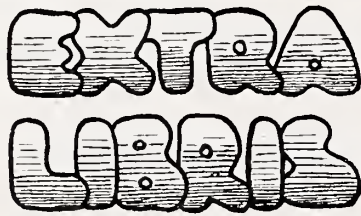
# Prudent Council

**DECISION:** The student was reprimanded with the warning that if this occurred again the penalty would be twice as severe. She was put on strict University probation and forbidden to speak to "nice girls" for two weeks. In addition, she must stand in the corner at least ten minutes a day.

**FACTS:** Ima Jerque, a coed, appeared before the council with a confession. She pleaded desperately, begging not to be sent home. In admitting the crime, she blamed it entirely on a man. "Last year," she sobbed, "I met him in a revolving door and we had been going around together ever since. I loved him tenderly and he knew that I would do anything he asked. But I knew I shouldn't agree to what he asked me and yet I did. Finally the day of reckoning arrived. I knew that I had to write him but how could I under the circumstances.

I hated myself as I walked into the Post Office and carefully looked around to see if anyone was noticing me. No one was, so I slipped the unstamped envelope in the mail box and fled. But I had kept my promise to write him every day!" •

—Arnold Schulman



## A Test

ARE YOU A POTENTIAL ALCOHOLIC?

Be Fair With Yourself In Answering These Questions

1. Has Drinking Gone Beyond The Playful Stage With You?
2. Do you feel nervous and irritable the next morning after a night of debauchery?
3. Do you want to go only so far and stop but can't?
4. Do you get an odd taste in your mouth when you drink water? Or do you drink water?
5. Do you realize that you are slipping?

\* \* \*

Five yeses—You are a sot

Four yeses—A Potential sot

Three yeses—You're holding your own

Two yeses—You're on the wagon

One yes—You're waterlogged

Five no's—You're at the wrong school

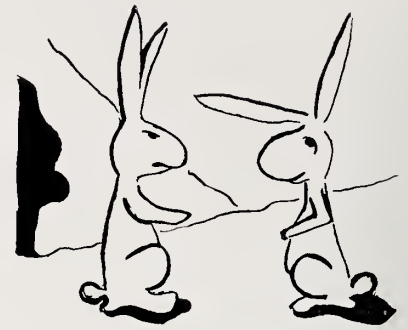
- - Ben - -

Advertisement in *New Yorker* for Skylark perfume:

"A lilting fragrance distilled from the subtle sorcery of flowers . . . gay, light-hearted, exhilarating."

Ever try soap?

TWELVE . . .



Stuart McQuarrie

"Have you seen Stella?"

## Some Doggerel

Don't blame it on the draft.  
Don't blame it on the war.  
The reason many men have left  
The campus by the score

Was not due to the Navy,  
Or the Army, or Marines,  
Or the fact that they are drafting  
Many fellows in their teens.

It was not because of studies,  
Or because of an exam,  
Or because they all were looking  
For old Rameses, the Ram . . .

No, my lovely little ladies,  
If you couldn't find a fella  
On the Carolina campus  
You can blame it all on STELLA!

—Ahbe J. Treu

DEP'T. OF BLISSFUL OPTIMISM

Daily Tar Heel November 30:

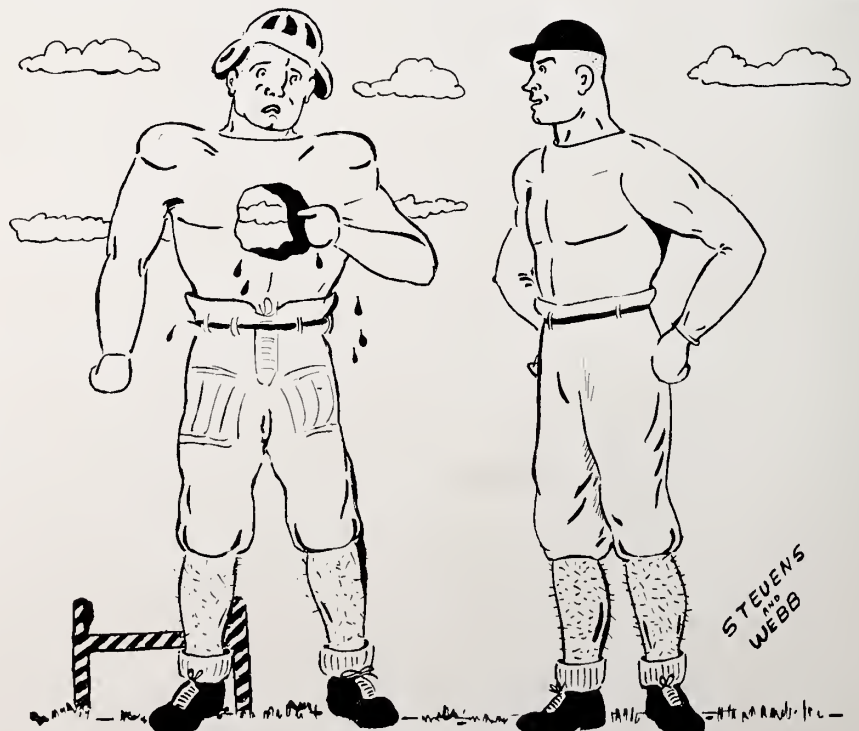
"Students who plan to graduate this year from the college of Arts and Sciences are requested to come to Dean Hobbs' office to fill out an application for degree card."

•

I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS LOADED DEP'T.  
Ordnance Division

"The Wolfpack eleven will shoot a group of light but fast and tricky backs at the Tar Heels."

Tar Heel, October 30.



STEVENS WEBB

"I told you to watch out for those bullet passes."



# The Woman's Voice

by David Hanig

THE LITTLE guy behind the hotel desk looked up from the *Daily Mirror*. Eyes squinted out of a pasty complexion. He wore a purple-striped shirt with the sleeves slightly rolled above the wrists.

"Evenin'," he rasped.

The big fellow, facing him, hung on to a cheap traveling bag. Large, watery brown eyes met the clerk's squint with a start. He wet his thick lips.

"Uh-got a room?" he whispered.

A grin lifted the corner of the little guy's mouth.

"Sure," he purred, "fifty rooms, to be exact, not counting the closets. What'll it be . . . 75 or up?"

"Up?" whispered the big fellow stupidly.

"What's the matter with your voice?" asked the clerk.

The big fellow became visibly nervous.

"Uh—nothin. Nothin," he whispered, "cold!" he added.

"Well—what'll it be?" grated the clerk.

"Uh—I'll take the seventy-five cent room. It's overnight."

The clerk punched a bell-button, and a kid came out of a side room. The big fellow hastily signed the hotel register and followed the kid. The clerk looked after him. He swung the book around and read the careful, cramped hand:

"Tolliver Wampus, Persia, Wisconsin"

"Refugee," muttered the clerk and yanked the purple-striped sleeve with a wry jerk.

About two o'clock the switchboard, behind the desk, buzzed shrilly. The pasty-faced clerk squinted in fatigue at the board and inserted the plug below the small, winking light. A shrewish voice of a man stung his ear.

"Dammit, what kind of a hotel are you running here anyhow? The bird is raising hell with his woman and won't let me sleep."

The clerk noticed the room that called.

"Which side is it coming from, sir?" he queried.

"How in hell should I know?" A pause, then: "I think it's on my right. If you don't—"

The clerk broke in; he re-assured peace and pulled out the plug. The room on the right. That would be—Room 47! Why, it was that dumb hick with the cold. But with a woman! No woman registered with him. He had better take a gander at that room.

He ran the elevator to the third floor, stalked down the dimly-lit hall. Suddenly he stopped.

A voice—a woman's voice came from the room at the end of the hall. It filled the corridor with its high accents. It shouted, laughed, wheedled, laughed raucously.

A shudder ran through the little clerk's body. He walked slowly to the door and rapped loudly on it.

He heard a scuffle, a pause and the door opened to reveal Wampus, fully clothed. His face was wet and shining with perspiration.

The clerk was cold and angry.

"What the hell's goin' on in there?"

He tried to peer around the ample width of Wampus. "You got a woman with you? 'Cause if you have—!"

The big fellow was plainly in misery.

He was doomed to roam forever—a man with two personalities. One he couldn't control and like a horrible plague it turned his own voice into a demon's cackle.

He put a finger to his full lips and beckoned the clerk into the room.

"Please," he whispered, "you're wrong. I—I don't have any woman in here. Look, I promise you you won't have any more trouble tonight."

The clerk squinted and leered at Wampus.

"Who're you trying to johnny? Me? Ain't I been in the racket for too long? I hear the same line, the same business. Listen Bud, I ain't gonna get bounced on account of you. Alright, so you have a shirt in the closet. O. K. Only get her

(See THE WOMAN'S VOICE, page 28)

## In Abraham's Bosom

by Maxine Beeston

HE WASN'T very tall and his shoes were shabby; his pants legs bagged down a little over the top of them. The room was really too small, and there were too many people in it, and so he looked smaller and a little embarrassed when he got up to speak.

He cleared his throat once or twice and glanced quickly at the people sitting before him. His eyes were gray-green, and he had a way of lifting his face to the crowd, much as a blind man listens, so that the lines of his sensitive fine mouth showed clearly.

"It's difficult to speak of one's personal religious beliefs," he said slowly. "They come of so many things." His mind went back to his boyhood in Harnett County, to the ugly squat little churches, barren as too many of the souls that knelt and prayed within their plastered walls. He thought of the fields and the hills and the great singing beauty of them—a beauty that had found its way into his brush—so that he was suddenly a successful artist, addressing a group of people who had asked him to tell them what he thought about God. He shifted uneasily on his feet. "I don't believe in God," he said, "not the personalized kind. I don't believe in a hereafter—but there is a spirit of goodness, of truth and beauty that moves the world, and in that I believe." His words fell so simply, so sincerely from his lips that there was only a slight murmur from his audience.

"When I was a young man," he said,

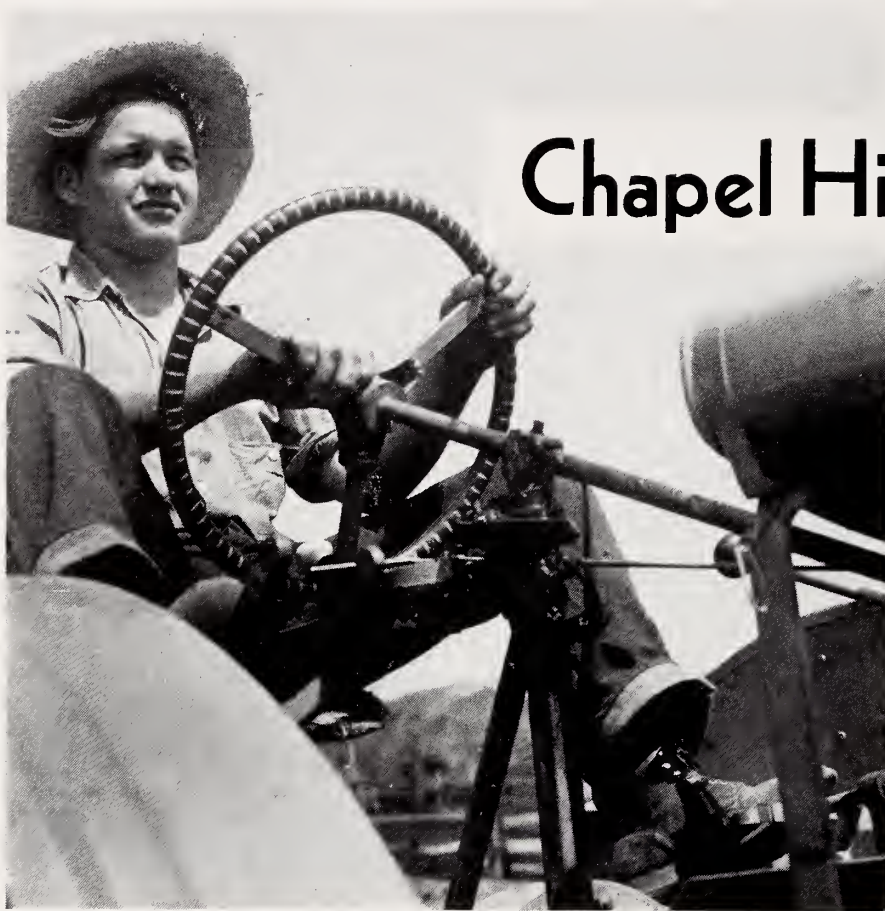
"I had hopes that there were those who knew why men live and die and kill each other." He paused—thoughts of the last war crowded his mind. Years of rising disillusionment, culminating in a flood of greed and hate, sweeping beneath them too many dreams. The memory of one broken heart haunted him yet. He saw one man with his defeated, unbelieving eyes, passing through the streets of Paris, hissed and booed by those who only days before had cheered him as a saviour.

"There are not men who know," he said, tiredly.

Suddenly he lifted his head, that quick blind feeling with his face, although his eyes saw clearly all that was in the room. "The pattern of good is strong," he said, "so strong that what is evil runs counter to it and is broken by it. Everything that is beautiful and true and good draws the world closer to its source." His hand stroked the surface of the desk. "How foolish," he thought, "to try to make them see." He felt a surge of disgust with himself for the impotence of his expression—a feeling of shame that he had uncovered so much of himself to them. "No, I don't believe in God," he said harshly, and sat down, shuffling the inadequate, foolish papers he had brought.

There was a murmur on the back row. An outraged, feminine voice whispered sharply—"Of all things! Why, he hasn't any religion at all!" •





# Chapel Hill Manpower

A Mag Analysis

by Bucky Harward

From labs to tractors may be the rule in another few months. Orange county farmers need labor, and UNC students are a likely bunch. (OWI photo)

**M**ANPOWER, number one headache of the national wartime economy, has become number one headache at Carolina.

Because of lack of manpower, the University as we have known it is already being wrapped up for the duration, maybe longer.

Because of lack of manpower, within the year students may be making their own beds, helping to grow the food they eat.

The nation's manpower problem is being solved. Some men are sent to fight. Others are kept home to produce materiel. Roosevelt has just announced the new manpower scheme. Previously powerless Paul McNutt now has complete control over the American manpower pool. Reserve enlistments are stopped, laborers can be shifted where war production demands, and by the end of 1943 one of every five civilian men will have been called to fight. Women will have to take over 30 per cent of all war jobs.

The manpower problem in education is not so simply solved. Washington

experts can plot graphs showing how many tanks are being produced, but they cannot chart the value of education.

As the President signed the 18 and 19-year-old draft bill with one hand, he pulled the rope to sound the death knell of liberal education with the other. His announcement that colleges would be converted for service specialist training was no surprise, however.

For months leading universities, Carolina included, have turned a large chunk of their facilities to physical indoctrination, officer schools, finance training, special war research. Months since, American educators foresaw the teen age draft and the fate of the universities. They started conclaves with War Department big wigs, and tried to get a margin of manpower that would allow colleges to survive with a good part of their faculty and liberal curricula.

But war birds in Washington were not sympathetic. Colleges will be converted, like industrial plants, to turning out a specific product that will fit

cog-like into the huge war machine that the nation is building.

By June 1943 the Army and Navy will appoint those who can attend college. About 500,000 students are now at universities. Around 250,000 of these are enlisted reservists. The War Department plans to select 150,000 of those inducted into the Army each year and give them 12 to 16 months training at colleges picked by military officials. These soldier boys will get specialist courses for scientific war, and nothing else.

Spread thin at only 500 trainees per institution, these boys will use only 300 universities. The remaining 1000 institutions, which haven't other men to train or a good number of naval reservists, will go on the rocks. Their faculties will be drafted to the Army or other universities. Their enrollments will dwindle to women and the physically unfit.

Carolina won't go on the rocks. Already training 1875 pre-flight cadets, she will certainly be one of those chosen for war work.

Carolina's manpower for next quarter: 850 Naval R.O.T.C. men and V-1 and V-7 reservists; 800 coeds; 500 army specialist trainees; 500 students deferred for advanced work in essential

(See MANPOWER, page 27)

DTH Editor Harward puts the buzz on various sources and comes up with a host of new and startling facts about the future of our college town. And the way it looks from here, he may be right when he says we'll be making our own beds, maybe growing our food by next fall.





**M**IK!" MIK!" The circle of men stood in the darkness over the bed, hovering, half stooping, like the foggy shapes of something prehistoric. Their breaths steamed around them in the dim light of the lantern. Old Arne, the elder of the village council lifted the tallow light over the bed. It trembled slightly.

"Mik! Mik!"

The huge body in the bed sat up suddenly. The feeble light shone down past his body on the straw mattress and through the crack between the mattress and the two-by-four frame. It made a thin streak on the floor. There was filth under the bed.

The giant gripped the edge of the bed with creaking knuckles. "Ay. What d'ye want?" His teeth were black stumps, shiny with saliva. He was afraid. His breath came short. His small eyes were pinched with the sudden light.

"Get up, Mik. We want to talk to you."

He sat in the bed heavily, one hand clutching the edge, the huge fingers of the other picking nervously at the old army blanket that covered him. The circle of men shifted restlessly. They all breathed deeply at the same moment. It sounded like a deep far-away sigh in the trees. The little, cold room smelled of manure.

Mik looked around from face to face. The hand on the blanket was grey. It trembled. Then he swung his great legs out of the creaking bed. He stood up, towering above them in his dirty-grey woollen underwear. A huge bull of a man, stooping, the small room confining and pressing in upon his massive strength.

Slowly he pulled on his flannel shirt and heavy trousers while the men waited. They looked old. They were old and afraid. A new peril had come into

# Boots for Loki

by Kai Heiberg-Jurgensen

their lives since *They* had swarmed up across the border. Mik sat down on the edge of the bed and started groping for his shoes in the darkness beneath the bed.

"Here," said Ole quietly from the other side of the bed, "here—it will be your last chance to wear them." He threw the shiny, new leather boots on the floor in front of Mik. They were the kind of haughty boots that adorned the haughty feet of *Their* officers. The giant lifted his stooping head and looked from face to face, a cornered animal, a wild beast of the night, trembling in a cage. The faces were a wall around him, beyond that the quiet night of the Danish country-side. He dropped his head again and with fingers hampered by sweat in spite of the cold, he fell to pulling on the shiny boots.

When he had finished, he sat quietly, staring at the floor. "Come on," said Arne. Per, who had a little candy-stand on the square and a large wife, asked timidly, "Where are we taking him, Arne?" "To the old council-stone in the grove." Per's thin voice trembled a little, "Perhaps it would be better to let the law do this?" Nobody answered him. The men didn't look at each other. Mik moved restlessly, and they all drew back a little. Men are timid of strange great shapes in the night. A short while ago there had been peace, and a man had plowed his fields and thought of the midsummer festival—but now—. "Come on," said Arne. The men closed in around Mik, who rose heavily. He glanced around the little chamber. It had been a home. He breathed deeply and shuddered when the cold air from the open door hit him. It woke him up. Suddenly he noticed the guns in the

Mik sold his comrades for patent leather. Here is a dramatic short story of the war—how good is loyalty when the feet are cold and the belly is empty?

hands of the men. He was hunted—caught. He threw his arms wide like a beam across the door-opening. For a long time he stood like that. The men looked at each other helplessly. "What d'ye want with me?" he whispered hoarsely.

Arne stood in front of him. His heavy work-shoes creaked on the frozen cobbles. The tallow light had gone out in the cold gust from the door, and only the slight light from the new moon shone on the white, fleshy face in the door. Far away a dog barked. "We want to talk to you, Mikkell," he said. Ole, whose farm was down the road, and who had had money in the bank, rattled the breech on his gun. "We want to ask you a few questions," he said quietly. Mik took down his braced arms. "Arh—ask me tomorrow—wake a fellow up in the middle of the night—" He started to move back into his cave when he felt the hard little muzzle of Per's gun. Per loved his wife, and he loved peace. He loved to see his wife going down the village street with her market-basket over her arm, on her way to dicker with Svend, the butcher. There had been no need for the basket for a long time. Svend had gone out of business. *They* were hungry—insatiable. "Go on outside," he said softly. Mik hesitated for

(See BOOTS FOR LOKI, page 30)



"Gen'lmen, tonight's topic will be the white problem."



# The Co-ed Goes to War

by Katherine Hill

**T**HE Carolina coed is going to war. Shoved into relative obscurity by the more-immediate problem of expanding the Pre-Flight school, temporarily subordinated to the outcome of the 18-19-year-old draft legislation, the question of the coed's status in Carolina's war college, her ultimate fate in the university's new educational system is at last coming into the limelight.

The accelerating tempo of the war has brought an unprecedented challenge to every woman in every college and university in the country, and women students here, as their sister students elsewhere, are demanding answers to their questions, "What is going to happen to us? Will we be allowed to remain at Carolina? Where will we go next year—or next quarter even?"

The actual truth of the matter is—nobody knows.

Rumors as to what the future holds for the coed have flown from Graham Memorial to Woollen gym, back across by the naval area and up through the quadrangle. The most famous of these came from a small campus group which divulged the confidential information that all coeds were to be packed in the proverbial lock, stock and barrel manner and sped to the fair city of Greensboro where they would be allowed to pursue their various studies beneath the quiet and pensive oaks on ye olde Woman's College campus. Upon receipt of this choice bit of news the irate populace of Alderman, McKeever and Archer House promptly made frantic plans for revolution should execution of such a threat be attempted.

Next rumor on the hit parade, eventually squelched by the inhabitants of Ke-

**The authoress shown acting as platoon commander proves coeds take war seriously and do something about it. It's not all knitting and bridge table talk. The place of women in the war is as rugged as that of men. (Photo by Bishopric)**



nan, Spencer and the sorority houses, had it that coeds would be kicked off the campus, bounced out of town, chased beyond the county limits, and there left to shift for themselves, preferably in the direction of an East Carolina tobacco patch or a New England airplane factory.

From the office of the dean of the War College comes the only official word on the subject of coeds and their place in the future of the university. The statement issued by Dean Bradshaw is brief almost to the point of disappearance. "We know nothing definite. Your officials are in constant touch with the proper authorities and as soon as we learn anything at all conclusive we will immediately pass it on to the student body. The main problem facing us at this time is where we can house eight hundred women when the Pre-Flight

school takes over their dormitories." He did not say *if* the Pre-Flight school takes over the dormitories.

In the meantime, the war goes on. What are the coeds, as an integral part of the student body, going to do?

In the first place, at the end of this quarter there must, of necessity, be a complete reconsideration of the academic program for women. In order to remain as students at Carolina, women will have to adapt their scholastic schedules to meet the demands of the speeded up war program. In place of excessive liberal art courses must come classes in mathematics, sciences, foreign languages, and social services. Training in fields branded as temporarily unnecessary will be slashed to a minimum; concentration will be on the nation's needs in health fields, in diplomatic services and special investigations, in scientific





research, in business and industry and in trained personnel for schools and colleges.

The increasing urgency for preparing women for what lies immediately ahead cannot be stressed too emphatically. Dr. Edward C. Elliott, Chief of the Division of Technical and Professional Personnel of the War Manpower Commission, recently stated, "All women college students are under obligation to participate directly either in very necessary community service, in war production or in service with the armed forces."

By no means does this indicate that sight is being lost of the values of education, especially of the college education; it is held at a premium. There is no retraction of nor lessening of emphasis on the statement that the reservoir of educated leadership must be

maintained. For those upon whose shoulders will fall the tremendous responsibility of solving the peace there must be a thorough understanding of the social, economic, political and intellectual forces which characterize this war period.

But before peace comes the war.

Coeds in our university are going to be forced to make extremely important and difficult decisions. To make the best of her abilities the coed must decide between the urgency of the immediate war needs and the desirability for further professional training to aid her at a somewhat later date.

To a much greater degree than for men the University of North Carolina still tends to retain the "education as usual" attitude for women students. The larger percentage of coeds here are continuing to major in the arts and hu-

manities. True, these are vital in the total cultural pattern but *only* if the war is won. At winter quarter registration coeds will be urged to take courses not because they want them but because such subjects are training for the war effort.

Although the draft does not as yet  
(See THE COED, page 26)

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**A swift resume of the coed situation points to action and industry for the female members of the body politic—drills, study, morale. What is the coed's job?**

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## by H. C. Cranford

THE PURPLE shades of evening were fast settling about the tree-tops as my trusty St. Bernard plodded into the spacious grounds that surround grim and ghostly Gimghoul Castle.

We were still several yards from the structure when I was attracted by a piercing cry overhead. Looking up I beheld a red-eyed raven seated on the topmost branch of a eucalyptus tree. He was chewing tobacco, the juice of which ran down his bony chin in twin rivulets.

"I wouldn't go in there if I were you," he shouted down. And he laughed a hideous laugh.

"Why not?" I yelled back.

The black bird pointed a frazzled wing at the base of the tree. Two limp forms lay on the ground. "Fuller Brush men," the raven explained. "Get the idea? It ain't healthy to go in there."

"Thanks for the warning," I replied, "but I'm not a salesman. I think I'll take a chance. And I dug my spurs into the side of my St. Bernard and bounded up the path to the castle entrance.

Dismounting the animal, I picked my way through a maze of tin cans and broken beer bottles to the massive front door. And as my system was devoid of the stimulus of alcohol, you can imagine my surprise when, on reaching for the brass knocker, I found not a knocker at all, but a livid face, replete with wrinkles, puffing a fat stogie.

"Stop," said the face, and its nose flashed a brilliant red. "Give the pass word or go away."

"But," I hastened to explain, "I don't know the pass word. You see I represent the Carolina Magazine." And I displayed my press card as a matter of proof.

This evidently struck the face in the knocker as being very humorous as it responded with a burst of liquid laughter. "G'wan, scram," it hissed, lifting a flask of metal polish and draining heavily of the contents.

Decidedly disturbed by the conduct of the apparition, I retreated a short distance, ignited a package of dynamite sticks, and hurled the fiery parcel in the direction of the door. The effort was checked, however, when the face spat a strong swig of stogie juice at the flaming fuse, extinguishing the spark with a dull fizzle.

I next hurled my body against the threshold, exerting my physical force to the fullest. But the push was futile. As a follow-up, I called the face a bad name. But it was no use. The door stood firm as ever.

So I took out my skeleton key, unlocked the door, and stumbled into the inky interior of the castle.



Once inside I adjusted my safety belt and moved cautiously along the wall's edge to the end of the long and silent passage. A second iron door, equally as imposing as the first, stood at the end of the corridor. Over the door a red light glowed.

I was about to bring my skeleton key into play when a heavy hand fell on my shoulder. Wheeling around I saw before me a dark figure of extraordinary proportions. He was a good eight feet tall and was bedecked in pre-Norman battle togs. His commanding appearance was accentuated by a pair of gleaming black eyes.

Stunned, shocked, startled, and surprised, I issued a short shriek, followed by an extended wail. I then fell on my knees to plead for my life. But the massive individual lifted his ham-like hand, smiled slowly and spoke.

"Up, bucko," he said. "If you are friendly, I will cause you no hurts."

The dark stranger then took a silver case, extracted a choice cheroot, clamped it carefully between his teeth, and set the outward end ablaze by touching it to an acetylene torch which chanced to be at hand.

"My name," he drawled, "is Sir Boris Octavius Pffft, of the Piping-Hot Pfffts. . . ."

"Stella," he sighed, "doesn't live here anymore."

The giant then opened his mouth, removed the stogie, and proceeded to release a chain of well-designed smoke rings, each of which floated gracefully into the air and smashed all to hell against the ceiling.

"My name," he drawled, "is Sir Boris Octavius Pffft." And he puffed madly on the cheroot, his black eyes twinkling in unison.

"Not THE Sir Boris Octavius Pffft?" I exclaimed, leaping through one of the larger smoke rings.

"The same," he replied, dusting the ashes from his cheroot.

"Of the Piping-Hot Pfffts?" I shouted, somersaulting through a round of applause which I had unknowingly issued in the excitement.

"Indeed," he answered, tilting his stogie at 90-degree angle and stifling a slow yawn.

The announcement was electrifying.



**Sir Boris, plaster giant who stands eternal Vigilance at Gimghoul castle, has seen much of life. Reaching deep into his experience, Sir Boris pauses to chat with your reporter.**

The sound of it echoed in my ears like thunder, penetrating into the farthest reaches of my anatomy. Chills of genuine excitement flowed swiftly and madly through my system. I could not believe what I had heard.

"But, sir," I managed to say at last, "you've been missing for centuries. I distinctly recall reading in my history text where you vanished in 1637, never to return again."

The dark knight nodded. He then took a key from the week-end bag who stood by smiling and opened the door. "Come with me," he said, and moved into the great room beyond.

I immediately recognized the interior as the famous Great Hall of the Order of Gimghoul. It was richly furnished and a huge log fire blazed invitingly at one end. Except for the fact that the roof was full of holes, everything seemed to be in order. I pointed out the holes to the knight, who gazed up with sad countenance.

"Yes," he said, "we all seem to be living under a strain these days."

Only one person was seated in the room. He was a short, stooped individual in a suit of armor who squatted on the floor in front of the fire, toasting marshmallows. He rose as we entered and clanked across the room to meet us.

"Joe," said Sir Boris, "this is a friend. He is not associated with the Chapel Hill Gestapo, so you can put down that meat cleaver."

The little man lifted a metal visor which covered his face, ran a bloodshot and critical eye the length of my body, and grunted. Then he turned and clanked back across the room to resume his marshmallow toasting.

"Won't you sit down," Sir Boris invited, waving his arm in the direction of a couch which stood near the broad hearth.

I mumbled an expression of thanks and seated myself on the divan. Sir Boris slumped heavily into a great armchair which stood diametrically opposite the couch. The character referred to as Joe still squatted in front of the fire.

Sir Boris listened quietly as I explained my position and my reason for being in the castle. Then he crossed his muscle-coated legs, tapped his pipe on the arm of his chair, and looked me square in the eye. "Do you know any-

thing good in the fifth race at Belmont Saturday?" he asked.

"No, sir," I replied. "But Lucky Strike Green Has Gone to War!"

A glint developed in the knight's black eyes. He stood up and motioned to Joe who grabbed his jug and left the room with great dispatch. "Business matter," he explained.

"Tell me, Sir Boris," I said, "is it true that you were once auditioned as a possible Quiz Kid?"

"Why, yes," replied the giant, his chest heaving with obvious pride.

"Then why weren't you accepted. Why did they turn you down?"

"Bad tonsils," he replied.

"Why didn't you have them removed?" I asked.

"I couldn't," replied the knight. "They were registered in my wife's name."

"What caused you to be here in Gimghoul Castle, sir? What's the story?"

The big knight's features steeled and his black eyes revolved nervously in their sockets. "I came here to talk for Joe," he said at last.

"This Joe person," I put in. "Who is he, Sir Boris? Why do you bother yourself with him. What do you mean when you say that you are here to talk for him?"

"Joe," said Sir Boris, "is my oldest and dearest friend. We went to grade school together. When he was 16, he moved to Carrboro. Gambling, drinking and coeds came into his life, and with the usual baleful effects. Then one day he shot off his mouth in public. Ever since then I have had to do his talking for him. Tragic, isn't it?"

At this point the conversation was interrupted by a knock on the door. Sir Boris rose to his feet. "Pardon me,"

he said and ambled to the door. A few minutes later he returned and took his seat again.

My reporter's curiosity got the best of me. "Who was it, sir?" I asked.

"Errol Flynn," the knight answered. "But he's gone now. I told him that Stella had moved."

"By the way, sir, where is Stella now?"

The knight's black eyes flashed. "It's a dirty damn shame," he roared.

"And the drafting of 18 and 19 year olds. What is your opinion of this new legislation?"

The knight's black eyes flashed. "It's a dirty damn shame," he roared.

"And the war. What do you think of the war, sir?"

The knight's black eyes flashed. "It's a dirty damn shame," he roared.

"What do you think, sir, of a coed who necks in public?"

The knight's black eyes flashed, and flashed, and flashed, and flashed.

Here the interview was interrupted again, this time by a deafening roar. The floor suddenly opened and a geyser of distilled corn shot out of the wound, followed by a long procession of fruit jars, yeast cakes, pieces of copper tubing, and similar matter.

"It's the still!" Sir Boris shouted. "It's blown up. The presence of an abundance of steam pressure in the distillation system is responsible for this. I told Joe to go down and check on it. I guess he didn't understand. Ever since he spilled vinegar in his ear, he has suffered from pickled hearing."

With that remark, he terminated the interview and I departed. As I left I took a last glance at this castle of horrors.

The sight I saw was a magnificent one. For as I turned my head the sound of a second explosion did rent the air, and Gimghoul's walls crumbled slowly to the ground. Poor Sir Boris and Joe, I thought, sobbing softly.

The red-eyed raven soared out of the eucalyptus tree, circled the remains of the castle, and said: "Helluva mess, ain't it." •

# Boris Tells All

## A News Epic





## The College Senior

by Jack Kurtz

THE AVERAGE college senior has come a long way since his freshman year. He's grown several inches and gained at least ten or twenty pounds. His clothes are a bit more conservative and he doesn't speak as loudly as he used to. He appears more mature, more sober, more capable of accepting responsibility.

During his four years in college he has seen and learned much. Many of the required courses which he found boring and useless during his freshman year he has since utilized and found very necessary. He has discarded a great many ideas, especially about himself. His desire to be a professional boxer was quickly forgotten, and he found a field that interested him to major in.

But his life was fairly much the same until the war. Then he was jolted out of his complacency. Of course, he was confused, and didn't quite know what to do. He realized the courses he was taking weren't very necessary as far as the war was concerned, and he tried to find a few courses that might help him in the army. Neither the school nor the Army nor the Administration helped him very much with this, and he was forced to choose for himself what might be helpful. At first he thought the draft might take him out of school, but they gave him a deferment to graduate. This worried him a little too, because he couldn't quite see why he should be deferred since his courses were non-essential. But he took a few more courses in order to graduate a little ahead of schedule. He felt rather proud of that.

In the last few months he's done more serious thinking than at any other time of his life. That "crip" sociology course he took his sophomore year gave him a lot of ideas about social conditions, and he wants to see some of them put into effect—he believes they're good, and he can argue logically for them. That "dull" economics course he took left him with a fairly good picture of what capitalism really means, and he feels certain that the system could be changed with good results. He has some notion of human nature from a psychology course he took, and he knows that man is a pliable creature, pliable enough to be convinced that wars are not necessary. Yes, he's done a lot of thinking, and he's decided that this is a good time to change all the things that need changing; that now is the time to put into practice all the little things he's picked up in four years of college. It'll take time, of course. First, he's got to win the war. But after that—well, he's got a lot of good ideas about after the war.

You'll find him a pretty interesting fellow, and rather nice. He's not dogmatic, but he doesn't change his mind often. And you'd better get to know him—he's a very important person. He may not be the next president, but he'll be most of our Congress. He'll be pretty important at the peace conference too. You'll recognize him—the guy with a lot of new ideas about how the world should be run. And it would pay you to find out what these new ideas of his are, because he's very likely to put them across. But that's all right, because you'd probably like his ideas; and he got most of them at college, too.



Mag Editors Meyer and Carruth tie up the issue with an over-all look at what the war has done to Carolina. There's been a big change going on here—from easy living and soft minds to bitter realities and the grimness of a fight for survival.

BEFORE war came, Carolina had been a place of ease. It's philosophy was one of ease: let everybody think what they want and say what they want and I'll go down to Harry's for a beer. Chapel Hill's favorite activity was sitting, once in a while a little thinking, a lot of talking, and a fair sprinkling of big week-ends.

But with the war came marching feet and marching minds. The un-timed scuffle of aged saddle-shoes gave way to the shouted cadence of rhythmic feet as the CVTC went to war, and the pounding swelled to thunder when the Navy moved in with 2,000 embryonic war birds and ground the grass to dust on the intra-mural field.

And so while Carolina got batted back and forth in Washington and deans made hurried, harried trips to confer with big-shot militarists, the bewildered student was forgotten. He looked blankly on while the University whirled in dizzy change before his eyes. Nobody asked him anything. They just told him now and then that everything would be allright in the end.

And then, just a little while after the war caught up with the University, it caught up with the students. Great gaps appeared where the selective service lads gave out with a beck and call. Some got worried and started enlisting in a dozen confusing reserve programs that were offered.

War College came from nowhere and made big type on DTH front pages, but not even Dean Bradshaw gave anybody a very exact idea of what-in-hell-the-war-college-is-going-to-do-anyway.

A wave of demoralization swept the campus, lock, stock, and students. Freshmen say, "What's the use. The University isn't any good anymore anyway. Let's enlist and get into things." Upper-classmen watch cherished traditions crumble at their finger tips, and they feel discouraged, disillusioned, and they tear off to the nearest recruiting station to get in active duty.

Unfortunately this demoralization has resulted in actions that are detrimental to the general plan. The government has repeatedly expressed the wish that college students remain in college as long as possible, and while there, em-

# The Story of the Change

by the Weary Wisher

phasize courses and training that will assist them when their time for service comes. The reserve program has been established so that students may remain in school, building themselves into material suitable for commissions. The armed forces can't work without officers, and they are counting on college students for a large part of their officer material. No student who remains in college is violating his integrity as a patriot—so long as he continues to do his work conscientiously.

That is part, and a vital part, of Carolina's basic philosophical change. The philosophy of ease has given way to the philosophy of active struggle. Whereas before the student might or might not work and, if he did, he worked only for himself, now all students must work and work hard. It is their duty, not to themselves, but to the great common effort that they must enter, along with the soldier, the businessman, the housewife, the factory worker.

We cannot cling to the philosophy of ease. For the philosophy of ease is not the philosophy of men and women fighting for survival.

Most evident in this change, perhaps, is the role of student government. BMOS's can no longer toy with petty campus problems, because the problems that are now facing the campus are those brought on by the cataclysmic forces at work in the nation and the

world. Rooming, eating, decentralization, manpower, curricula. All these problems that today face students completely out-moded the minor questions of publications, fraternities, etc., that were the pet boiling pots of student government men last year and the years before. It's a headache today, a real tough problem. The student leaders today are more than politicians because they have to be. They have to be hard-working men with an idealistic view of student government. A lot of the politicians got yellow when they saw the hard work piling up, and they quit. That's why Bert Bennett finds himself so badly understaffed. That's why the few who do work are infirmly bound. They have to work too hard.

Publications are in the same boat. *Tar Heel* editors are publishing the most important paper in twenty years with a staff less than half the regular size. Money is short. The mag, the DTH, the Yackey-Yack are being clipped like long hair on a draftee. Smaller mags, a smaller annual, possibly a smaller *Tar Heel* are in the offing; and some of the publications may go altogether.

It's all part of the same philosophy. The philosophy of ease has changed to one of hard work, plus one of sacrifice. Big bands, pretty publications, student entertainment all go the way of gaso-

(See THE CHANGE, page 26)



DICK PHILLIPS  
and  
Jeff Hill

*Spirits of '76*



# HILL REVIEW

## THE PEOPLE

Bleak was the outlook for collegiana this week as the Man With The Whiskers prepared to scoop-up an army of 18 and 19-year-olds, clip unneeded non-military courses from college curriculum, train officers for tomorrow's battles.

To the men and women of this village, war had meant less sugar in the campus coffee pot, less gasoline in the Carolina convertible. It had meant dancing to local bands, cutting class budgets. It had meant that enrollment would drop, officials would search for funds. It had meant that 1875 future Navyaitors would take over quads, facilities, then widen the boundaries of The Hill. It had meant watching brothers, friends, sweethearts being called, trained, shipped.

And now it meant that University students would stop watching, would do. It meant that men would serve here, or get into the armed forces immediately. It meant that last year's untouchables were reached, could not squirm loose, would have to react. It meant that colleges could no longer be damned for hiding students, that academic deferments would be buried at the hasty funeral of educational tradition.

But all sensed that man's filthiest, most despicable job was only months ahead, that the first problem is to dispose of the enemy, that tomorrow will be solved when A. Hitler returns more humbly to Compeigne.

## INTERCOLLEGIATE

The Battle of Chemistry was waged last month between Venable hall and State College's department.

When Rameses returned from the ramnapping previous to the State-UNC grid tussle, University Club guardians found him the victim of college color—blue and red. Fore and aft the Tar Heel mascot was of opposite complexion, the goat of The Agriculturists' homemade joke.

State chemists had used near-indelible dyes, had given Carolina back a ram of two different colors.

Chapel Hill professors, lead by ingenious Dr. Bost, took over the job hesitantly, then, stumped by its difficulty, accepted it as a personal challenge.

They washed.

They scrubbed.

They tried removers.

They developed solutions.

They recommended a hair-cut for the

now-mystified ram. Cold months ahead without even a clashing blanket would be too much for the animal, so the fight still goes on with State leading by a helluvalota wool.

## THE ADMINISTRATION

### Oh, Happy Day

Administrators, frequently inclined to look where the sun shines brightest, glanced momentarily toward the future, saw a billion dollar plant fertilized by million dollar publicity, saw new buildings, new roads, new equipment, new facilities.

Tradition, men and fortitude built this sprawling village from obscurity to high rank among American universities; but always, since Davie tethered his horse to a sapling poplar, administrators have scraped for legislative pennies, paid salaries with atmosphere and freedom.

### The Sweet Li'l Strong Man

Temporarily lost to education is Frank Graham.

In WLB conferences, liberal Dr. Frank has assumed a heavy load for his five feet-four frame.

In mediation wrangling it has been the Chapel Hill educator who did the patching, kept a clear perspective, was

dubbed "the sweetest li'l son-of-a-gun" at work.

But problems of labor have kept him inadvertently absent from educational meetings going on each day in the nation's capital, kept his drive, his resourcefulness, his strength, his liberality from the minutes of these conclaves.

## THE PRESS

### Get Outa Here and Get Me Some Money

To the PU board a few weeks ago came Daily Tar Heel Editor Vernon J. (Bucky) Harward. Four weeks before, the campus daily's chief had asked a stay-of-sentence on his publication, promised an attempt at legislative aid for the deficit-ridden journal.

The board, anxious to keep the campus informed during the transitional period, saw things Harward's way, were willing to go along with him. On his second visit they were sympathetic, interested, deaf to another advancement. Either the legislature would have to come through, or the DTH would have to switch to 10 ptype.

The legislators were besieged by dollar-desirous Phi, Di, CPU, IRC. Their \$160, all of which the daily needed, was labeled for other uses. And so, as change has come to every other campus organization, it came to the Daily Tar Heel.



Registration day has always been a time of much waiting, of watching courses closed out, of lines and changes and hundreds of students eager for a new quarter. This rather ancient photo of a milling registration throng seems to take on ironic significance in the present day of slashed enrollments and brief registrations.



# Sunrise

by Gloria Tinfow

CLEAR as a lithograph, the plain lay—each detail sharply defined by a moon whose ethereal whiteness sifted the night air. Yet one thing was strange—in the middle of the plain's unbroken surface there rose a mist. Walking slowly toward the haze was the figure of a man. As he reached the middle of the plain, the mist cleared—and there stood a great tree whose branches carressed the earth. He sat beneath the tree—quietly resting—his eyes cast earthward. He looked up, and saw coming near two figures in resplendent garb—a man and a woman. The man was tall and brave to the eye—glorious to behold. The woman glittered with jewels—her queenly head was high and proud. The man released his sword from its sheath at his side—and waved it high above his head in a gesture of triumph. When he spoke his voice was strong and clear—"Nothing do I fear—not man, nor beast, nor death. The world is mine because I make it mine."

The figure under the tree shook himself, and looked about, but he saw nothing—just unbroken plain. His eyes were bright—his features smiling, and he rested.

Time drew on, and the moon lay on the rim of the plain. Out of

the blackness came two creatures. Their faces were young, but their clothes hung in tatters—their bodies were bowed. A man and a woman—hand in hand they stood—and when they looked up their eyes were dark and sad.

The man in rags smiled slowly and gazed into the face of the moon. When he spoke his voice was clear—"I have lived and I have seen. There was much to learn. I dreamed once—and my dream came true. I fought—and I was victorious. My name rang out wherever men met—my riches were unsurpassed. But the flavor of fame turned bitter in my mouth. Dust covered my name—and I found nothing enduring but faith and love." Silence hung like a canopy over the group. Then the man and woman went side by side into the light of the moon.

The man under the tree shook himself, and looked about, but he saw nothing—just unbroken plain, and the moon resting on the edge. He arose and walked deliberately away from the moon. His eyes were wet with tears—but his lips smiled.

As he reached the edge of the plain, the moon slipped abruptly below the horizon—and the man looked into the dawn. •

## To Rowie of the Snow

a violin with human voice  
has sung mysteriously in my room,  
as if some unknown fiddler's choice  
has been to mock my gloom.

the silence, like a cloak of fog,  
dotted by my ticking clock,  
had made me heavy—waterlog—  
the voice—oh, yes, it came to mock.

the spider works her belgian lace,  
spinning, weaving, day and night  
on books, in corners, everywhere,  
she works and wastes no time with fright.

why do the dreary minutes pass  
as if they weren't made for me?  
why do i turn my hour-glass  
as if the end should never be?

the violin has sung before,  
but it was singing gaily then  
behind a hammered-silver door  
that i had drawn with trembling pen.

and little rays of streaming sound  
seeped through the narrow keyhole-crack  
and veiled my chamber, border-bound,  
in pastel shades of light and black.

—Kai Heiberg-Jergensen

## Undertone

For you the snow will soon  
be tying itself around the trees,  
a white and shiny tune,  
as though it jumped straight out  
of the mouth of the moon,

milk spilt from the pail  
the cow kicked over with its  
nasty tail; cow leapt too soon—  
the cow that jumped over  
the moon, frightened by the man  
inside it, really a fat balloon.

So when snow comes, you send  
us some, away from home  
and hungry, dipt up in  
your word's little black spoons.

—T. Weiss

## Next Page

### Wartime Sports Resume





# Sport for Profit in '43?

by Arthur Shain

**H**AVE we seen our last big football game for the duration? "Yes," if you mean big inter-sectional battles between super-colleges and universities; but "no" if you mean good, rugged football between evenly-matched rivals.

The man in the driver's seat of Carolina's athletic machine, Coach Bob Fetzner, believes that the elimination of inter-sectional games merely means that competition will be on a less extensive scale. Neighboring institutions, however, will continue to meet in athletic contests and intercollegiate athletics will tend to return to their original purpose—"an opportunity to give every boy in the University a chance to participate in some form of body building athletics." Big names, millions of dollars worth of publicity, and football specials are out! In their place will come wholesome rivalries and hard-fought battles for the duration.

Carolina has fielded ten varsity teams in past years; football, basketball, baseball, track, cross-country, swimming, boxing, wrestling, golf, and tennis. Freshmen have had a like number of teams. Fencing and lacrosse were good bets for recognition when the war broke out. Undoubtedly the number of teams participating in our athletic program will be cut down. As Coach Bob reminds us, "it depends on the circumstances which would affect the discretion of the Army and Navy. Most of Carolina's athletes are in reserves or subject to call by the armed forces." However, the body-building values of intercollegiate sports cannot be side-stepped. The Army, Navy, and Marines realize the importance of this aspect of the work, and they can be depended upon to continue athletics as long as they do not interfere with our war effort.

Competition develops clear thinking, initiative and guts—officer qualities. The stress of athletic action demands rugged bodies, good shape, and stamina—necessities of a fighting man. We will have intercollegiate athletics with us just as long as the values derived from them outweigh the drag of keeping men in colleges who could be on the fighting fronts.

When the War College comes to Chapel Hill in February it will bring with it an increased program of physical fitness and athletics. The path blazed by our own Pre-flight unit and other service programs will be followed. Required physical education for all students seems a certainty. The main aim

of the college will be to fit young men for later service in the armed forces. What better training is there than a toughening-up process which will make those enrolled ready to take on their weight in Nazis or Japs?

But what measures are being used to take up the slack caused in our de-emphasis on big-name football? That's easy. Near-home schedules and an extended intramural program. It will be interesting to watch the effect on our impending basketball season. Facing a schedule that was drawn up in pre-war days, the measures taken to remedy this schedule will be the first fruits of the new program. Coach Bob, and his staff, are already busy working out new matches and revised schedules. In a few weeks we will see the results of the work.

Already operating a huge intra-mural

Carolina athletics are going out of the big time. Jammed stands and far away jaunts are a thing of the past for the big white team. But the outlook isn't so bleak. There will still be plenty of pepper in college sports.

program fostered by Herman Schnell, Carolina's students will be given a chance to play on an even larger scale. Under the leadership of Walter Rabb, disciple of Schnell, the program increases in scope every day. It bids fair to accomplish its goal of "athletics for all."

Near-home emphasis, increased participation, and an extended intra-mural program is the remedy offered by our Physical Education department for dying intercollegiate athletics. Fetzner, Rabb, Lange, Jamerson, and Tatum think it will work. If it does, as it seems certain to, Carolina will show the way to other schools suffering from the same disease. •

## Ballad of the Three Kings

by Nancy Smith

Oh three great kings there were of eastern lands  
Who saw a blazing star in the holy sky,  
Heard sweet sounds and songs of angel bands;  
They followed a star and song to Bethlehem  
*With a rin tin tarney and a clash of cymbals.*

Oh three rare gifts brought the princes in purple gowns.  
One was wealth, and one was power and one alone  
Was a thing that didn't belong to kingly crowns  
That bent to pray for Him whose star they trailed  
*With a rin tin tarney and a clash of cymbals.*

The three great kings they reached a place all holy  
Where oxen ringed a new-born Baby's crib.  
One great king he laid his wealth in the lowly  
Manger, and the second his powerful sceptre gave  
*With a rin tin tarney and a clash of cymbals.*

The Christ-child cried at the costly gifts they bore,  
But He smiled, and the songs of joy-robed angels swelled  
When the last great king he knelt and swore  
Allegiance to Him whose joyous song they trailed  
*With a rin tin tarney and a clash of cymbals.*

And thus it was that innocence came to reign  
The earth when three humbled kings did worship Him;  
Down they knelt to hear a Christmas refrain,  
And back they brought that song to pagan lands  
*With a rin tin tarney and a clash of cymbals.*



## MR. HARREL

(Continued from page 10)

trouble for—.” He was interrupted, and he listened for a moment. “You don’t think I should come? Very well, dear, if you say so. What time will Mr. Harrel leave?” He waited. “Well, approximately. Seven . . . eight . . . nine . . . ? The answer was rather lengthy. Mr. Harrington finally spoke. “But I’m not pestering you, Mildred. I just wanted—. Very well, I’ll hang up. Goodbye, dear. I love you.” But the other end had clicked off before the farewell was finished.

Mr. Harrington came back to the bar and ordered double brandies for both of them. He brushed aside Mr. Beamus’ mild protestations. “A man needs something substantial these days. Trying days for everybody. Even Mildred—that’s my wife—is feeling it. Never thought she’d know a minute’s worry. Never wanted her too, either. That’s why I married her. But she’s upset now. Awfully upset. The man she’s currently in love with is leaving to join the navy or army or something. Never got it quite straight. Torn her all to pieces. She can’t stand that sort of thing. I remember a Mr. MacDougal. Never saw the chap but once. Seemed very nice. Played devilish good golf. He had to leave suddenly for South America on some business trip or other. Mildred was in bed for a week. Had to call the doctor. Trying time for all. Trying time. She’s a delicate little thing. Can’t take severe shocks.

“Doesn’t your wife love you?” Mr. Beamus asked, startled, half-afraid that his prying would be resented, but suddenly tempted by a bewildered curiosity.

Mr. Harrington seemed surprised at this unexpected stupidity in his new friend. His eyebrows rose slowly. “Of course not! Mildred hasn’t loved me since—let me see. The crash was in ’29, wasn’t it? Then Lindbergh flew to Paris—no, that was in ’27. Roosevelt came in in ’33, didn’t he? Or was it ’34? Anyway, Mildred and I settled the matter in ’31. Or was it ’32? Oh, well, it really doesn’t matter. The date, I mean.”

“Do you love your wife?”

“Of course.”

Mr. Beamus was experiencing difficulty following through but he tried his best. “Do you live together?”

“Well, yes. Well, not exactly together. If you know what I mean. Mildred liked the house. She didn’t want to leave it. I didn’t either. If it had been hers I would have moved on out. But since it was mine—.” He sipped the brandy thoughtfully. “Mildred decided one day she didn’t love me any longer. In spite of her delicate nature she has very strong views. We settled it all very amicably. Let’s see, it must be over ten

years now, isn’t it? Time travels very rapidly whether it’s pleasant or bad.” He repeated the words slowly to himself and then went on. “Neither one of us wanted a divorce. Horrible thing—divorce. So many of our friends get them, but they don’t seem to be happy. One woman I know has four, but after a while they don’t mean anymore than pulling out teeth. Especially the new painless way they have now. Pulling out teeth, I mean. Divorces too, for that matter, are very convenient. Like buying a new golf club. But it takes three or four to toughen you to it. I didn’t think I had the stamina. And I loved Mildred—still do. I’ll never meet another girl quite like her.”

Mr. Beamus agreed that she was unique.

Mr. Harrington’s eye roved around the room as he tilted the glass to his mouth. “Do you ever play the pinball machines?” he asked Mr. Beamus, setting the empty glass on the bar. “Fascinating game. Fascinating.” He propelled his new friend towards the corner where two brightly painted machines stood. “There’s something about the complete impersonality of the little balls that grips me.” He laughed. “Mildred says this is the only thing I’m good for. By the way, have you signed up for anything?—air raid warden or something? Mildred said something about it. Said it would give me something to do to keep from hanging around her all the time. I’ve thought something about it, but never exactly found the time to apply. You know how it is.” Mr. Harrington’s tone implied that he knew Mr. Beamus knew how it was. “You start out to do something. All determined and so forth. And then a dozen things pop up.”

Mr. Beamus nodded as if a dozen things popped up in his life whenever he decided to try something dull but new and necessary.

“Well, anyway, here’s the game,” Mr. Harrington said brightly. “Not much to it, of course, but an excellent past time. Excellent.” He laid his white fingers lovingly on the glass top and then deposited a nickel in the slot. Four steel balls jumped up from another slot and rolled into place beside the plunger. The round plastic obstacles scattered over the board lit up in bright colors of red, white, and blue. Mr. Harrington smiled. “Pretty little things, aren’t they? Watch the headboard up there. When I hit one of those little plastic knobs, a number flashes on. There’s really an art in getting a high score. Believe me. There are all sorts of systems, but it all really depends on touch—either light or heavy. Watch me.” He pulled the plunger out slowly and then let it spring back. The ball whirled up the incline, through the safety flap, around the arched top, and

then down to the hole at the bottom. Mr. Harrington watched its trip eagerly. The ball hit two top knobs—one 500, the other 750—after bouncing against one three times, skirted the big one that gave 5,000, and then rolled into the hole. The board flashed the score.

Mr. Beamus, looking on, tried to appear impressed.

But Mr. Harrington sighed. “Not so good that time. The pressure wasn’t quite right. I think I know what’s wrong. I’ll try just a bit more spring. I’ve got three more balls left. Ought to make at least 3,000.”

As Mr. Harrington was inserting his sixth nickel, he stopped. “Say, I ought to call Mildred again. Mr. Harrel might have left. You play on the machine a while. I’ll be right back. Excuse me.”

He hurried over to the phone and made the connection to Scarsdale. “Is that you, Christine?” he asked presently into the mouthpiece. “Have Mrs. Harrington come to the phone please. . . . She’s busy? Well, tell her I only want a minute.” There was another long wait. “Hello, Mildred? This is Franklin. I thought I’d—What?”

Mr. Beamus could hear noises in the ear-piece.

“But, darling,” Mr. Harrington finally interrupted. “I just thought I’d—. If it’s all right I thought I’d drop up just to say goodnight. It won’t take long. I can take an express at Grand Central—or even a taxi if you want. . . . What? . . . Yes . . . Yes . . . I hear you. . . . Very well.” His voice was slow and seemed to be waiting for something. “All right. I love you, Mildred. Goodbye. Oh, tell Mr. Harrel goodbye for me.” But the phone had again clicked in his ear before he finished. He walked over to the pinball machine. There was a slight frown on his face and a tired look in his eyes as he fumbled for more nickels.

“Mr. Harrel hasn’t left yet,” he said. “Guess he feels this will be the last time he’ll be around. Poor chap. Doesn’t know what he’s getting into. Well, did you try the game?”

“Doesn’t this sort of thing cost a lot of money?” Mr. Beamus asked.

“Oh, well, you have to spend it some way. Now, watch the way I pull the trigger back.” The ball spun on its way. Mr. Harrington leaned against the case, trying to push, by will, the ball against the center knob. Again it slipped around it. He sighed. “Sometimes nothing will help you.”

He played ten more nickels, watching the ball absorbedly all the time, and then he looked up suddenly. “I guess I better call Mildred again. She might have changed her mind. It’s best to keep in touch with her in case she does. Excuse me. I’ll be right back.” •



## THE CHANGE

(Continued from page 21)

line and rubber tires. They are the things that we have to sacrifice in our new philosophy.

Mistakes have been made, of course. Mistakes are always made when something big is undertaken in a hurry. One of the mistakes is the attitude that some militarists take toward colleges and college men. They say: "The hell with the colleges. History and English aren't any good when it comes to winning a war. Close 'em all down or else use them for training centers."

They're wrong, of course. They're wrong because of their job. They have been given the task of winning the war, and they direct all their energies, all their thoughts to that end. But there's a lot of other things that have to be done. The biggest job of the war will be the peace and the reconstruction of a dozen shattered societies. You can't feed the starving city of Athens with trigonometry and radio mechanics. You can't decide what might be the best thing to do with Indo-China by looking through a bomb sight. These problems have to be decided by an intelligent people who have learned something about English and history and economics. You can't have a nation of robots after the war, robots that know the mechanics of fighting, but don't know the much more exacting science of living.

Universities, and especially those universities that emphasize the arts and humanities, must be preserved intact. They are the things we are fighting for. They are the apex of the culture and civilization that we mean when we say Freedom and Democracy. We are destroying at home the very things we are fighting for overseas.

We need universities—all of them we can get. Nobody knows what changes may come from this war. Perhaps we will have socialized education after the war; perhaps colleges will be run like high schools. But more than anything we need universities. Students and faculties should fight to see that they are maintained intact during the war.

The philosophy of ease is gone. The philosophy of hard work and sacrifice is here. It may seem unfortunate, and perhaps it is. We of the youth must become older. We can no longer look upon the things about us as carefree young people with a philosophy of ease. We have to turn more mature over night, take stock of ourselves, realize with a shock that we are men, tough and hard, that we must fight with cold steel in our hearts every single minute of the day. Here or in an Army camp, we must fight. Our duty is clear. We must stay

in school until the government calls for us, and our duties in school must be no less exacting than the training routine of the fighting men.

We have no choice in accepting this philosophy. We either live by such dictates or we perish as a university without them. The Carolina student must make up his mind that the old days are gone. He must take his education without the frills. He has no alternative.

He must drum into his mind and heart the principles of the peace to come. He must see that college, liberal colleges, exist after he is gone. Insurance for that lies in his present conduct. Almost up to him alone, is the responsibility for seeing that we ourselves do not die in vain. •

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### Mockery

Man weaves a net to snare his happiness  
As if heaven itself would drop her blue  
Into his ever yearning selfishness that  
Knows no end, no piety, no means,  
As if sitting in church insures our holiness.

—Sara Anderson

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## THE COED

(Continued from page 17)

affect them, under present conditions coeds should plan their individual programs to equip them to fill a position at the end of each quarter in case the crisis becomes so acute that the national welfare demands their services or in the event that the housing problem becomes so acute as to cause their departure from the campus.

Specifically, exactly what choices are open to the woman student upon the completion or curtailment of her college career?

For those militaristic females who yearn for the chance to don uniforms and snappy hats the WAACS and the WAVES are literally begging for enlistments. These glamorized secretaries of the Army and the Navy are campaigning to double their numbers by the middle of next year. But unless you are 21 years old and already know a good deal of typing and shorthand these ranks are not for you.

The Committee on College Women Students and the War recognizes that, at the moment, one of the great needs for the services of women is in nursing. This is primarily a woman's profession and the present shortage of nurses constitutes a problem that deserves the attention of every educated woman. The call for these angels of mercy comes from every branch of the armed forces, from the areas of concentration of population for war production, and from requirements for service as a nurse in a

communities that are now so inadequately served that the health of their people is jeopardized. Minimum rebranch of the armed forces—single and under 40 years of age.

This is, likewise, an auspicious time for women to study medicine and here at Carolina is one of the country's finest medical schools. Women doctors are in demand for civilian practice, teaching, and various fields of medical research.

In pharmacy, research problems are tremendous and the calls to the university's employment office for women pharmacists for service in hospitals and pharmacies far outnumber the available trained supply. Psychiatric social workers are in great demand by the Red Cross for work with the Army and the Navy.

In the production plants and factories there is already an unfulfilled demand for college women. Before considering this field college graduates should take individual inventory of their other possible services, some of which may prove distinctive contributions to the war efforts; for example, the national teaching shortages. A woman without a college background can learn to rivet and weld as well as the graduate, but only the latter is able to train the minds of America's youth.

For students with majors already completed or nearing completion in the liberal arts, there are various jobs open. On newspapers women journalists are fast taking over the majority of formerly "only-men-hired" positions. Recreation in or near army, navy and marine bases is still an important field for dramatic art students. Applications and inquiries concerning this type of work should be addressed to the USO headquarters in Washington.

In almost every known field men are being rapidly replaced by women. No college student should encounter difficulty finding a job. Whether it is the job she really wants and was planned for is another matter entirely.

It must never be forgotten that women who have had the advantage of college education should be prepared to furnish effective leadership. In the past much of the training for leadership has come through participation in extracurricular activities. These same activities need now to be brought directly into the war training program. For this reason coeds at Carolina are urged to relate themselves with some of the many student organizations—with the various publications, student planning committees, clubs and so on. Responsibility for planning and executing our student war program is, for the larger part, in student hands.

Women in college are enlisted for the duration. •



# MANPOWER

(Continued from page 14)

fields; 400 four-F students; 500 students below draft age; and 40 students in the Army Enlisted Reserve Corps, whose status has not been officially announced yet.

That compares favorably with this quarter's enrollment of 3300. The manpower will be here, but of a different sort and here for a different purpose.

About 1200 will be under military discipline. Less than 2300 will be taking courses in regular curricula.

But by spring things may be worse. This may happen:

1. Naval reservists be put in uniform, given base pay, started in officer training courses.

2. Women be drafted for war work or given specialized war-industrial courses.

3. Four-F boys given short-term training for office work.

By next summer or fall, then, Carolina might be left with less than 1,000 students to furnish manpower to keep anything like the present liberal curricula going.

The lack of student manpower for a liberal curricula is only one side. The University faculty, another sine qua non, is already hit hard. Since Pearl Harbor, over 100 faculty members have enlisted or been drafted, resigned or been given leave. To date 65 have been replaced. January will bring even larger losses, and replacements are increasingly difficult to get.

Heaviest drain has been on young or early middle-aged professors who are in science or General College courses, for which student demand is greatest. Graduate enrollment has dropped 50 per cent. So, the solution is for older professors, now teaching graduates, to take on more elementary courses, where demand is greatest.

The new College of War Training will help for a while to cushion the knockout of the advanced curricula, and a healthy remnant of the old liberal programs will be offered in the winter and probably in the spring.

But the handwriting is on the wall—the faculty to teach advanced curricula in liberal arts will be scarce, students wanting such work scarcer, governmental demand for such work nil.

The shortage of student manpower does not stop with a changing curricula. It changes the whole campus.

By spring, and perhaps next quarter, the whole campus may be militarized. Simultaneously, it may become necessary to freeze student government so that students can take it up after the war without going back to scratch.

Manpower shortage will cut campus

activities. Formerly chief consumer of student time, by spring or after, extra-curricular activities may die because they can't get students or student time. A semi-military schedule leaves no time for the Di or Phi or University Club.

Publications, most exacting of student activities, are already suffering. A 25 percent dip in student enrollment means a 25 percent slice in student fees. For the first time, the Daily Tar Heel is short of an adequately experienced staff. It may be cut to Cloud-buster size in January. The Yackety-Yack is pushing hectically through its last year of publication for the duration, and may or may not make it. The mag, although a strong move will be made to continue its 99 years of publication, will be hardly recognizable next fall.

Social fraternities, still oblivious to the war after a cut-throat rushing season, are shake-up bound. With few or no prospects for rushing next fall, with living costs rising, with heavy mortgages hanging, they seem doomed. One house has gone cooperative; the rest still spend on the lavish prewar scale. A recent Interfraternity Council-faculty meeting came up with the conclusion that fraternities will probably find it feasible to turn over their houses to the University for the duration.

So much for the University as an educational institution. Now, a look at manpower shortages in the business and physical side of Carolina.

For the first time, Ed Lanier has more jobs than boys. For the first time, a student does not have to show need to get a job. Evidently students have been able to secure more money from home or summer jobs and are carrying too heavy academic loads to permit work.

Jobs are open in University departments, private homes, Chapel Hill business and eating establishments. The University's dining halls, long dependent on student help, may have to go outside for labor. When Lenoir was given to the Navy, Lanier fought for and won 200 waiter jobs for students. Already 20 men short of the 200, the dining hall needs 70 boys to work three staggered shifts for Christmas holidays. Winter quarter forecasts an even greater shortage. The Navy will probably by then begin to import labor to take the place of students who leave Lenoir. But the University business office will have the almost impossible job of securing labor for Swain hall, to be reopened in January, where pay is lower than at Lenoir.

University loan funds, NYA funds, Student War loans are still carrying idle surpluses because needy students haven't applied.

Another thing: janitors are going fast. The shortage is so acute that the business office has begun to substitute maids in men's dorms, leaving only heavy work for janitors. If the shortage becomes still more acute, students will make their own beds and clean their own rooms.

One buildings superintendent and many laborers have left the Hill. Skilled workers left with the buildings department: one plumber, one electrician, 14 carpenters, one tinner, seven painters.

The University laundry, with tremendous Navy work, has sent plenty of work to Raleigh, Camp Butner, Greensboro and Burlington establishments because of labor and machinery shortages. If new machinery comes, the laundry will muddle through better than other departments. Colored women are the employees. Heads of the C.I.O. local are working with the business office on a joint labor-management committee to increase efficiency. Most important for students is that the laundry may find it easier to charge a blanket fee next quarter.

Town businesses bellow for help. Employment turnover in local eateries is especially high. The Orange Printshop, where all student and University publications are printed, is Chapel Hill's largest and worst-hit concern. Two linotype operators work 16 hours a day, while pressmen and compositors handle their own work plus that of former confreres now in the Army. Cost of operations is up 40 percent because of time and a half for overtime. Owner Pugh predicts greater shortages soon, but says trade school-trained women may relieve him. If not, much of the University's printing will go up the creek.

More difficult transportation increases the food problem. Chapel Hill depends on gas and rubber to get all foodstuffs, and Orange county farms produce little more than money crops: tobacco, cotton and some stockfeed. As the possibility of nation-wide food shortage mounts, Chapel Hill may not be able to get canned food from neighboring wholesalers or fresh food from Georgia and Florida truck farms.

The Governor's meeting of farmers two weeks ago showed state farm labor inadequate. This spring students may be working for neighboring farmers. But this is nothing new. Hill and Exeter have already sent prep boys into Northeastern farm areas.

The picture is dim and foggy. We've stretched our imaginations a bit, perhaps, but the basic facts are right. Maybe we haven't stretched them enough. After all, six months ago farsighted citizens of the Hill didn't predict what is going on now. •



## TEA CLASSES

(Continued from page 7)

Students listened, walked, and wrote all morning while hoarse officers explained a long list of onlys. Only those physically fit with 12 units credit are admitted, only those registered in the September 12 draft are to be admitted, only those students who pass the 53 hour a week schedule will be allowed to enter OCT and so on far into the afternoon.

October 10: "From now on all dormitories will be called barracks, and you'll get out of those barracks at 6 o'clock every morning when the bugles blow."

That's the way it went. Lots of color and shouting. Old Army strategy—shout in one place while you prepare for battle in another. While they mystified the students with their knowledge of drill and military terms, midnight oil was burned preparing a sounder set up.

The embryonic soldiers were financed by the government at buck privates' pay and took regular courses with the exception of War Issues which was compulsory for all student soldiers. Courses were based on age and included government, geography, military science, law, and the general field subjects taught by tough old men who were going to make college boys into soldiers "whether they have beards or not."

November 3: The first contingent of SATC's leave the campus for Officer Candidate Training. "Everyone will have that same chance" so drills were intensified and snappier salutes were given. The program was paying dividends as students found that it was real.

November 11: The Armistice was signed.

November 29: Student Army Training Corps was disbanded. Uniforms were turned in together with the still tight rifles. Everyone took a few days off to celebrate. You could go out of town now, you could stay up at night again, you could cut classes without being AWOL—everything was over. The day by day planning that carried the SATC along could be forgotten and Army officers breathed a collective sigh of relief.

It was a house of straw that was already tottering when the Armistice was signed. It was built on a foundation of 18 year olds as its basis. Boys whose ranks were steadily depleted by enlistments and employment at war industries. The University had marched into something that looked and sounded good but caused quite a few nightmares in its short two-month span.

But not so this war. Tea classes are outmodeled. This war's style is definitely tending toward a more flexible set up. Wiser colleges and universities are wearing a College for War Training

camouflage. A camouflage that will keep them hidden from their common enemy—low registration totals and his buddy, red ink.

This War College is no hurry-scurry idea. It is the child of months of investigation and research by a committee of nine instructors who were picked last April. The primary duties of the committee were to investigate and report regularly to the general faculty on the war situation and how it would affect Carolina.

To state it briefly the War College will start courses on Monday for five students, expand it on Wednesday to cope with an added 50 students, and if necessary, disband it on Friday with no loss of teaching hours.

Carolina will be a great manufacturing center. She will handle all the sub contracts of the government. They have seen the day when the government will need 50 Army personnel instructors in 30 days and Carolina will manufacture them. They have seen the day when 17 doctors will be needed by the Marines for tropical disease duty and the University will sign a contract and manufacture them. They have seen the day when the government will send 200 students to Chapel Hill from South America in order that we train them for interpreting and we will do just that.

Daily the University is besieged with pleas from Washington to send some of our instructors so that they may expand their training schools. These pleas are the reasons why the round table knights of South Building are so eager to sign those government contracts. Contracts signed mean retention of instructors throughout the duration. Instructors make or break a university.

Brains will be the only prerequisite required for entrance. Although the paper work is based largely on the 16 and 17 year old group, the College will design courses to meet the needs of a possible age group below those levels.

Training will be general for the first year. There is no use planning for a second year until figures can be tabulated relating to the number of first year enrollees and their course preference. It has been decided to give special training to meet the needs of those students who have definitely decided on their branch of the service.

The government will not have to pay the University. Funds will be appropriated from the regular budget and the deficit will be made up by the tuition paid. In no case will the cost of the War College training be higher than that of the regular student.

Out of the War College will be hatched two revolutionary movements on the Carolina campus.

No longer will the student be forced

to follow strict curricula schedules during his four year stay. Long the bugaboo of education, the system will be streamlined to include only those subjects requested by the student with the addition of a few necessary musts.

It is more than likely that the traditional four year plan will be cut to three and maybe two if the student feels that graduation must be quickened. Future Tar Heels won't be forced to enroll for Algebra when he plans to major in Journalism nor will Commerce majors be made to take Geology.

Another point in the after effects of the new movement will be greater supervision of the freshman class. No longer will a bunch of high school hangovers be allowed the roam of the range. No longer will the first year man sign up and then forget the University until he meets with his adviser for mid term grades.

All this and much more. How much more nobody really knows. The only sure fact is that the University of North Carolina will be ours and not the government's. •

## A WOMAN'S VOICE

(Continued from page 13)

out of here in fifteen minutes or I ain't gonna be responsible."

He jerked the sleeve of his shirt insolently and walked out.

He no sooner came to the elevator lift when the long peal of feminine laughter rose and floated out into the hall. It broke into a paroxysm of emotion. The clerk could feel his skin crawl, the little hairs stand up on the back of his neck.

The door across from Wampus' room, opened and a bandy-legged old man came out, holding the flannel skirts of a night gown above his ankles.

"God-damn it," he yelled harshly as he caught sight of the clerk. "What kind of a two-by-four flophouse is this?"

He returned to his room and slammed the door.

The laughter had ceased. The clerk pounded on Tolliver Wampus' door. Again, he heard a scuffle, a long pause then the door opened to reveal Tolliver robed but perspiring all the while.

The clerk squinted horrible at the big fellow.

"Where the hell is she?" he demanded.

"Who?" whispered the agitated Tolliver.

"You know who I mean. Is she in the closet?"

Without waiting for an answer, he stalked over to the closet and rapped on it.

"Hey, you, in there!" he rasped, "are you dressed?"

There was no answer.

The clerk swung around and faced the



## Men Can't, but Women Can

For years and years and maybe more  
 The guys of psychiatric lore  
 Have fought and studied, wrought and worked  
 To find the differences that lurked  
 Between the twofold human sexes.  
 It is a problem that perplexes  
 Brains of mightier strength than mine  
 Brains that with a luster shine  
 Above the common multitude,  
 Above the simple, cheap and rude.  
 They've listed things that they've detected;  
 They've furthered methods they've perfected.  
 They say a woman strikes a match  
 Toward herself; but there's a catch:  
 'Cause so do I, and I'm a man  
 And have been since my life began.  
 They say that women's minds are made  
 Of finer things—more straight and staid.  
 But none of these are always true;  
 Sometimes they work—but there's the few  
 That throw these simple rules off track  
 And paint the psychiatrics black.  
 I have a rule that's never failed;  
 By the ages it's been hailed.  
 In the days of Socrates  
 When greater universities  
 Were little known and much abused,  
 This rule of mine was always used.  
 It is, without ifs, buts, or maybies,  
 Men can't, but women can have babies.

—Hayden Carruth



*"Why should I hit him? He promised me  
 some Sir Walter Raleigh after the fight"*

Blended from choice Kentucky burleys,  
 Sir Walter Raleigh is extra mild—burns  
 cool—with a delightful aroma all its own.

**SIR WALTER  
 RALEIGH**

PIPE TOBACCO

*Smokes as sweet as it smells*



agitated bulk of Tolliver Wampus.

"Is she in there?"

"Nobody's in the closet," he whispered hoarsely. "Please, if you'll only listen to me . . ."

The clerk opened the closet. He peered into its recesses, went in rather gingerly and poked around. He came out. His eyes were slits of suspicion.

"Come on, fellow, where is she?"

Tolliver pleaded with him to leave. He made promises of good behavior. The clerk silently took a chair, propped it up against the door and sat down.

"O. K., wise guy. I'm sitting here until you produce the skirt."

Tolliver sighed or rather moaned. He sat down on the bed and faced the pasty-faced clerk disconsolately. They looked at each other in silence. Then Wampus got up and paced the floor, went to the window, turned and faced the little man from behind the bed. Suddenly his voice became normal and unclouded.

"Alright," he said, "listen to my voice. I don't want you to laugh. And it ain't a joke. As I talk listen to it change. Oh, Christ . . . !"

The voice, deep and masculine, without a single break rose and thinned out. The voice became a woman's voice, a warm husky voice, but thin. It laughed and shrieked with delight as the small,

pig eyes of the hotel clerk opened wide with gawked surprise. Then the voice broke, became a man's voice in anguish as Tolliver Wampus pleaded. He dropped back into a whisper.

"You see? And I can't help it. For six months I've had to move around, getting jobs and losing them. I haven't been able to use my own voice. It changes when I talk, and what's more, that OTHER VOICE DOESN'T EVEN BELONG TO ME. It's somebody else's."

The clerk sat there. His eyes squinted at Tolliver with curiosity. He got up slowly, walked up to the big man and walked around him.

"Talk again, will you, brother?" he whispered.

"Oh, no!" whispered Tolliver back, "when nobody's around I can let her out. I have to or I'd go bugs. But not now. Don't ask me."

"Does—she hurt?" whispered the clerk. Then he cleared his throat and resumed a normal tone. "Does she hurt much?"

"It ain't that," said Tolliver, "it's that I can't get used to her. I went to see a doctor and he told me I had a split personality."

"Yeah," acquiesced the clerk, "like Jake'll and Hyde. I seen it in the movies.

You ain't kiddin, are ye?" The clerk squinted at Tolliver.

"I wish I was . . . Jeez!" Suddenly, he put a hand to his throat. "Pardon me, please," and he rushed to the bathroom.

The clerk ran over and put his ear to the door-panel. It was the VOICE again. It was shrieking:

"Oh, thank God! We gotta get out of here tonight. I can't stand it. I can't stand it, do you hear? You're making a fool of yourself, you fat slob! Oh, Christ!"

The clerk, scared out of his wits, ran out of the room and slammed the door shut behind him.

At three a. m. he transferred the bandy-legged man to a room on the second floor, and the shrewish roomer in another wing of the house.

Then he went downstairs and sent the kid out for a pint.

The next morning, before he went off his shift, he went upstairs on the elevator to the third floor. He knocked gently on the door of Tolliver Wampus' room. There was no answer. He tried the door, found it unlocked and opened it. He found the room vacated. On the table-dresser he found the hotel key, a towel and bar of soap and seventy-five cents in nickels. The bed was still made.



## BOOTS FOR LOKI

(Continued from page 15)

an instant. Then he went out into the yard. The men moved after him clumsily, pushing past each other through the narrow door—way out into the pale moonlight, breathing deeply, tasting the cold, clean air like wine.

Old Arne went quickly to the gate. He opened it quietly and peered out. The street was empty. "Come quickly." He went out, across the road and in on the path that winds through the trees towards the ancient offering-grove. The men followed him with Mikkell in their midst. It is about four miles from the little village to the grove. Way back, in the times before men killed with black powder, in the almost forgotten times before men knew of Him who died on the cross, the shepherds convened there at midsummer time and offered a ewe to Freia, Goddess of Fertility. And she made their women fecund, and year by year the tribes grew. So now they must kill, for there are too many of them.

"Tonight we offer Mikkell to Loki," said Ole, who had had money in the bank. No one said nay. It was as it should be. Loki was the avenging god in those dark ages past. The shepherds had known *him* also. The men had heard of him. Strange, wild tales on dark winter nights.

"Look," said Mikkell suddenly, when they had gone about a mile, "Look at me. I am innocent." Nobody answered.

A little farther along the path, they came to the mudhole where the pigs wallow in the fall, when they are turned out to acorn. There was a thin layer of ice on the shallow water. "Walk him through," said Arne, but went around himself. On the edge of the mud Mikkell stopped, looked down at the shiny boots. "Go on," said Per and prodded him with the gun. The men moved in. Mikkell hesitated. Mogens, the blacksmith, in whose smithy there was no red-hot iron to pound these days, laughed softly. "Just like those other pigs with shiny boots," he said. Soren, the little wizened cobbler, looked wistfully at them. They glittered in the pale light. "Beautiful," he whispered, "like a dream. Ay, they are fashioned of fine, good leather. God himself could not wish for a finer pair of boots." There were no boots in Soren's shop now. No, nor was there any leather. Not for many months. Ole smiled sadly, "Once I could have bought a head-stone for my Karin, too, God rest her. A man lives many years, but only once does he meet and marry a woman like her. She deserved a head-stone. There was one at the stone-cutters in the city. It had a large, white dove on it. This morning *They* came and stole my money. Come on! Get in,

you pig! Wallow!" He gave the giant a violent push that sent him lurching forward. His foot caught in a root and he sprawled out in the mud, the thin ice cracking under him with a crashing, tinkling sound.

Mikkell stayed down like a beaten animal. The men stood around him in water to their ankles, breathing quickly. Something strange was happening to them. Yes, they, too, could be cruel. They felt a vast relief. It was going to be like lying with a woman. Every one of them had been afraid that when the moment came they would be weak and soft and full of pity. They had not been trained for this sort of thing. At first, when they had reluctantly understood what Mikkell had done, there had been quick, fierce, murderous anger, but as the day waned and night had come, the anger had disappeared and left them dull, wishing with all their might to put off this unpleasant task. But now they felt relieved. Anger was returning. Per, who sold candy to old women and little children, drew back his foot and swung lustily, full on Mikkell's rear, "Get up, you filthy bastard!" The great animal lurched to its feet, slobbering, sobbing. He splashed and wallowed through the mud like a man in a nightmare trying to run, dragging his feet after him with brute strength. Arne met him on the other side, finger trembling on the trigger. "Not so fast!"

Jacob, the grave-digger, met them at the edge of the clearing. "I thought you wasn't never goin' to come." He pointed silently towards the black, gaping hole close to the great council-stone. "All finished," he said and looked curiously at Mikkell, who stood with head bowed, his hair matted with mud, his clothes sticking to him. He was trembling violently with the cold. At Jacob's words he lifted his head. When he saw the grave gaping at him, he lurched to his knees, sobbing and wailing, "No! No! No!" Arne moved away from him, towards the stone beside the grave. Mikkell crawled after him, dragging his huge body along the ground, slobbering, fluid streaming from his eyes and nose and down over his chest. "Arne—Arne—man—what are ye goin' to do to me?" Nobody answered him.

Jacob, seeing the others all had weapons, went over to the mound of earth beside the grave and took his spade. It made a ringing noise when he pulled it out of the earth. Mikkell sobbed. For a long time, Arne sat on the stone, looking down into the grave. Jacob looked at him. "I dug her grave this morning," he said quietly. "It wasn't but five feet long. I'm mighty busy these days. If I could close this grave up soon, I could go home and get some sleep." Arne nodded. He was

thinking of summer and hay on the wagon and a neighbor's daughter running after him down the road, "Gimme a ride! Gimme a ride!" Just a couple of years ago. Yesterday she was a young lady. Today she was dead. "Get him up on his feet. Make him stand up." He didn't turn until he could hear that Mikkell was standing. He was not used to seeing his neighbors groveling on the ground, writhing under the whip and heavy boot. "Give him room," he said, "let him stand." Mikkell dragged forward a couple of steps as the men released him. "What're ye goin' to do to me, Arne," he pleaded.

Arne had a dog at home. He had whipped it once. Never again. The guns glittered in the hands of the men. They were eager. The girl had been their neighbor, too. Arne stood up heavily, facing the dark giant. For a long time there was silence between them. The old oaks that press close around the little clearing creaked with the frost. Yesterday, Mik had obtained the wish of his heart, the shiny officer's boots. Tonight, he faced his judge. He sighed heavily and the breath trembled audibly in his nostrils. Finally, he bowed his head and looked down at his feet. "My boots," he stammered, "My shiny boots."

Arne said, "Mik—I'm an old man—twice as old as you. There is that in me that I should dearly love to be your judge. But there is a way *They* live, and there is a way *We* live. You know of what you stand accused. So do your neighbors who are assembled here tonight. What must be done with you is up to them, then, in the manner of our people." He turned towards the little cluster of men. "Before we ever started out tonight, our minds were made up. But it would not be well to carry this out without deliberation." The men moved restlessly and mumbled a little, but no one protested.

Arne took the huge figure by the arm and led him over towards the offering stone. Then he sat down on the stone and seemed to sink into himself, and through a misted distance, he said softly, "Mikkell—if you have anything to say for yourself, say it now."

Then there was silence again. There was a great clumsiness and a strange embarrassment among the men. Where was the deadly precision of *Those* who took Svend's meat and Soren's leather and Mogens' iron and Ole's money, and who took away from God the right to destroy? Mik's little eyes went to the black edge of the forest and glinted strangely. Yesterday, the daughter of his neighbor had listened to a *verboden* broadcast from across the sea. A name had been mentioned, the name of another neighbor's son. He was safe. Safe





Failure seemed the fate for Jean  
That is, until the day  
She proffered Prof a Wint-O-Green  
And walked off with an "A."

**MORAL:** Everybody's breath  
offends now and then. Let Life  
Savers sweeten and freshen  
your breath after eating, drink-  
ing, and smoking.



## FREE! A Box of Life Savers for the Best Wisecrack!

What is the best joke that you heard on the campus this week?

Send it to your editor. You may wise-crack yourself into a free prize box of Life Savers!

For the best line submitted each month by one of the students, there will be a free award of an attractive cellophane-wrapped assortment of all the Life Saver flavors.

Jokes will be judged by the editors of this publication. The right to publish any or all jokes is reserved. Decisions of the editors will be final. The winning wisecrack will be published the following month along with the lucky winner's name.

### WINNER OF LIFE SAVER CONTEST

One little moron, feeling in a particularly bright mood, walked up to another little moron and said, "Just because my mother and father are twins doesn't mean that I look alike."

Kirk Bennett  
111 Smith Dorm.  
Chapel Hill, N. C.

and fighting. She had gone to the neighbor's wife and told her. They had laughed together. In the cellar was a hidden bottle that had been saved for the boy's wedding. They had brought it out with reverence and shared it with other neighbors, Mik among them. But when it had grown dark and the people had gone away with hope in their hearts and good wishes on their lips, Mik had gone away quietly. He had gone down to the hotel and into the quarters of the *Hauptman* and said, "I want a pair of boots like yours. Just like yours." The *Hauptman* was accustomed to many strange things. He lifted a black, bushy eyebrow and waited. Then Mik told him about the neighbor's daughter. This morning he had swaggered down the street, the shiny boots scraping and crunching and clicking, triumphant. People coming back from the girl's burial had met him thus.

Mik glanced over his shoulder at the men with the glittering guns. Then he turned his face away again. The cold was turning his great body into ice. Dead. His body was dying. Little Mik's father is a cavalry captain. Discipline—and foaming beer—and women. Little Mik fears his dark, godless father.

Little Mik goes skating on the ice with the other fellows. The ice tinkles and a great crack appears. He runs toward the shore, but suddenly the world gives way and he lies floundering in the water. Little Mik's father beats him until he lies senseless on the floor. Then he kicks him with his great, shiny boot. Through the haze of unconsciousness, Mik sees the rhythmic rise and fall of the shiny boot. Not once, but many times. Little Mik is often in trouble, and his body is often bruised. But he never forgets the boots. "Some day," he grits, "some day, I'll have boots like that and Christ, oh, Christ, I'll kick the guts out of him! I'll kick the guts out of the whole god-damn world!" But Mik is a laborer. Something has been stunted in him, and he is a day-laborer. Day-laborers can't buy leather boots.

Mik shook his head from side to side. "I got nothin'—I got nothin' to say."

When they placed Mikkel at the edge of the grave, his back turned to the gaping, dark hole, he sank suddenly down on his knees. The men turned away. But Mik wasn't praying. They waited a little while, then Arne said gently, "Get up, Mik." He didn't move. "Get up!" They tried to raise him, a man on either side, straining, but he hung

still, dead weight. "We'll have to do it like this," said Ole and paced off fifteen steps. The men dragged after him.

Mik's eyes glinted again. Loki, the avenging god, lies chained to the stone altar, the venom of the snake dripping drop by drop on his forehead, burning a hole into his skull. Loki strains at the chains, his great shoulders heaving and bulging. But the chains—the chains are strong.

Then Mik closed his eyelids and waited. •

### NICE WORK IF YOU CAN GET IT DEP'T.

Story in *Life* for November 16:

"Varga paints both from memory and from model. He always draws girls in the nude, adds clothing, if any, afterward."

Damn nice of him.

Advertisement in *Life*:

"30% of all heat loss in the average home is through windows. Cloth window shades can help reduce this loss more than one-third.

Ever try closing them?



## Editorials - - -

SYLVAN MEYER ..... *Editor*  
HAYDEN CARRUTH ..... *Managing Editor*

### The December Mag

**M**ATTERS are highly confused. Conflicting and incomplete information is resulting in a pathetic demoralization among the members of the student body.

Undergraduates don't know whether to enlist, to join a reserve, or to stay in school and play a war of nerves with their local board.

This issue of the CAROLINA MAGAZINE has as its purpose the boiling down of all information now available on the war topic. We have looked into the future. Some of our prognostication is our guess work. Some of it is prophecy by the administration. A great part of it is fact, released by the government.

The logic of our conclusions, if evident, is our only argument. Some of our information is new—in the main we have published a digest attempting to cover all approaches and angles of the long-run war problem.

A highly involved task, the result is not startling. It is definitely not easy to read. You won't get the meat out of this issue by a cursory glance at some cute make-up ideas.

This issue is our contribution to the "integration, unification, and dissemination" value latent in college publications. It should help clarify the problem of "Carolina and the war" in your mind.

We have printed no haphazard information. When we are guessing we will tell you so. When we

### The College Press

**R**EDUCTIONS in income threaten student publications. Even with combination, the mag must operate on less money than "Tar an' Feathers" used by itself last year.

The Daily Tar Heel faces any number of alternatives—all of them bad. We will not discuss those. We will discuss the fact of the Daily Tar Heel itself.

In our amorphous condition, spread from the cabins back of Brady's to the Forests of Westwood, it is the only bond that holds us together.

The Daily Tar Heel is the quintessence of our that is the University. To exist as a unit, now more than ever, we need the ties it gives us to each other.

Our student press is the only news and editorial outlet of the village with enough coverage to make it effective.

We must not fail it. Argue with it we can and shall, when the occasion warrants. Gripe at its editors, boil at its mistakes, that is our privilege.

Nothing is more American than the American press. Its regularity, its thoroughness, its courage has more than often been the salvation of our way of life.

If you cling to any hopes that the University will emerge from the struggle unified, informed, actively progressive, you will hold fast to our four, little, over-taxed pages. They form the chain that holds us each to the spirit that is Carolina. ●

print fact, you may know that it has been checked and rechecked and ultra-verified. We also have presented our own outlook on the war—a sort of personal philosophy. You don't have to like it, but you might find it adaptable to your own requirements. ●

### Another Christmas

**A** NEW Christmas is almost here, and with it will come the carols and tinsel, the ruddy cheeks and gay-clad wreaths that have been Christmas for the centuries.

But a new ingredient has been added to this Christmas, added by the times we live in. Now it is more than the commemoration of the birth of a holy child in a Palestinian manger, more than the merry yuletide.

Now it is the realization of a strong faith in ourselves and in the ultimate justice of our fight. It is the realization that our faith in justice can defeat hysteria and mass hatred. It is the realization that we can and must think clearly and directly through to our object—a lasting and humane peace regardless of the bloody victory that is necessary.

Christmas is a celebration of peace and happiness. In the realization of these things, we can perhaps register a moment of peace in our minds and hearts on this Christmas. ●



*—the Editors*



# Students !!!

## THIS IS OUR PROBLEM:

The service of the Chapel Hill cleaners will not be as good in the future as it has been in the past because of the following reasons:

1. Due to rubber shortage and the gasoline rationing programs, it will be possible for us to make only one pick-up and delivery a day to dorms, fraternity and sorority houses. Please have your clothes ready when our delivery trucks call for them.

2. As a result of rising prices of materials and labor we must have a shorter credit turnover. Since a large part of the Chapel Hill cleaning is done on a thirty day credit basis we must ask your cooperation in prompt payment of your bills. Our bills go out on the twenty-fifth of the month and all bills should be paid by the tenth of the following month before we will be able to extend further credit.

3. Steel needed for coat-hangers is becoming increasingly scarce and it may be impossible to get in the near future. We ask your cooperation in returning them each time you have some cleaning done. In the event that we are unable to get them it may be necessary to charge a deposit on hangers. For the present however, please return the hangers with the work.

These are our problems by force rather than by choice and until the end of the present emergency we ask you to bear with us and lend your full cooperation. We are striving to give the best service possible under the existing circumstances and the furtherance of this service is dependent upon your tolerance and cooperation. Thank you.

**Carolina Cleaners**

**Community Cleaners**

**Smith-Prevost**

**University Cleaners**

**CHAPEL HILL CLEANERS ASSOCIATION**





**More than  
ever**

# *It's Chesterfield*

... the milder, better-tasting,  
cooler-smoking cigarette

Again Chesterfields are out front  
with their bright and unusually attractive  
*Special Christmas Cartons*. Send them to  
the ones you're thinking of... their cheer-  
ful appearance says *I wish you A Merry  
Christmas*, and says it well...and inside,  
each friendly white pack says *light up  
and enjoy more smoking pleasure.*

*They Satisfy*



# CAROLINA MAGAZINE



February '43



# SOLDIERS ON SKIS



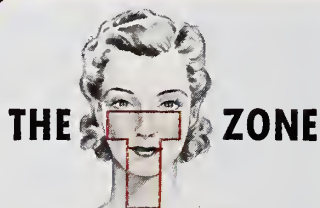
THE CIGARETTE FOR ME IS **CAMEL**. THEY'RE SMOOTH AND EASY ON MY **THROAT**—AND A REAL TREAT TO MY **TASTE!**

—says former Olympic ace  
**DICK DURRANCE**  
who trains ski troopers  
for the Army

TAKE IT from a busy housewife, Mrs. Ruth Martin (*below*). When it comes to squeezing more pleasure out of every smoking moment, Camels really hit the spot.



I FIND **CAMELS** SUIT ME BETTER ALL WAYS. THEY HAVE SUCH A FULL, WELCOME **FLAVOR**



## THE ZONE

where cigarettes  
are judged

The "T-ZONE"—Taste and Throat—is the proving ground for cigarettes. Only *your* taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you...and how it affects your throat. For your taste and throat are individual to you. Based on the experience of millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-ZONE" to a "T." Prove it for yourself!

● A new set of champions is in training on America's ski trails today—ski champions, 1943 model, U. S. Army!

Yes, from goggles to Garands, these new champions are soldiers through and through—even to their liking for Camels. For Camels are the favorite in *all* the services.\*

As Instructor Dick Durrance (*above*) says: "Camels suit my throat to a 'T'—and there's nothing like Camels for flavor."

## FIRST IN THE SERVICE

\*The favorite cigarette with men in the Army, Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard is Camel. (Based on actual sales records in Post Exchanges, Ship's Service Stores, Ship's Stores, and Canteens.)



R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

COSTLIER  
TOBACCOS

# CAMEL



# CAROLINA MAGAZINE

For FEBRUARY, 1943

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BEN McKINNON ..... Humor  
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## Issues

**M**R. W. D. Perry, whose ability to eke mercy from the most stone-hearted draft board is phenomenal, penned as part of a note to a student's board the following: "... Mr. .... is a student in good standing at the University of North Carolina, having just been *readmitted*." Honest as this may have been, Mr. .... was shortly on the choochoo homeward bound.

\* \* \*

**E**ACH year people take time off from the more arduous forms of love-making to join in the gentle schizophrenia that is St. Valentine's day. This day comes as a trial to most. Playing the game cricket, you should send a Valentine to your mother and your best girl. This is the only way for the thing to have any meaning at all. We, however, send our mother a nice cozy Valentine, shopping for a while to find one that isn't too mushy. (Mother would think we had lost our mind if we sent her a typical mamma heart-note.) Then



we send the best femme a huge box of terrible candy which she doles out to the girls in the hall. Then, as we go down the line we send a progressively cheaper token to our progressively lesser loves. Every one of these missives says on it somewhere, "Be My Valentine." All right. Did anyone ever invite a girl who wouldn't even frost his windshield to be his "Valentine." He did not. He always sends them to those who would be his Valentine anyway. He has several Valentines, their B.T.U. content directly proportional to their geographic proximity. Valentine's is an odd holiday, but we don't think it ever changed things very much.

**A**S politics at the Hill decline in interest and fervor, we look forward eagerly to the forthcoming elections as incidents of great lugubrious merit. Prone to chuckle in the face of desperate circumstances, we find that our old die-hards didn't even have time to read the handwriting on the wall. As a matter of cold fact, if whoever writes on walls doesn't know shorthand there won't be time to inscribe one small cipher thereon. Children are now running for office and candidates and constituency would do better to pass around chocolate cigarettes than slow-cured stogies. And, by way of a hint, to write their literature along the Baby Ray style than in the seductive, Dale Carnegie worded, socially-conscious classics of the vanished past.

\* \* \*

**T**HE scattered ghouls that read our copy before it hits the presses have suggested labeling this particular mag the "Tales of Violence" issue. In the medium so sweet to collegiate writers, grimness seems to have taken over for true. We have in these pages murder and suicide; rape and horror; crime and bad women. We could do not worse from a societal angle and frankly, no better from a literary one. Our horror is of the highest type, however, and we beg to note that our writers do always think about that kind of stuff. As you read, kindly observe carefully the high-minded tragedy we employ and the remarkable absence of actual blood that flows.

—S.M.



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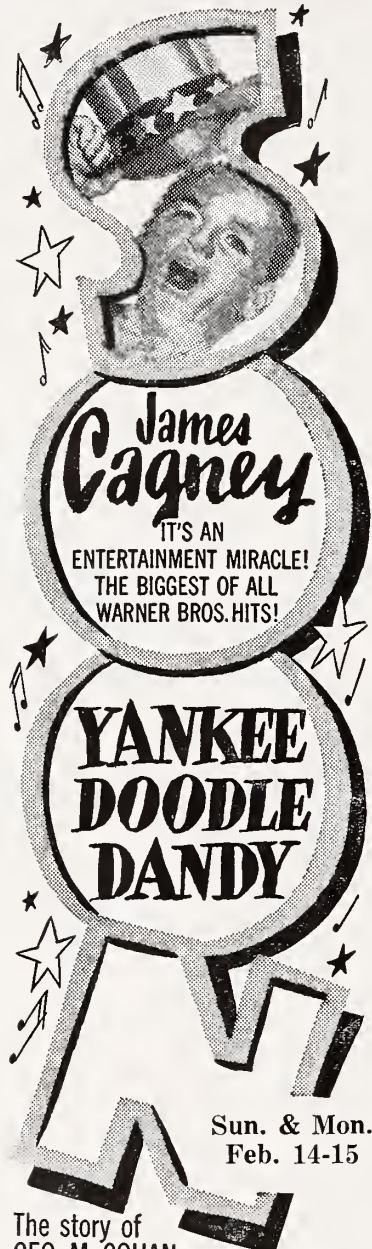
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Special Credit: Ann Seeley, Brad McCuen, Bud Kaplan, Kai Heiberg-Jergensen, Matt McCade, Ed Goodman, Burke Shipley, Jimmy Wallace, Sara Yokley, Jean Afflick, Art Golby, T. Weiss, Babette Steiffel, Paul Marie Petigru, Tom O'Hara, Jeff Hill, John Sink, et al.





The story of  
GEO. M. COHAN. with

**JOAN LESLIE**

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JEANNE CAGNEY • FRANCES LANGFORD

GEORGE TOBIAS • IRENE MANNING

Directed by MICHAEL CURTIZ

Screen Play: Robert Buckner & Edmund Joseph  
Original Story: Robert Buckner

**CAROLINA  
THEATRE**

## Light Brown and Blue



**T**HE supply of new records is just about non-existent these war days. Especially bad is the hot jazz outlook with only two records worth any mention at all.

If you haven't heard Sidney Bechet's record of "Blues in the Air" and "The Mooche" you are missing a fine session. Bechet (Be-shay) has long been a man whom we have great respect for, but still a man whom we didn't appreciate as much as we were told we should. On these sides, we feel that Vic Dickerson's trombone and Henry Goodwin's trumpet are the high spots. "Blues" sets a wonderful mood that even prompts one of the boys to yell out while the side is being cut. On "Mooche" Manie Johnson's drums are tastefully played. The latter is a Duke Ellington tune and Duke's record is superior as well as available. (Victor.)

Shep Fields' all-reed band has come through with their best effort to date in "Take It Slow." The tune is in the same pattern as the "Jersey Bounce" but less monotonous. Rhythm and reeds are well arranged but the real boot is a tenor sax duel between two excellent soloists. Climax comes with both boys riffing together. Jazz fans should give this a spin. (Bluebird.)

Above we spoke of Ellington, which brings to mind several items. We were very jealous of New Yorkers the night several weeks ago when Duke gave a concert in famed Carnegie hall. We have held this band as our all time high and so were very pleased to read in Hugh Renassie's new book *The Real Jazz* (Smith and Durrell), "Ellington's band is an exceptional creation in the history of jazz" and "The most marvelous jazz that has ever been known." He lauds Duke as not merely a good leader of taste and discrimination, but as an arranger and composer of genius.

Incidentally, Victor is publishing a 'discography' on Duke. In case you aren't certain about the meaning of the word, it's a listing of dates, places, and band personnels of all the records recorded by Duke for that company. Copies of the Ellington discography may be had free by simply dropping a card or letter to Stephen Sholes, Record Sales Department, RCA-Victor, Camden, N. J.

Any resemblance of the above to a commercial plug is purely co-incidental. •

## DANCE INVITATIONS

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*"Susan! Stop bothering Joe and let him  
enjoy his Sir Walter Raleigh"*

Blended from choice Kentucky burleys,  
Sir Walter Raleigh is extra mild—burns  
cool—with a delightful aroma all its own.

**SIR WALTER  
RALEIGH**  
PIPE TOBACCO

*Smokes as sweet as it smells*



A rumor spread around the town  
That made us all forlorn;  
It said that Mac had left the Hill;  
By him we'd not be shorn.

But rumor's often proven false,  
As this one proved to be,  
'Cause Mac is here, with comb and  
shear,  
To barber you and me.

On Graham Memorial's lowest floor,  
Around the right from the Grill,  
The barber shop is open now;  
Mac Snipes is barber still.

**AVOID DOWNTOWN  
RUSH**

**Graham Memorial  
Barber Shop**

*They were Expendable*—W. L. White.  
Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.00.

**T**HEY *Were Expendable* is the first  
great book of World War Two. It  
is the best book to come off the  
American press in 1942. It is the truth,  
the simple, comprehensive story of the  
fight for Bataan and Corregidor. It is  
told by the men who fought for Bataan  
and Corregidor. It is a book to make  
the islands around Manila as familiar  
as your own neighborhood, and the men  
who fought the Japs as real as the boys  
in NROTC.

By the time everyone back home knew  
that the struggle for Bataan was hope-  
less, Motor Torpedo Boat Squadron 3  
was almost finished, shot to pieces, driv-  
ing without service, without new parts,  
with precious little fuel, against odds  
that they were helpless to lower. When  
General MacArthur was ordered to  
Australia it was MTB Squadron 3—  
all of it that was left—that was assign-  
ed the task of taking him out to safety  
and a plane for Australia. "MacArthur  
had said that Bulkeley was the only  
commanding officer he knew in whom he  
had complete confidence—he was sail-  
ing with Buck." And he sailed with Buck,  
with Buck and Kelly, Cox and Akers,  
with all the brave men whose names are  
now part of our history, who watched  
him get seasick, who took care of his

## Book of the Month



wife ("Mrs. MacArthur, who was with  
him, heard everything that went on and  
she didn't turn a hair. She took it like  
a lady . . ."), who brought him and his  
staff to safety and then turned and went  
back to use their last gallons of gas  
against the Japs.

This is no propaganda novel. It does  
not preach. W. L. White has taken the  
words of the men who fought our first  
battles in the Pacific and has brought  
them home. "He tried to gain altitude  
and headed for Nichols field, when sud-  
denly a flight of Jap fighters popped out  
of the clouds. He turned and headed  
right for the center of it, but when he

pressed the button only one of his six  
guns would work—the rest were jam-  
med. He said, don't ask him why—ask  
the guys who designed them or installed  
them or serviced them. His job was just  
to press the button, and he'd done that.  
These were the men who flew their planes  
gasless and then, when they were sure  
they had chased the Japs home, were  
blown to pieces when they landed to re-  
fuel. These were the men who listened  
to the short wave from home and who  
knew what home did not know: that  
we were losing the war. These men, and  
all the people on Corregidor—the nurses,  
the wounded, the plain people—are the  
ones who really knew the meaning of  
the phrase "Too little and too late."

The men in *They Were Expendable*  
are the men who won the tiny victories  
we lived on as major battles a few  
months ago, the men who gave their lives  
just to hold their own, just to keep the  
enemy from swallowing them up entire-  
ly, just to fight back hard enough and  
long enough to give America time to  
gather her wits and to begin a plan to  
take back the islands. They knew what  
the score was. They knew what it meant  
to burn out an engine when there was  
no engine to replace it. Their story is  
the first real human interest and the  
best real truth to come out of our war. •

—ANN SEELEY



# More for Your Money

by Wharton Black

I AM a soda jerker at the Book Exchange, and I see the same panting faces day after day. I know that each student spends a good part of his allowance there, lapping up shakes, cokes and cones with shivering glee. After noticing the tactics students use to get those shakes, cokes, and cones I feel that something should be given in the way of advice. Those dollars tossed across the counter so willingly would bring in a lot more if the customer went about it right.

You're probably thinking it's foolish to talk about getting more for your money when prices are very plainly printed on those cardboard signs over the fountain. Certainly, a chocolate milkshake is ten cents anytime you buy it, but there are chocolate shakes and chocolate shakes. Some are just chocolate and milk and a few shavings of ice cream whipped together in a hurry. Others are nice, creamy cups of nourishment that give the soda jerker the glow of triumph and creation that makes his life worth while. Which kind have you been getting? If you suspect that it's the first, scrutinize yourself carefully. Maybe the trouble has been with you and the way you order. If it has been, maybe these tips will help.

Primarily, remember the jerkers because they put the ice cream (big scoop or little) in that brown foam that makes your breakfast. It's the jerker who puts one orange and lots of ice, or enough ice and three oranges in your orange juice, student. It's the jerker who makes your ice cream cone just a hollow shell that looks like five cents worth until the sun hits it, or piles on the ice cream and gives you lots of the sticky part of butterscotch royale. Attack from the personal standpoint and work on the boys. Results will be encouraging.

Be subtle. We may look like a dumb lot who can't do anything but take a nickel from a dime for a pack of gum, but we appreciate subtlety and hate the obvious. The boy who comes in with a greedy, big-toothed smile spreading over his face and gasps (very audibly), "Chocolate shake with PUH-LENTY of ice cream," never does as well as if he had just asked for a shake.

His bluntly asking for special dishing out gives us a fine sense of power. Here's a boy who craves the stuff and we can wrap him around our little finger. We either say very slowly,

"Sure, I'll put in lots of ice cream, Anxious, but it'll cost you fifteen cents," or plainly plunk in a little dab of ice cream and dare him to say anything.

Both methods ring up a fifteen cent sale. If you don't scare him into it with the first way, he always comes across when he sees what a little bit of ice cream he is getting for a dime and asks very humbly, "How about making that a fifteen-cent one?"

Girls, don't flaunt nature's kindest gift to you just to get an extra special orangeade. For one thing, we haven't got time to wait for a maidenly blush to creep over your lovely face, to hear you sigh, "Now, what DO I want?" bat your eyelids six or seven times and finally croon, "You know? I think I want a reeeal nice orangeade, I wanted an orange juice but I just haven't got the money." A business-like approach to the matter and a curt order gets a lot more respect from us.

Don't trap us with the old "pack of cigarettes" gag. One type of student worms his way up through the wide-eyed mob and shouts, "Pack of Chesterfields, please." Naturally we give them to him immediately because it's a lot easier to grab down a pack than to mix up some carbonated concoction or squeeze a lime. We hand it to him and he leers back, "... and three shakes and two cokes, one with lemon." We're



For All  
Drugs and  
Vitamin  
Needs

Call on

the

**Carolina  
Pharmacy**

**Send Her**



**Flowers**  
with your  
**Valentine  
Message**

Not expensive—but so welcome! Your floral Valentine remembrance is what she wants most. Artistic corsages, bouquets, plants.

**University  
Flower Shop**

**A VALENTINE**

without a

**NEW SUIT**

is

**Like a Valentine  
Without a Girl**



For Your  
New Suit See

**JACK LIPMAN**

Also Complete Stock of  
Furnishings and Shoes





*Pepsi-Cola is made only by Pepsi-Cola Co., Long Island City, N. Y.  
Bottled locally by Durham Pepsi-Cola Bottling Co.*

# Buy War Bonds

# Patronize Our Advertisers

licked that time and have to finish the order but it never works twice with the same person if we can remember the face. (And some of the faces habitually in front of that counter are unforgettable.)

If you must be personal, be personal correctly. To just grunt, "Shake!" as you reach the counter is pretty cold. But to make it, "Shake, Doc," or "Shake, Mack" is worse. If you must call us names find them out first and don't copy Bugs Bunny or the Yankees. One man said one day, "Hey, LAD, how about a coke?" He never did get waited on.

If you do know our names, don't take advantage of it. It's all right to add Bill or Jim on the end of your order if the place is fairly empty but to yell at rush time from a crowd that's three deep, "Chocolate cone, Wharton," and to say it as though if that didn't get you immediate service for knowing my name you would never remember the darn thing again—that's bad. We can't snub anyone who remembers our name (unthinkable) but we can sure as anything make your limeade just a shade too sour or put too much sugar in your coffee.

Some people order a lemonade and then wander off to speak to a friend at the other end of the counter. We proudly plop a nice lemonade at the old spot only to be scowled at by a pimply faced sophomore who growls that he

doesn't want that thing, he wants a double chocolate sundae. Then a small voice rings out at the other end, "Here I am," and there is nothing to do but climb over all the other boys and bring the lemonade to its customer. We seldom say "Thank you" to this customer.

Don't make remarks about the product when you receive it. It brands you as pretty stupid if you're paying your good money for something and throwing off on it at the same time. This goes for those who ask for a "lime-slime cone" or tell us we ought to serve bandages with our ice cream because it tastes like iodine.

If you find yourself in only one of these classifications of customers at the Book Exchange, don't worry too much. You're probably doing all right and getting your money's worth.

If you are in two groups you can definitely get more ice cream in your shakes and quicker service if you mend your ways.

If the sickening realization comes upon you that you are in three or more groups,—all I can say is that I hope you are fairly wealthy because, brother, the harder you try the less you are getting! •

"And please, Santa Claus," prayed the co-ed, "fill my stockings as well as God filled Betty Grable's."

Visitor: "How can you tell the ganders from the geese?"

Farmer: "Oh, we never worry about that. We just turn them out and let them figure that out for themselves."

Mother: "Did you use the thermometer like I told you when you bathed the baby?"

Nurse: "No, ma'am. I can tell without that. If it's too hot the baby turns red and if it's too cold he'll turn blue."

"I hear you have a keg of beer in your room."

"Yes, I keep it to gain strength."

"Any results?"

"Oh, marvelous. When I first got it I couldn't move it, and now I can roll it around the floor without any trouble."

"A gorgeous young creature from Venus  
Who spent all her time playing tennis,  
Played the game rather peeled,  
And the form she revealed  
Made her court work a masculine menace."



Maybe she'll be your Valentine;  
It's written in her eyes;  
But if she is, then you can bet  
She's twenty other guys'.





**J**UDGE Robert Winston used to call North Carolina a militant mediocracy. He said that the state was content to roll along in its lack of imagination groove as long as its feet were on the ground. It didn't matter that it was up to the ankles in mud.

When old Mother Hubbard North Carolina went to the budget pantry three weeks ago, she found it surprisingly well stocked with \$32,000,000 worth of dough. She could have well afforded to throw a few meaty bones to her professors and their assistants who had been patiently waiting since 1929.

But true to form, the housekeeper that believed in slushing along in ankle deep muck, was again very cautious about using the surplus towards advancement with the result that her staff of instructors had to be content with a War Bonus scrap.

But even faithful followers will growl. Ever since 1929 the University's staff of academic followers have had to ride the last car in a budget chute-the-chute. From 1929 they went down and down and down but the fall was minimized by the fact that living costs were running neck and neck with pay checks. During 1935 the cars nosed upwards slightly and everyone hung on expecting to reach the 1929 level once again.

From '35 to '39 the Budget Special rose a trifle higher but professors riding in the cars felt themselves at a standstill for living costs were forging ahead. Since 1939 it's been a runaway train. Living costs have risen 25 percent and taxes have jumped 150 percent. The long awaited promise that the 1929 salary cut would be restored has never been fulfilled.

So, President Frank Graham had to speak for himself when he appeared before the Joint Appropriations committee and said that, "We wish to express our approval and appreciation of the democratic principle of graduated increases throughout the state payroll for professors whose desperately low wages and salaries cry out for urgent adjustment to the cost of living. The partial adjustment proposed is a step in line with a sound and democratic state and national policy."

Very few of the University faculty were behind him. Why should they have been? They prayed for a 15 percent increase and were rewarded with a meager raise running from 2.84 to 6 percent, even while their wage level was still 6.5 percent below the 1929 level.

One University member said, "The nerve of a state with \$30,000,000 surplus and in the face of the national wage policy, increased living costs and tremendous taxes offering us a 5 percent increase."

(See UNDERNOURISHED, page 29)



Each new General Assembly finds the University

fighting again the same old fight. Why must

Carolina struggle so bitterly for its meager appropriations?

No other intercollegiate sport holds the fascination of the budget race.

# Undernourished Education

by Bob Levin

The harried University president who has to attempt keeping up with Carolina while Washington duties fill his memo pad . . . Dr. Frank Graham. He it was who faced Raleigh's legislators with the University budget.





# The Kid



"Okay, kid," I said, "you gotta drink beer too, if ya want to impress them, that is."

This hits me like the seven o'clock alarm and I sit up and look at the kid right hard.

"But there ain't nothin' to be afraid of," I try to explain, "they're just like high school women except that they're just a little more educated and a little less sensible."

"No, it ain't that," he says. "They're sophisticated."

"Whatta you mean?" I ask.

"Well, they smoke cigarettes and drink beer, don't they?"

I begin to laugh like a naked man in a feather bed.

"That ain't nothin' to be afraid of, kid," I say, "it don't mean a thing."

"Well, it's just that I don't understand them. I don't know how to act."

I begin to laugh again, but the kid looks at me with a pleading look in his eyes like all I have to do is tell him how and he'll be a romantic success over night. I stop laughing and begin to think that this is a good chance to teach the kid a lesson and play a swell joke on him at the same time.

"Well, I'll tell you exactly what to do then, kid, and you won't have a bit of trouble gettin' along with any of 'em. All you'll have to do will be to just pick her out."

The kid begins to smile and I continue.

"You can even start tonight if you want to," I say. "Go over to one of the coed dorms and in the reception room you'll find a telephone with a list of all women in the house right beside it. Well, pick out a name and call up the girl. She won't know who you are, but that's O.K. Just tell her you're a smooth guy with a hot line and you're willin' to show her a good time tonight. Now you got that?"

"Yeah, but—"

"Now, don't worry. I'm going to tell you how to act and everything."

IT IS LATE in the afternoon and I am lying on my bed looking at Esquire in general and the Varga girl in particular. I am in the middle of a very interesting mental comparison between the Varga girl and the Carolina girl when I am interrupted by a knock on the door.

"Come on in. It ain't locked," I yell and in walks the red-headed freshman who lives next door.

"Hello, Benny," he says and I say, "Hello, kid."

He stands just inside the door for a minute admiring the various works of art which decorate the walls of my room and then he looks at me and asks, "Are you busy or anything, Benny?"

"No," I say, "not particularly."

The kid walks over and sits down in the easy chair. He sits there with his mouth open and looks up toward the ceiling.

"Well, what's eatin' you now," I ask.

The kid wrinkles up his brow like an accordion and looks very solemn. "Benny," he says, "I want me a girl."

"Then why the heck don't you get one?" I ask.

He squirms around in the chair for a minute, and then his face lights up with a silly smile.

"I don't know how," he says.

"For Christ's sake," I explode, "just because you're a freshman, it ain't required for you to be that dumb."

"But I ain't dumb," he says, "it's just that I ain't had time to learn. Why back in high school, I had plenty of women." He smiles like he's Don Juan's little brother when he says this.

"Well, why don't you get out and get plenty of women now that you're in college—that is if you want 'em."

"I'm afraid of 'em, Benny," he says.



# Next Door

by Mike Beam

The kid had plenty of women in  
high school, and now he wanted a  
coed, but he was afraid because they  
drank beer and smoked cigarettes.

I can hardly keep a straight face but I keep on talking like I'm a Communist giving him the plans for the Revolution.

"If the first one's busy, don't let that discourage you," I say, "just keep on callin'. When your date comes down, be sure and act like you're a gentleman. Hold her coat and open the door for her and all that stuff. You'll have to go somewhere, so you'd better take her uptown first."

"Do I hold her hand or anything?"

"Hell no. That comes later. You want her to think you're a gentleman, don't you."

"Yeah, I reckon so."

"All right then. Now when you get her uptown take her to a cafe somewhere that sells beer. And if she says anything about going to the show, tell her you've already seen the picture."

"But that—"

"Now, please don't interrupt," I say. "I'm just coming to the important part. When you get to the cafe, order two bottles of beer. If she tries to kid you and tells you that she doesn't drink beer, well, you still be a gentleman and drink them both."

"But I don't drink beer," the kid says.

"Have you ever tasted it?" I ask.

"Once, but I didn't like it," he says.

"Well, I'll tell you what to do then," I say. "You gotta drink the beer because these women are crazy about guys that drink and the more, the better. But I can make it a lot easier for you. Order a couple of head-ache powders and shake them up in the beer. Then drink both bottles as fast as you can."

"And that'll make it easier?"

"Yeah, lots easier. Well, after you drink the beer, say somethin' about it bein' too hot in the cafe for you and then you leave. After you get outside tell her you think that a walk across the campus will kind of cool you off. Now, right here is where you start

showin' her that you're really on the ball. First, make sure you walk down towards the Arboretum. If she says anything, tell her that it's a lot cooler down that way."

"Do I hold her hand yet?"

"No, not yet. I'm comin' to that part in just a minute. When you get down to the Arboretum, take one of the paths that leads over in the middle of the place. You know—where all the grass and bushes and stuff is. Well, there's where you pick up her hand and when you get to a bushy place, tell her you're tired and had better sit down. Now, she may object a little, but don't let that bother you. Pull her over to the bushes if you have to."

"But, Benny—"

"Now, don't worry kid. They just pretend they don't like it. It's part of the game, see. You've seen how Clark Gable does it in the movies, haven't you?"

"Oh, yeah. I see."

"Well, when you get her in the bushes, tell her that you love her and lay it on thick—the thicker the better. And then you kiss her."

"But what if—"

"Aw, you might have to use a little force at first, but unless you pick an Amazon you'll be stronger than she is, so don't worry about that."

"Is that ail'?"

"Yeah, that's all there is to it, kid."

The kid looks as happy as a guy with seven beers and he gets up to go.

"Gee, Benny, I don't know how to thank you," he says, "but I sure appreciate you tellin' me all this."

"Aw, forget it," I say.

He looks at his watch for a minute.

"It's just seven-thirty. Do you think I ought to start tonight?"

"Sure," I say. "The sooner the better. And listen. I'm studyin' for a math

test tonight and I'll be up late. Come by and let me know how you made out."

"I sure will, Benny."

Well, after the kid leaves, I get out the books, but I can hardly study. I keep laughing to myself about the kid and his date.

It's about eleven o'clock when I hear a knock at the door again. I hope the kid isn't sore but he's a pretty good guy so I don't worry about it.

"Come in," I say.

The door opens and the kid walks in, but I don't look up right then. I look hard at the math book trying to keep a straight face.

The kid walks over beside me and then he begins to laugh.

"Benny," he says. "You sure knew what you were talkin' about."

That pins my ears back flat and I look up at the kid. His face is so covered with lip-stick, he looks like he's been eating the stuff without a spoon! I feel as weak as a drop of water, but I don't let on to the kid.

"Well," I say, "did you do like I told you?"

"Just like you told me, Benny," he says. "It worked like magic. I had a little trouble at first, but then it was easy as pie."

"It was," I say. "Well, I've got to finish studyin', so I'll see you tomorrow, kid."

The kid starts to leave but when he gets to the door, I ask him: "By the way. Who was the lucky woman?"

"A little blond by the name of Jeanne Morris," the kid says and he closes the door.

I get up from my chair and walk over to the dresser. I look at my picture of Jeanne and then I start looking for a drink. •



# Brother Act

by Charles Howe

**T**HE only brother act on the Carolina sports scene features the Hayworth boys—Lew and Jim. You've seen them teaming at the guard positions on Bill Lange's White Bantam quintet this winter—and doing a bang-up job of it, too.

Lew's twenty-one, stands five nine in his socks, weighs 153. Kid brother Jim is two years younger, but measures five ten and outscapes Lew by five pounds. He's brown as a berry and goes in for ultra-close butch haircuts. Both have quick smiles, winning manners.

Brothers Hayworth hail from High Point, home of the zoot suit. Both vigorously deny ever having donned that exotic garb. To the contrary, they tend toward satorial conservatism—with the exception of Lew's hat, truly a revelation. Hayworth Junior, however, has gained considerable fame as a jitterbug, and claims Lewis to be a hep-cat as well. This the latter modestly repudiates.

The lads hung up a brilliant athletic record at their home town high school. Truly versatile, each played in football, basketball and baseball. Lew played in the backfield one fall, lettered thrice as a guard on the hoop team, and held down the hot corner through four diamond campaigns. His biggest thrill from interscholastic sports came when he captained the High Point team into the state class A finals against Durham. Durham, fielding their great quintet of Bones McKinney, Gordon Carver, Bob Gantt and the Loftis brothers, handed the Bisons a decisive beating. But Lew got his revenge when he played on the Carolina freshman team that nosed out the Duke frosh, featuring Gantt and the Loftises, a year later. Winning that game gave him his biggest kick since coming to Carolina.

Jim was just as good. He played guard on the football squad for two years, made three letters in basketball, and played baseball for four years. During his senior year, Jim won all-conference honors in both football and basketball and was voted the outstanding athlete in the high school. The brother act was in operation for two years in baseball, when the boys held down positions in the same infield, and again for a year in basketball, when both were starting guards.

Lew, a junior, was one of the regular guards on the strong '41 yearling court team. Last winter he was promoted to



a first-string varsity position. A great floor man and play-maker, the elder Hayworth netted 39 points, ranking seventh in individual scoring. This season, as the only returning letterman, he is sparkplugging the promising White Bantam quintet.

Baseball, however is Lew's forte. Regular third sacker as a freshman, he advanced to a starting position on last year's varsity and led the team with a batting average of .361. He's co-captain elect of this year's nine. In addition, Lew has played considerable American Legion and semi-pro ball. Two summers ago he was a member of the Lawrenceville club that won the playoffs in the fast Southern Virginia league.

Hayworth the Younger, a sophomore, started at guard on Doc Siewert's frosh five a year ago, tallying 51 points during the course of the season. During the spring he was the handy man of the freshman baseball team, splitting his time between catcher and third base. Jim's considered an outstanding prospect for the coming season's varsity.

In addition to intercollegiate sports, the Hayworths have been active in intramurals. They were team mates on the Ruth All-Stars, last quarter's campus touch-football champions, with Jim good enough to be selected for the all-dormitory eleven. The All-Stars' coach Earl Ruth, ex-Tar Heel basketball captain, now an officer in pre-flight school, acts as landlord to four of his charges—Lew, Jim, basketballer Jim White, and pitcher Bob Shuford. This athletic quartet whiles away the idle hours in typical Carolina style—cards, coeds and Carrington Smith. Jim still finds time to work in the basket room at Woollen, while Lew was dorm manager of Old West last year.

Jim and Lew Hayworth, Carolina's court duo that has stolen one of the spotlights at Chapel Hill. DTH sportsman Howe gets to the inside of these boys that we see only on game nights and tells their story herewith.

Both the boys think well of the basketball team's chances. Hayworth Senior predicts that the Bantams will make the conference tournament and "won't lose more than six ball games all season." He hopes the Tar Heels draw George Washington for the first round, so they can avenge January's one-point loss. Brother James waxed even more enthusiastic, predicting not only the tournament berth, but also a pair of wins from Duke. Jim's deep-seated resolve to beat the Blue Devils dates back to the fall of '41, when a numerically superior Duke band captured him in a pre-game foray, shaved his head.

Brothers Hayworth are identical in their ambitions. Both are physical education majors; both hope to play professional baseball and coach. Lew has already received offers from the Brooklyn Dodgers and Boston Red Sox. He is just shy of a B scholastic average. Jim, who may also try aviation as a career, is content with his "gentleman's C" grades.

As for more immediate plans, both lads will probably be able to complete college this year. After that, things are problematical. Lew is enlisted in the Marine Reserve candidates class, while Jim is in the Army Air Corps reserve. They're eager to go when called. They'll make good soldiers.

Two damn good boys. •



**H**UMPHREY Wells took another step forward, the automatic clutched unsteadily in his bony hand. The loathsome, diseased creature before him also tottered forward a step, weakly, uncertainly.

"Stop!" Wells commanded, bracing his own weak legs and gripping the automatic more firmly. "As I said, I'm going to kill you, shoot you down like the writhing reptile you are, but first you have to listen to me. Although the reason is branded on your brain in burning letters of sin, I'm going to tell you again why I'm killing you so that you may die with it fresh in your memory, hear? You're going to hear me through and then I'm going to shoot, you understand that, don't you?" Wells' voice rose to a hysterical pitch, his hand trembled, and the knuckles grew white as he gripped the gun. He controlled his anger, his hand relaxing, his voice lowering to a more normal pitch. "I'll pump your rotten carcass full of lead."

The shell of a man gazed back at him with indifferent, fevered eyes.

"Once you were a man, a healthy, powerful man, with a good business and a beautiful home, and a wife." Wells spat bitterly. "I knew you well, because I loved the woman you married. Do you hear? I loved the woman who married you, and I hate you because you ruined her, wrecked her life, and killed the creature she became.

"Your father sent you through college and then gave you your start in business. Oh, but you were happy; on top of the world! You never had anything to worry your handsome head. You didn't know the meaning of real work because everything was handed to you on a silver platter, and you took it with no care as to its origin. You were young and strong and were supposed to be intelligent, but deep down within your powerful body was a streak of weakness, a yellow streak." Wells snarled out this last phrase and the derelict rocked weakly on his feet.

"You always lived as happily as a young man could with no care in the world. You danced time away, you enjoyed parties and excursions with the gay people of your set, living. That's what you were doing, you festered creature, you were living. You were seeing life as most young men dream of seeing it but never experience.

"Your life became even happier, when you married Lucille Hayes, because she was a beautiful and understanding girl, and because she loved your handsome largeness with all her pure heart, and did everything within her power to prove it. She insisted on cooking most of your meals herself. She petted and fretted over you with all the love her wonderful little body possessed. She was magnif-

# Death in His Eyes

**There was only one thing to do. . . . He was a drunken bum, a flop, and a wife-beater. He was a stinker, so he shot him.**

**by John West**

icent!" Again that merciless quiver trembled in Humphrey Wells' voice. "She was wonderful. I know, because I loved her myself before she was married to you and even after. Do you hear me? I loved her!" Wells swayed weakly on his feet and the diseased man seemed to ape his movement with his own uncertain weakness.

"As long as things ran smoothly you were happy; on top of the world, where you had been born and held in place by your father. But there was an end to your dream, as all dreams end, in the nightmare of reality. Fate put skids under you in the form of the depression, and you came sliding down off the top of the world, ruined financially. Your courage, if you ever possessed such, and spirit were shattered and you were left with a home, your only worldly riches. You had a wife, a wonderful little wife who should have been worth more to you than all the riches the universe contains, but apparently wasn't.

"Your proud, arrogant soul could not, with a clear conscience, stand this job you were compelled to keep so that you and your wife might exist, so you began drinking; began to drown your pride in a world of alcoholic dreams. Your father was broke too, and you could not shove your burden on him as you surely would have done, so you continued your drinking, ignoring Lucille's pleas—beautiful, pitiable Lucille, who would have stood by you through hell and high water.

"As time passed the yellow streak down your back grew wider." A harshness crept into Wells' voice, and the automatic tilted up higher, his finger tightened on the trigger. Again he controlled himself and relaxed. "Don't look so hopeful, you swine. You're going to hear every last damnable word of it. I'm not through yet.

"You were compelled to sell the house, and in its place you rented a dirty apartment hidden away in the slums. You lost your job, a job in which the man you should have been would have advanced to management. You and your wife were slowly starving to death because everything went for whisky. Your body was wasting away from drinking and lack of food.

"The world of intoxication was not

deep enough and far enough away to hide your cringing conscience in, so you began to dissipate in drugs also. You frequented your dirty apartment less often than before, and your wife slowly cried out her life on a filthy pillow until she was but a throbbing frame of skin and bones, with scarce the strength to walk.

"Then one day you came dragging in, having just awakened from the stupor of drugs, and she wept on your dirty, smelly shoulder the fact that she was pregnant. In your sluggish, unreasonable state of mind you could not realize it was an accident arriving from your own weak desires, that your wife had continued to manifest her love for you to the fullest extent of her weak, wasted body; you blamed her for the foolish mistake." Wells' voice rose to a hateful,



snarling pitch. "In your doped, half-conscious stupor you beat her to death with your filthy fists. It didn't take much to do it, for she was already near death from starvation. You beat her face, a face that was once beautiful, and stomped the life from her wasted body. It would have been a mercy killing, had it not been so merciless; had it not been you who did it. I loved her, and you killed her." His voice dropped to a hysterical sob. "I'm going to shoot you down like the miserable, dying reptile you are, now!"

The man took a half defying step toward him as Wells stepped forward. The gun tilted higher, spat once, mercilessly. Humphrey Wells pitched forward across the still warm body of his wife, and the full length mirror above his body trembled from the shock. •



# EXTRA LIBRIS

## Fairy Story

There was once a young man who had been very good. He didn't take advantage of any young women and he always remembered to take off his hat when kissing a lady. As a reward for his goodness his fairy godmother appeared before him and told him he could have any three wishes he wanted. Any three in the world.

Well, the young man thought for a moment and then said, "O. K. I want the most complete wardrobe in the world, and millions of dollars." Feeling a little pang of conscience he decided to give his last wish to humanity, and he concluded with "and a chance to kill Hitler."

There was a puff of smoke and the young man found himself in a gorgeous room. He went to the closet and lo!, there were hundreds of Hart, Schaefer and Marx suits, Arrow ties, and even all the styles of Adler elevator shoes.

Hundred dollar bills were crammed into every pocket. Drawers were overflowing with the green stuff. It poured forth in a golden torrent, never ceasing. He had at last achieved his two fondest wishes.

Suddenly his 14 carat telephone rang. He picked it up and a voice said, "Your third wish has come true. We'll give you a chance to kill Hitler. This is your draft board."

—STUD GLEICHER

## Deliver Us From Evil

Of all the thousand gods and one  
Worshipped underneath the sun,  
'Tis safe to say that gold can gather  
More zealots than the rest together.

Christians, Moslems, Jews—indeed,  
Saints from every mangy creed—  
Abandon Mahomet and Jesus  
To kiss the gilded feet of Croesus.

That man blasphemes who is content  
With a measly ten percent,  
And every man is fancied crazy  
Who would not be Prince Esterhazy.

And infant plutocrats at school  
Learn the latest golden rule:  
Love money as yourself and get it  
Or, failing that, expand your credit.

Their credo goes as follows: I  
Firmly believe that gold can buy  
Everything that really matters;  
At least it keeps one out of tatters.

Furthermore, as a godly man,  
I swear to gather all I can;  
And if the fates of all bereave me,  
I'll live on what my family leave me.

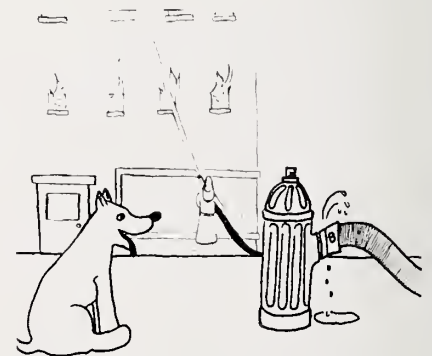
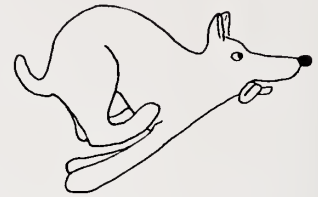
And at my death, I trust, my heirs  
Will profit from my rail-road shares.  
Thereafter may my faithful spirit  
Haunt the Stock Exchange or near it.

"Whose picture is that?"

"Oh, that's a picture of me when I  
was a baby."

"Gee, but you were a nice bald-headed  
baby."

"Wait a minute—you're looking at  
the picture upside down."



Gammage

## The Universal and the Particular

The sun and stars are fixed, they say,  
Within celestial routes;  
A tree grows upward, toward the day,  
With all its tender shoots;  
And only man is made to stray  
To reach life's better fruits.

At first this would appear for man  
A thing to better him,  
To aid him in his battle plan  
Against cruel nature's whim,  
For he can move, while nature's ban  
Keeps others bound quite prim.

But here in Chapel Hill we find  
It works against us, so:  
By it, the Navy makes our mind,  
And now, today, you know,  
We pass by South, when from the gym  
To Franklin street we'd go.

—Hayden Carruth

## The Flame of Love

His lady love was passing cruel:  
She had long hair and languorous eyes;  
Her crimson lips just heaped on fuel,  
And white hands bade his passions rise.

She drew him on, pretending passion,  
And, loving roses, drained his purse.  
Their romance grew in curious fashion:  
He loved the more, she loathed the worse.

He wooed her late, he wooed her early;  
Small faith, less love, had she for him,  
And, though 'twas plain he loved her dearly,  
She would have torn him limb from limb.

And so, from fruitless passions dwindling,  
He gave his love poetic form:  
His madrigals made excellent kindling;  
His sonnets kept her parlor warm.

—P. M. Pettigru



# CLOSED . . . .

## For the Duration?

by Sara Anderson

**S**TUDENT activities are tottering on the rim of chaos and destruction. From the Di reading clerk to the president of the student body, campus leaders are feeling the grim shock of war, and they watch their organizations crumble and wither beneath them. Through necessities on our campus today, the forms of student government, of all student organizations, are threatened with grave abuses from which it will be nearly impossible to recover.

These abuses are obvious. The fall of student enrollment is only a minor contributory to the possible decay of college institutions. More important, more detrimental to the spirit is the shift of interest of students. Realization of the need of student government is being absorbed by enforced participation in other organizations—whether it be the army, NROTC, CVTC, or the Marine corps. Perhaps the need for self government is just as real today as it has ever been, but the fact is, that if students don't feel it, the spirit leaves the crumbling form to its own degeneration. Parallel to this decline in the importance of student government is a new consciousness of the need of efficiency, centralization, and quick action.

Colleges have been caught in war before, and, although history never repeats itself, analogy still serves to illustrate. In 1917 the University of North Carolina was relatively innocent of the machinery of student government as we know it today. But there were organizations on campus, among them the Phi and Di Assemblies being the most important. Twenty per-cent of the student body was enrolled in the Di Assembly. With the installation of the SATC normal campus life was swept away, and with it all campus organizations. They were unprepared. They sank. Things worse than abstract disappearance happened. Lost also was \$1,400 in Liberty bonds which had been purchased by the Di society. The Di never fully recovered after the war, nor did the Phi, which, apparently lost no such tangible asset as \$1400. What they both lost was spirit, for salvage is no respecter of tradition.

In 1920 Dean Francis Bradshaw was asked to return to North Carolina in order to help restore the traditional processes of student government responsi-

bility. The job was not easy. By this time older students were returning from the war. War had changed their attitude toward the traditions of dear old Carolina. They were contemptuous of easy discipline, of inefficient self-responsibility, and they especially scorned the budding, immature freshmen who were eager to learn tradition, and eager to institute self-government. They were, in short, hard to get along with. But gradually the forms of student government as we know them today were shaped against opposition and discontinuity of experience. Other organizations, particularly the Daily Tar Heel and athletics, were the first to be on their feet again, but any campus organization is dependent upon student government for survival. The Tar Heel would not have amounted to a hill of beans had not its growth been paralleled by the growth of self-government.

We may, or may not experience these specific difficulties. The point is, that with foresight, we need not, whether "we" means those of us who will return after the war, or those of us who are interested in the future growth of the University regardless of our own presence here. The solution itself hinges on two desired ends. One of these is an imminent need of change. The machinery of student government is inconsistent with our present environment. Red tape, delay, debate must give way to centralized authority. The other desired end is the preservation of these organizations for the future by means of "freezing" them in their present healthy state rather than allowing them to gradually die of their own impotency.

Freezing, it must be admitted, is a rather nebulous term. It might imply continued operation on a pre-arranged status-quo basis. It might mean complete discontinuance for the duration. For student government the problem is easier, for after present need has been taken care of, superfluous machinery can be suspended for the duration—suspended with certain recommendations. Complete records of functions, methods of work, records of procedures should be carefully filed away. The student council, dance committee, and Town council should have a written constitution. The legislature, of course, has one,



but the legislature embodies only a part of student government. Other organizations, such as the University club, CPU, IRC, Debate council, etc., should also have complete records of their activities and procedures filed away for future use. In cases where the organization would be composed of a completely new membership, such a file would be the only source of information for its members.

Different people have different ideas as to the potential set-up of a student "war council," the difference varying

(See CLOSED?, page 27)



# Wasted Bricks

Chapel Hill breeds a lot of atrocities, but most of them  
you don't know about until you've been around awhile.  
Our architecture grew like Topsy, and hits even the  
most casual visitor with its incongruity.

by Jimmy Wallace



The ugliest photo the mag ever printed. But it serves to illustrate campus architecture. This shot of a BVP absurdity shows just one of the passing fads of Carolina housing fancy that has given us buildings that look like phantasy and are about as convenient.

HEY, Joe. T-e-le-phone for Joe Doaks." "Okay. I'll be right down." A raucous adolescent voice rings out over the campus at 2 in the morning. In response to the call, Joe walks down the hall, takes the stairs in a few jumps and arrives at the telephone located on the first floor of his dormitory.

This activity preceding a phone call from a friend has happened to most Carolina students. Every member of the male student population has had his name shouted out the window. Everyone walks down a hall. The telephone is always on the first floor.

Why? Our dormitories are designed from the outside in. Our Architecture is holding us back. "The art and science of building," has in many cases, ceased to be an art. Now, it is only a matter of copying what some long-forgotten architect planned several centuries ago.

Ever since man came out of the caves and populated a major portion of the globe there have blossomed several types of architecture. Throughout the ages, the society, the science and knowledge of the period have made themselves manifest in the structures that man conceived to carry on life. From the cold, dark, manors that once covered England to the remarkable creations of glass and stone that now portray man's scientific advances Architecture has progressed as society has progressed. In many cases, regions that were not satisfied with their own architectural type, which inevitably has been adapted to the environment, have adopted that of another region.

Chapel Hill is such a foster parent. On the campus of the University, one of the few educational institutions extending from the colonial period in American history, we find not an architecture of our own but that of a restricted area located in the colonial heart of Virginia!

Williamsburg! What magical property does this name imply which has moved people to adopt its Architecture? Why continue using an outmoded "type" when things much better are to be had? The answer is simple. Modern Architecture, never taken seriously in the South, as with many terms like Communism, has become a "bogey." The term Modern Architecture to the average layman calls to mind a picture of a bewildering mixture of sheer, brazen white planes, mingled with sheets of paper-thin glass or blocky houses with windows cut out of the corners and concrete terraces lined with carefully trimmed potted plants. Most of these misconceptions have come from big cities, the movies, and magazines.

This university, built largely during the 19th century, continues to erect new





structures which comply with the rules á la Williamsburg. The 18th century "quaint, and dreamy" style, with red brick and white trim characteristics appeal to the eye. The classical rectangular shape suggests "solidity and memories of the past." However the use of this architectural motif *prevents incorporating architectural advances made since the 18th century*. The vast majority of our dormitories fall into this category.

We live in an era of steam heat, yet all the dormitories boast of chimneys. The Carolina Inn, hopelessly enmeshed in the Williamsburg tradition, boasts more chimneys than any building in Chapel Hill. While the architect tried to be realistic, he forgot one little item and located several windows in the geometric center of what apparently was an innocent chimney!

True, the world that we are imitating did exist in the Southern states but is now only a glamorized and transplanted piece of the continent; and there is still enough Magnolia magic in us to make us line our front porches with Ionic columns and then believe we are breathing the air of white-bearded colonials and banjo-strumming darkies.

When confronted with the problem of building, we usually resort to what seems to be the simplest solution. We split our personalities. There is something in us that wants to be á la mode which is not to be ignored. After all, we use automobiles and electrical appliances, but just as that thought begins sneaking through our minds, the Old South comes prancing up a cypress-

Here they are . . . the wasted bricks. There are twenty-five chimneys in this picture, and not one of them will draw smoke. Just another slant on Chapel Hill's ideas of architecture.

lined drive in the guise of a shining gallant riding a Kentucky thoroughbred, holding a mint-julep in one hand and with the other guiding the bay of his sultry-eyed sweetheart who rides side-saddle in flowing silks and hums old French ballads. So, we build one of our colonial houses, and then remember automobiles and electrical appliances and especially the luscious New York apartment we saw in the movies. Result? We buy a streamlined radio, a dumpy chair, and perhaps a painting by some unsuccessful but crazy-enough-to-be-modern artist. Then we fold our hands. Occasionally we reverse the process by planting a miniature skyscraper in the woods and fill it with papa's old Morris chair and Aunt Effie's china dogs.

All this sounds rather far fetched, but here is an example.

The New Carolina Theater shows the split personality precisely. Certainly the Williamsburg façade could not offend the most ardent and ancient Chapel Hill resident. But what of the people who are concerned with the present and the future? That is well taken care of too. Just step into the foyer, which is smack out of an MGM saga of life in the big city. The theater proper has walls painted the way a winter sunset looks with everything from crimson to yellow. Perhaps the best thing to do is to turn out the lights so the colonialists can't see this interpretation of "modern"

architecture. There may not be a doctor in the house.

Why is the colonial façade wrong? Simply because it is a fad. To revert again to Webster, a fad is something "followed for a time with exaggerated zeal; a craze." And that is what the Georgian, English Colonial, or what have you amounts to. Certainly it is one of the most persistent and infectious fads that Architecture has ever known, but nevertheless it is a fad. It has not grown out of the basic needs and requirements of this particular community but has simply been adopted here, because it was attractive in England and Williamsburg. In England however where the style originated in the 18th century it was as particularly suited to the life and landscape there as it is unsuited here. Life was a little quieter then. They had no ABC store in Durham and made no week-end trips to Raleigh. Women embroidered and sneaked looks at a copy of Richardson's *Pamela* hidden in the folds of their dresses; men wrote long-winded letters on Horace and the Italian drama, or at the most, drank tea or port in the Coffee houses where they argued, occasionally with blows, over something "prodigious" in the morning's *Spectator*. Today, knee breeches have a picturesque charm also, but do we wear them to football games?

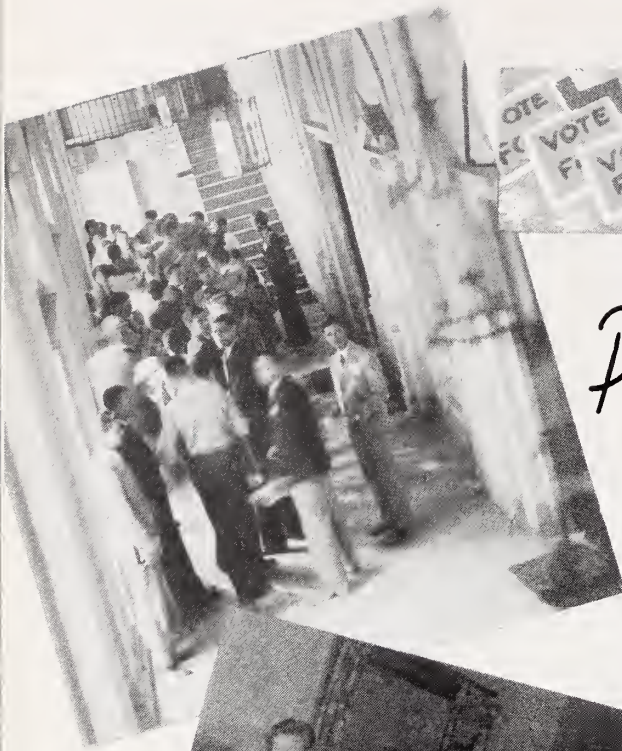
Advantages to be obtained from the  
(See WASTED BRICKS, page 28)



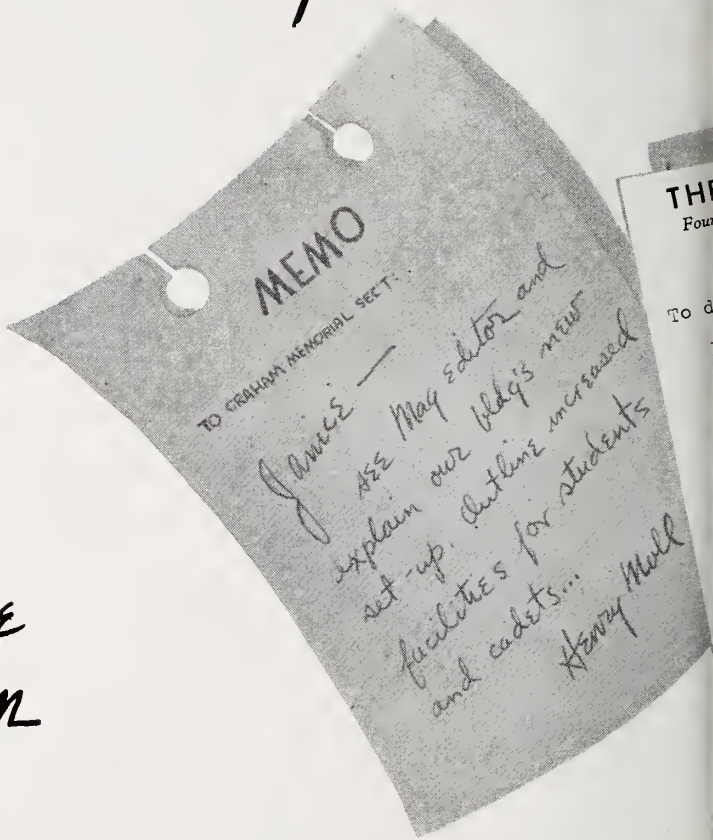
# Graham

# FRO

Politicking



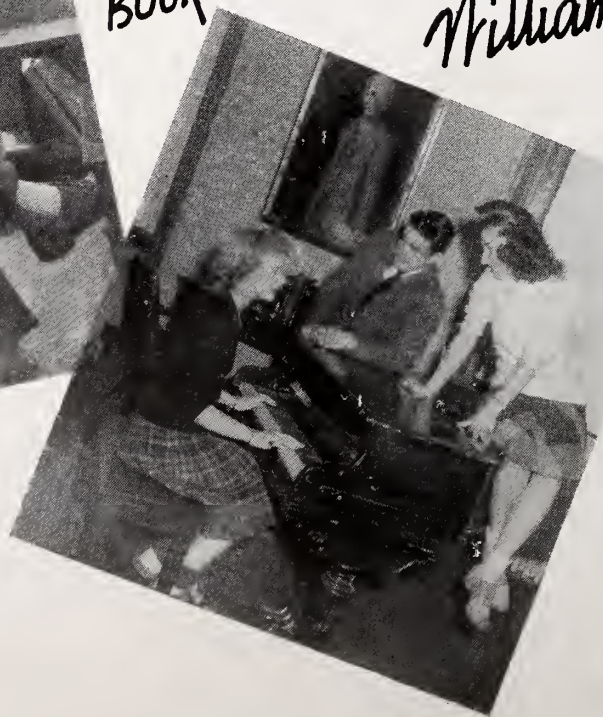
Game Room



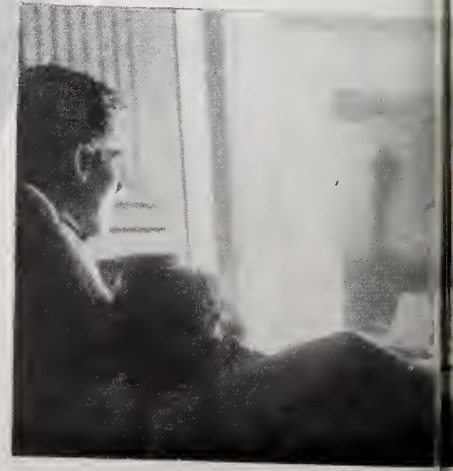
Book Corner



Williams Lounge



Fireside Lounge





# Memorial

## ICS

CAROLINA MAGAZINE  
the University of North Carolina in 1844  
Box 717  
Chapel Hill, N. C.

For Graham Memorial:  
Have checked new set-up.  
Students not taking advantage  
of opportunities, because  
ignorance of new rooms. Have  
noted following. For results  
this month's mag. the editor.

Litlicking ✓      Ping-Pong ✓  
 Line Room ✓      Jukebox Jive ✓  
 Book Corner ✓      Baby Lounge ✓  
 Williams Lounge ✓      Music Room ✓  
 Fireside Concert ✓

Sylvan

### Ping Pong



### Juke Box Jive

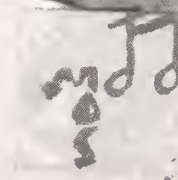
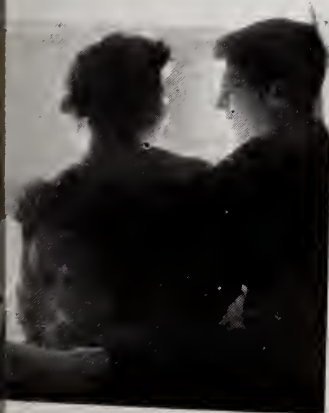


### Baby Lounge



### Music Room

Concert





# Two Portraits

by Sylvan Meyer

ONE girl was sitting before the camera. She was painfully young. Her smile leaked through twisted front teeth. Her hair was blond, her eyes white with the fierce dull expression of a venturesome animal, but still, withal, animal.

Mac leaned in front of her, said "smile," grimly, pressed the rubber bulb, as he clicked a board before her breast. The board had numbers on it.

The other girl was older. Shabby. She wept, she wept without bitterness or remorse. She just sobbed, Mac took her picture, too. It didn't have to be a particularly flattering picture. He let her keep on crying.

The reporter looked on. Finally he spoke to Mac.

"What's the charge, Mac?"

"663—occupant of a dive."

"Rather young, aren't they, for that sort of thing."

"Oh, found 'em with soldiers. Picked them up at the Waltham house—a vice detail broke down the door. We've had 'em younger than this. I just take their prints on a mug 'em—the stories are all the same.

"Yeah, tough on 'em though."

"Sure—but what the hell, there's no story in this for you. The *Tribune* never uses this stuff. Besides, after that abandoned baby yarn of yours last week, you're through as a sob sister."

As he talked, Mac took each girl by the hand, rolled her fingers on a pad, and transferred her prints to little cards.

The blond said, "Who're you tryin' to hold hands with?" She was tres gay.

"Quiet, child. You can get sexy with the judge Monday morning."

The other girl sobbed still, but more gently.

"Did you have a big time," the reporter asked the blond.

"I swear," she said, "it's getting so in this town that a girl can't even have a date anymore. I mean, what do they expect us to do? I never saw a town with such nosey cops."

"What'll your mother say about this?"

"If she opens her mouth, I'll knock her head off. She talks too much."

"Come now, that's not nice," the reporter said, smiling.

The blond turned on her friend. "Oh, stop bawling. You're always whinin', always hollerin'—you wanted to go out didn't you. You wanted to have a big time, didn't you. Whattaya hollerin' about. We'll be out in the morning.

Cryin' 'cause you'll miss church tomorrow, aintcha." She was a bitter one.

"How old are you," the reporter said. It was just idle curiosity. He really didn't care. It was a newspaper question.

"Old enough to know what would have happened if the law hadn't busted into the room."

The blond contemplated the reporter with a look supposed to be seductive. Suddenly she turned to the identification bureau man, who was fussing with steel cabinets and colored cards.

"Who," she said, "is this little man."

"Reporter," Mac commented briefly. He didn't care to chummy with his customers.

"A newspaper reporter?," she said.

"A newspaper reporter. Well, well. And what newspaper do you report for?" She began to take interest.

People in trouble with the law have a regard for the power of the press that is neither accurate nor flattering. They think that a press card can turn steel bars and bend a judge's conscience. Press cards are little squares of paper—too small and too rigid for any practical purpose. But people who know of newspapers even less than what they gather from the movies think that any emissary of the daily paper is a junior Messiah.

This reporter was not a Messiah. He wasn't even a good reporter. He just hung around the police station, checked reports, asked questions when they wouldn't bother anyone, and occasionally went for a joy ride on the patrol

Digging into his memories of an Atlanta police beat, mag editor Meyer sketches an interlude on the iron man trick. Saturday night brings tragedy to the station house.

wagon. A grim way to have fun.

"Listen, Mr. Reporter," the blond simpered, "why don't you come up to our cell and tuck us in."

"Fair lady," said the reporter, "why don't you come down to the press room and talk to my city editor over the phone."

He winked at Mac. Mac sat on the table. Surveyed his domain of steel filing cases and galleries of pictures that swung from the wall. He had often spoken of the pictures as of old friends. He knew all the girls, where they worked, how old they were, what terms they were serving.

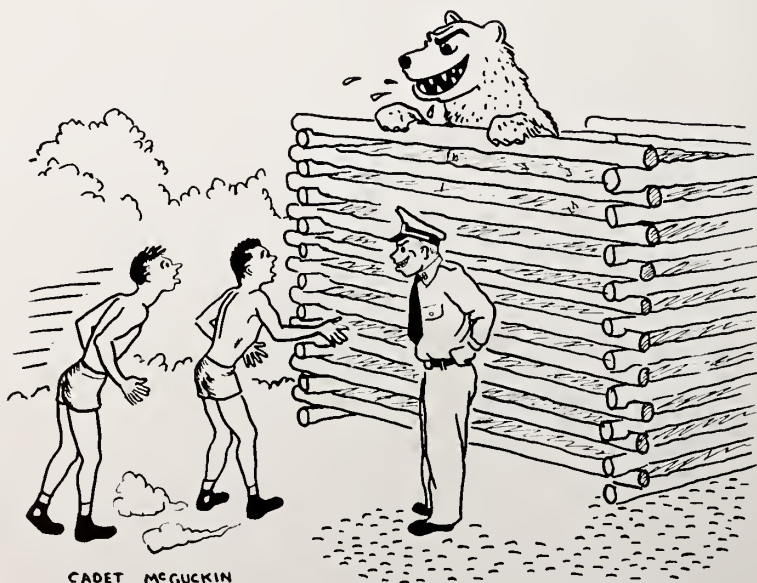
"Mac," asked the reporter, ignoring the girls, "was a V. D. charge entered against the ladies?"

"Sure. Army ruling. They'll be quarantined for five days while the doc tests for venereal disease."

Both girls decided we had cut them out of their own conversation overlong. "Five days? Five days? Five days? They ain't goin' to keep me in this jail for any five days. Five days? What are the five days for?"

"Dear ladies," the reporter said grimly, "they will stick needles in your arm and it takes five days to find out whether you got it or whether you ain't got it. If you ain't got it, they will fine you and let you go, thereby giving you another chance to get it."

(See TWO PORTRAITS, page 27)



CADET MCGUCKIN

—Courtesy of North Carolina Navy Pre-Flight School



## Final Fling

by Ben McKinnon

J. C. turned from the letter slot as he heard the envelope hit bottom with a tiny thud. He walked down the dormitory hall and entered his room. From the bookcase he took a Physics book, settled in the room's lone easy chair, and attempted to concentrate on Archimede's Principle.

Harold held his suitcase with his left hand, balanced a box of cookies under his arm and opened the door with his right hand. J. C. greeted the cookies eagerly and spoke to his roommate.

"I got that term paper written while you were gone," J. C. boasted. "And a couple of important letters besides. Say, do you remember that little blonde that I had up for the State game and the fall quarter dances?"

"I'll say I do. Never forget a figure. Let me see. Was it Doris? Uh-uh Mil-dred. No—Louise!"

"I've invited her up for the dances," J. C. said.

"Nice going, pal. I will be very glad to see her again." J. C. gave him a murderous look as he remembered how his girl and his roommate had been missing from the dance floor at the same time.

"Did you put the stamp on upside down?" Harold grinned.

"Sure. That's second nature with me. Wait a minute. Jehosaphat! I don't believe I put a stamp on the letter. I'm sure I didn't!"

"Tough luck, kid. It is Wednesday now and you couldn't get another letter to her before Friday—she will have plans for next weekend by then."

"Maybe they will send the letter on anyway."

"Not with that fancy return address of yours glaring from the corner. The letter will come right back to you."

"What'll I do," J. C. wailed, "I've got to have a date."

"Go on and ask Janet. She is not bad in the moonlight. Nuts. Worry about it yourself. I'm going to the show."

J. C. sat down at his desk and started a letter to Janet.

"Got to have one more fling before I start marching," he muttered. "But I wish it was with Louise. Sure hope Janet is not dated up." He finished the letter and mailed it.

Tuesday morning there was a letter for J. C. from Oak City. He tore it open hurriedly.

Darling,

You know I will be delighted to go to the Sheik dances with you.

He skipped to the close.

(See FINAL FLING, page 26)

## Cold on the Streets

by Nancy Smith

IT was cold on the streets of Brooklyn. Margy wished there was some place she could go. She could go home. But when you worked all day and were sixteen, you didn't want to sit home nights. Besides home was where mom and pop sat around and complained—where they complained that Margy and her brothers would come to no good; complained about the company Margy kept—the way her skirts were too short and her heels too high and her lipstick too bright. The cold streets were better than home.

But she wished she had some place to go. The streets weren't bad on warm nights. Then the fellers got together on the corners or in front of the candy stores and harmonized. She wasn't even mad, though she pretended to be, when she walked past and they sang after her in the rhythm of her walking,

*There she goes,  
On her toes,  
All dressed up  
In her Sunday clothes.*

Now, the fellers had some place to go when the weather got cold. They hung out in pool parlors or lined up at the bar in some dinky tavern or got together in their cellar clubs—if they could keep the clubs secret from the cops. Of course some of the girls went into the cellar clubs. But they were bad girls. Margy was not a bad girl. Only she wished there was *some* place to go.

She was about to walk past the Settlement House when she saw a notice posted on the door. She had nothing else to do so she stopped to read it. It said that a dancing class was being organized and that all were welcome to join.

Margy had a place to go.

She loved the dancing class. It met twice a week. A beautiful woman came all the way over from a fabulous place called Uptown New York to teach the kids dancing. They called her Miss Grace. The large room was cheerfully lighted and nice and warm and the victrola played all the latest records. Of course, some of the boys she danced with got fresh once in awhile—there was the one who complained to Miss Grace about Margy's skirt being so tight that she couldn't do the dips properly and cramped his style. But you had to expect things like that. That was all right.

Tonight the place was crowded. It was an extra special night. Miss Grace had brought over two of her gentlemen

friends from Uptown New York. Margy glowed when she saw the three handsome New Yorkers together. She loved Miss Grace. She thought it was wonderful how she came all the way over to Brooklyn to be with the kids—how she was so nice to them all—how kind she had been to Margy.

A square dance was going on. Margy and her partner were sitting it out. He was a very snappy dancer and wouldn't be found dead in a hick dance. Square dancing was for punk kids. So Margy and the boy sat on a bench near the victrola.

She saw the two New York gentlemen making their way towards each other through the crowd of dancers. They met at the victrola and started to talk. They raised their voices above the music not knowing they could be heard by Margy.

As they met, the gentleman in the gray suit shaded his eyes comically with his hand and said, "Ah! Dr. Livingston, I presume."

After the gentleman in the blue suit finished laughing, he asked, "How're you coming?"

"Fine, fine," said gray suit. "I wouldn't have missed it for anything."

"God," said the blue suit, "I don't see how Grace stands it."

"She gets a kick out of it," said gray suit.

"How in the world does she understand them? They're supposed to speak English but an outsider needs an interpreter around here."

"Grace has them down pat. Were you at the party the other night when she took off on the fellow that complained about his partner?"

"No. I missed that one."

"Well, it seems the fellow was dancing with some floozy and her skirt was too tight or something. Of course, I'm not good at imitations—not as good as Grace, anyhow. But according to her it went something like this:" he twisted his lips and spoke out of the side of his mouth.

"I'm dancin' wid a goil, see? An' her skoit's so tight dat we ain't makin' de dips right, see?"

Margy touched her partner on the arm. "I'm sorry, but I have to go."

"It's all right by me," he agreed.

The streets were cold and it looked a little like snow. •





## Our Gift to the Future

by Hayden Carruth

Oh, lovely girls, epitomes  
Of graces once Penelope's,  
The brightest stars in all our nights,  
The best of all our day delights,  
Who do adorn our campus here  
And shine like jewels amid the beer  
And rain and mud and gloomy classes,  
You whom nothing else surpasses,  
Greetings! You are fairer than  
The dreams of any classic man;  
Your loveliness was sure distilled  
By muses critics long since killed  
From substances beyond our earth,  
From star-fire and from angel's mirth.  
But outside glories glower thin  
When juxtaposed with those within;  
For you have brought to Chapel Hill

Great talents unsurpassed and skill  
In all the virtues of the land:  
Those of the brain and of the hand.  
You're worldly-wise with knowledge vast  
From every age and mind amassed;  
But still, withal, this mass of fact  
Is integrated in a tract,  
Within your mind, that reads so deep  
It covers all our human heap;  
In short, your view of things is sane,  
For you are girls of mighty brain.  
Your virtues are unparalleled;  
Your loveliness is unexcelled.  
And, girls, this is a damn good thing,  
Because, beyond the coming spring,  
You'll need these qualities I've shown,  
For if you're here, you'll be alone.





# Life in the Rough

by H. C. Cranford

THE first thing about my early life that I can remember is sitting day after day in the window of a sporting goods store and watching humanity stream past. It was the same old thing day in and day out and my existence soon became dull and colorless.

One day a tall, broad-shouldered man with red hair paused in front of the window and stood staring at me for several minutes. Then he turned and walked into the store. He was met by one of the clerks and the two started to talk in subdued tones.

I had shifted my attention back to the sidewalk and was admiring a passing blonde when a ham-like hand closed about my white body. I tried to slip loose but I could not move. I managed to look up, though, and I could see that I was in the clerk's clutch and he was showing me to the red-headed man.

"You won't find a better ball in town," the clerk was saying, his small mustache twitching as he talked. "I'm sure you will like it." And he stroked my cover lovingly.

"Very well," the man replied, "I'll take it."

He extracted an enormous wallet from the folds of his coat and flipped out a crisp bill, which he handed to the clerk. The clerk dropped me into a brown paper sack and I was put into the hands of the red-headed man.

I stayed in the brown sack for what seemed an eternity. At last my boss opened the sack and rolled me into his hands. I looked about at my new home for the first time. It was a beautiful house, lavishly furnished and magnificent in design. I suddenly realized that I was in the custody of a rich man.

My master dropped me into a little leather pouch on the side of his golf bag. There were many other balls in the bag, most of them scarred, torn and dirty. (I was easily the best looking one in the lot, if I do say so). I couldn't help but feel somewhat superior. The bag was dumped in the back of a station wagon and we were soon streaking down the highway. (OPA Note: Remember, this is *fiction*).

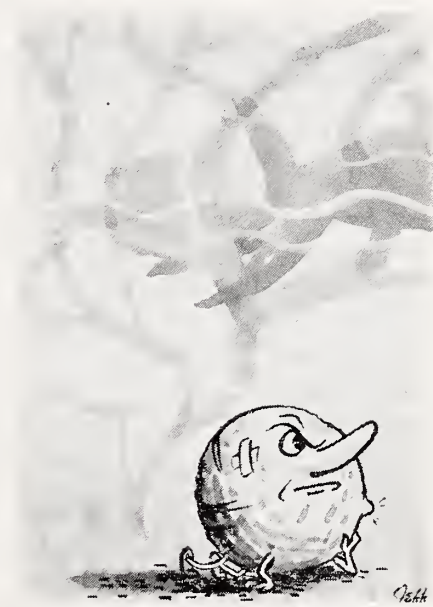
I asked one of the other balls, a frowzy, lop-sided U. S. Royal, where we were going. He answered, with definite sarcasm, "to the Club, rookie, where else?" I developed an immediate dislike for this fellow and resolved that I would never speak to him again.

We soon reached the Country Club. My boss, whom I learned was an im-

portant insurance executive by the name of Conrad Q. Conrad, signalled for a caddy.

I was naturally proud when Mr. Conrad selected me from among the nine balls that the caddy placed before him. I would not have been so happy, though, if I had known then what I know now.

After a close inspection of every inch of my body surface, Mr. Conrad dipped into his pocket and produced a small



wooden pedestal which he called a tee. He stuck the tee in the grass and placed me atop the lofty stanchion.

Before I could collect my senses, I again felt the swish of the air as the brass butt whipped past a second time. A moment later I heard the sound a third time—and this time it was getting too damn close for comfort.

I was about to shake myself from the perch on which I had been placed and roll to a point of safety when the hiss of the fast-moving club split the air again. And this time it didn't miss. It caught me square in the belly and sent me sailing down the fairway a mile a minute.

As if having the daylight slaps out of me had not been enough, I ended my flight by crashing head-on into a pine sapling that stood on the edge of the fairway. How I managed to remain con-

scious will always be a mystery to me.

I bounced from the tree into a clump of honeysuckle vines, striking my aching and blistered body on a dozen limbs on the way down out of the tree. I lay in the honeysuckle panting and praying that Mr. Conrad would not find me. The seams of my body had been split, a deep gash extended across my middle, grass stain and resin covered me from head to toe, and my head was simply splitting.

A sparrow flew into a nearby bush and sat watching me. I tried to inveigle him into chasing down to the drug store and getting me a Bromo, but he shook his head in the negative and explained that he had troubles of his own since the government had declared a shortage of fishing worms. He then hopped away, mumbling to himself.

No sooner had the sparrow departed than I heard footsteps approaching. I thought of hiding but it was no use. Mr. Conrad, puffing and cursing, loomed suddenly from behind the sapling. His gaze swept the ground, but he failed to see me. Then the freckle-faced caddy stumbled up. He spotted me instantly (the jerk!) and I was soon flying down the fairway again.

Angered at the treatment I had received, I was as obstinate as possible and did not fail to soar out of bounds every chance I got. And more than once I purposely fell from the tee and rolled away in order to delay the game.

Months passed. I soon accustomed myself to getting the well-known juice slapped out of me at least once a week. I longed to be back in the peaceful confines of the sporting goods store, but I realized that this could never be. My only consolation lay in the hope that I would eventually be declared unfit for service, given a 4-F rating (flabby, frazzled, floppy and fungused), and retired by Mr. Conrad.

One Sunday afternoon Mr. Conrad invited a friend out to the club. The gentleman, I soon learned, was also in the insurance business and held a higher position than Mr. Conrad, even.

As was his usual custom, Mr. Conrad suggested a wager on the outcome of the round. The friend agreed. It was decided that the low man would collect \$10 from the high man. The match got underway. Both men played well. I had never known Mr. Conrad to play so well. Both were tied at the fifth hole and when the boss suggested that the ante be upped to \$25, his friend agreed.

(See LIFE IN ROUGH, page 21)

He was happy in the sporting goods store, but a big man took him out and beat him around all summer. He finally found peace and love at the bottom of a lake.



# University Poets

## Urban A. M.

Only the sleepless hear the rain at 4 a. m.  
 leaning on elbows at the open windows;  
 only the sleepless peer into the hanging mists  
 mute with grief; the sleepless  
 who walk quietly abroad in the city,  
 pass the parked cars, the couple in the doorway  
 seeking each other in the dark;  
 pass the four o'clock nifties with the longed-for sleep in their eyes,  
 in their slim shoulders;  
 the sleepless who step softly in the bleak, fine rain . . .

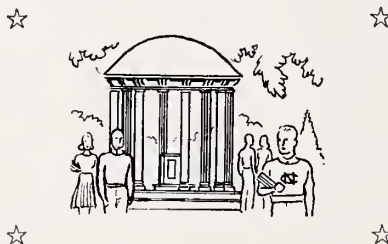
Only the sleepless drink the steamed coffee in the all-nitery and linger  
 over cigarettes,  
 peering into night faces;  
 Sit and listen to the left-over laughter  
 of a sailor home from the mined seas;  
 the drowzy petulance of an aged and evil-smelling walker of the streets  
 muttering, murmuring over weak tea . . .  
 Only the sleepless walk into the dawn  
 of chill daybreak and nameless numbness. . . .

—DAVE HANIG

## So to Speak

I wish it would let me alone  
 this desire—  
 I've work to do—  
 the way wood takes to fire  
 or a dog sniffs  
 a distant bone;  
 I wish it would let me alone,  
 as a kid yearns  
 and strains toward an ice cream cone,  
 this desire  
 that sets me all on fire,  
 pulls me from my book,  
 cold and tasteless stone!  
 tugs me like a leash,  
 as this woman  
 sitting, spreadlegged,  
 on the roof,  
 sun-warmed flesh and sprawled,  
 holds me by my look,  
 seems to call my name.  
 Well! Cold and foreign is this book  
 lifeless and all its words  
 tastelessly the same.

—T. WEISS



## Troy

A thousand years this moment  
 from the city  
 I want to be in,  
 buried like a leaf  
 under a million brothers,  
 buried under the dust  
 and ashes of my grief  
 that first came,  
 subtlest thief,  
 and stole away  
 my joy,  
 easily as the wind a leaf,  
 then dropt a spark  
 into my heart,  
 turned it into torch  
 that ate the city fast away,  
 broke all its buttresses apart  
 swiftly,  
 for it couldn't wait for day,  
 then dropt it  
 falling,  
 falling,  
 like a broken bird  
 or a burnt leaf  
 a thousand years away.

—T. WEISS

## Tryptic

### I

The spade of dawn strikes down in haste  
 Breaking the curdled loam of night  
 Revealing fitfully new born things  
 Time moves in a spray of glittering light.

### II

Brooding stands the singing spruce  
 Yellow arches the light of noon  
 Rimming a gauzy film of blue  
 The tree in the forest falls too soon.

### III

Silent waters sigh listlessly  
 The broad deep band of crimson dies  
 A muffled hollow of nothingness  
 At the end of the world a cold star lies.

—BABETTE STIEFEL



## Sing a Song Of Suicide

If suicide you would commit,  
Know there are scores of ways to it:  
The scientific mind and placid  
Takes most delight in prussic acid;  
Romantics, on the other hand,  
Think death by knife or pistol grand;  
I know of some who get a kick  
From merely taking arsenic;  
For Asiatics hari-kari  
Serves to bring close the cemetery;  
Still others, subtler than the latter,  
Are at great pains in such a matter—  
No guns or acids formulated,  
But hanging unadulterated;  
And there are some who like death if  
It comes of leaping from a cliff;  
Burning by some is still preferred  
Who easier ways have not yet heard;  
Drowning is still a favorite way  
With ladies who have gone astray;  
Some daring few, I will maintain,  
Like jumping from an aeroplane;  
And still another category  
By simple bombs are blown to glory.

So you who grumble at your fate  
And seriously contemplate  
Of everything an end to make—  
Of life, of love, of chocolate cake—  
Who hold your life in less esteem  
Than ginger ale or peach ice cream,  
Hearken to me, for I have learning  
In drowning, poison, guns, and burning;  
I keep all sorts of facts and figures  
That appertain to death and rigors;  
I have the very best statistics  
On Moslems, Catholics, Jews, and mystics,  
On Buddhists, Protestants, and Jains.  
And how they burst these mortal chains.  
I find in almost every case,  
Regardless of the time and place,  
That all discriminating folk,  
No matter whether flushed or broke,  
No matter who or what they are,  
Of this are most particular;  
So learn from them: take cyanide  
And have a stylish suicide.

—P. M. Pettigru

### Obesity

How fat she are;  
She used to wasn't.  
The reason are  
She daily doesn't.

—H. C. C.

He: "Do you know what virgins  
dream about?"

She: "No, what?"

He: "I suspected as much."

"A nice little girl shouldn't hold a  
young man's hand."

"A nice girl has to."

## "Eagle Beak"

by Ben McKinnon

THE dignified dean does not eat  
hamburgers and drink coffee af-  
ter eleven o'clock at night but  
Roland Parker, in no sense of the word,  
could be called the dignified dean.

"I'm just a country man from a coun-  
try town," he says. It is true. He is as  
friendly as the people who live in small  
towns. Roland Parker is one of those  
persons, who can produce an impression  
at the first meeting of having known and  
liked you all your life.

Replacing Fred Weaver as Dean of  
Men, Mr. Parker has worked with prac-  
tically all student organizations and is  
so zealous in defending the rights of  
students that he has been known to an-  
tagonize other faculty members.

Born in Fountain, N. C. and educated  
in Farmville, Mr. Parker was corres-  
pondent for the News & Observer and  
The Charlotte Observer while in high  
school. His biggest story was that of a  
crazed negro, who killed the town's lead-  
ing doctor. "I scooped the town," he  
modestly admitted, "since I was the only  
reporter in town."

Graduating from Davidson, he was  
lucky enough to have two jobs dangling  
in his face. Turning down the position  
offered by The American Tobacco Com-  
pany in Constantinople, Turkey, he went  
to Darlington Prep School in Rome,  
Georgia, to teach.

"Eagle Beak" Parker he was called  
by the students there. Once while play-  
ing tag football, he was carrying the  
ball and ran into a tree. The ball bounced  
up and knocked him out. The boys  
claimed that he hit the tree with his  
nose.

In 1931, he came to the University  
of North Carolina to graduate school  
and was a teaching fellow in history.  
He went back to Darlington and taught  
until the spring of 1940 when he re-  
ported back to the Carolina campus as  
an instructor in Social Science and an  
adviser in the general college. He was  
made assistant dean of students in 1941-  
42. In April 1942, Dean Bradshaw in-  
formed him that he had been made dean  
of men students and that he was to  
"see that student government and stu-  
dent freedom shall not be permitted to  
deteriorate and shall not be taken away  
from them by any higher powers."

He has succeeded in carrying out these  
words to the very limit. Intensely in-  
terested in student government, he has  
worked ceaselessly with all phases of it.

"I have never had an experience com-  
parable to the one that I experienced  
when I went to Fort Bragg for the ex-



amination in September," he revealed.

Ignorant of the fact that at Bragg,  
white men are examined during the first  
half of the month and negroes during  
the last half, he arrived there in the  
waning days of September.

In the office he was told to undress and  
go into the next room. Doing so, he  
found himself in a room full of sweat-  
ing black bodies with himself the only  
white spot in a complete blackout.

Dean Parker is perhaps closer to a  
greater number of students than any  
dean in the past history of the school  
has ever been. This amazing man knows  
a remarkable number of students by  
their first names and is always eager  
to discuss their problems or to just chat  
about the world in general.

Students take problems to him that  
they do not even discuss with their  
roommates. Once last year he was called  
by a lady in Chapel Hill who had a  
number of students living at her house.  
She asserted that they were rowdy  
boarders and wanted to know how she  
could rid her house of them. The same  
day, the boys called Dean Parker and  
reported that their land lady was a dis-  
agreeable old busybody and wanted to  
know how they could break their lease.

Early in October, a desperate boy  
came to his office with an intense prob-  
lem worrying him. It seems that his  
girl had been dating soldiers too much  
and he wanted her to stop it immedi-  
ately. He asked Dean Parker to help him  
write a letter to her about the un-  
pleasant situation. The letter was writ-  
ten and mailed. Later the boy came back  
and reported that it was a success.

Intimate questions like these prove  
that the man who said, "I have learned  
infinitely more from the students than  
I have ever been able to teach them"  
is one of the most popular and well-liked  
men on the University of North Caro-  
lina campus. •





# Thirst in a Doorway

by David Hanig

STAATS could feel the rain sponge his face as he stood in the doorway. His lips trembled with the cold, his gums ached with an intolerable pain.

He drew the thin gaberdine coat closer to his shaking body. Another winter and the doorway would never see him again. Now as the rain slanted the night air in a steady downpour he stood there and watched the cars move slowly down the crowded street. Lamplights flickered in a half-hearted manner. An air of oppression hung over the scene. The constant traffic, the peopled movements on the sidewalk caused the sheeted rain to raise a mist.

Staats scrutinized the crowd glumly. A woman waddled by with damp face wrinkled as though in distaste. Her fat body tilted the downpour and she resembled a drunken, full-breasted pigeon as she lurched away from the jostling crowd.

A bare-headed youth strode into doorways, paused, stood poised and then streaked out into the open for the next doorway. A couple, heavily dressed, huddled together as they walked against the rain.

Staats ran an unclean finger through his mouth and massaged the tender gums. He moistened his lips to control the trembling that seized his face.

If he could get a drink!

His eyes rested on an old man, plodding along the sidewalk. An umbrella over his head looked as though it were part of him. It never wavered as the gusts of rain tore at his coat or playfully swept the thin beard away from his chin.

Staats trotted out of the doorway.

"Please, Mister, could you spare a dime . . ." the rest of his speech was lost in the garrolous wind.

The old man twisted his head to a side like a bird . . .

"Eh, what's that?" he shrilled.

"Could you give me a dime for a . . ." he began again.

Suddenly the old man, with his free arm, seized Staats and propelled him under an awning. With the quick gestures of a squirrel the little man lowered his umbrella, swung it shut and snapped it at the handle. Then, as quickly, he lifted his bearded face up at Staats and looked at him.

"Hungry, hah?" the old man's voice was thin and high.

Staats quickly went into the memorized pattern that had rung the anguish and conscience of many passers-by. His voice wept, broke a little and trembled. He looked down at the thin, soaked oxfords and shuffled a little on them. He brought to the old man's attention that he had been a World War veteran and Life had Dealt With Him Harshly. He avoided the mention of a wife and kids. Some inner shrewdness told him that that theme had been too overplayed to make any solid impression.

The old man listened with a cocked head. Every now and then the night wind sought him out under the awning and chucked him under the little wisp of beard. He nodded his head nervously and then quickly he broke into the little passion play Staats was performing with little shushing noises.

"Alright, alright, come with me. Hungry, eh? Got to take care of that!"

Staats had misgivings. What was the

old boy up to? People always made such damn fools of themselves. Why couldn't the fogey give him two bits and call it a handout. His throat was dry. He could hardly wet his lips. And his gums ached . . . ached!

The old man peered out from under the awning. He tweaked his nose in doubt. Then jerkily he hopped out into the squalling rain and opened his umbrella. Up over his head as straight and unmoving as a curved ceiling. With his free hand he waved towards the dubious Staats to get under the umbrella. Crouching under the umbrella (for Staats was taller) the couple moved down the street. There was little rhythm in their walk and they bounced and sporadically limped along. As they reached the corner the old man saw the lights of a hamburger place. He jostled Staats into the doorway and into the warmth of the shop.

Staats' heart sank. Hamburgers! Ye Gods! What he wanted most was a drink. He knew a place where he could get a tumbler of clear jarrocky—a highly alcoholic gin—for ten, fifteen cents. The old man shook the dripping umbrella and shrilly yelled over the counter.

"Young man! Give him three hamburgers!" he jabbed a finger in the direction of Staats. The blonde, fat boy in back of the counter looked blankly at Staats.

"Ya havin' coffee?" he asked mechanically.

Staats gave a glance at the old man.

The old man seemed busily absorbed in the umbrella. Then, as though in reflex, he looked up and tweaked his nose.

"Hah? Yes, certainly." He turned to Staats. "Well, sit down . . . sit down." Suddenly he noticed the clock on the wall.

"Gracious, is that the time. Got to hurry."

He started to leave, fumbling with his umbrella. Suddenly he turned to the counter-boy.

"Ah—how much do I owe you?"

"Thirty-five cents." The blonde boy was casual, bored.

The old man listened with rapt attention. He tilted his face. Nervously he delved into the recesses of his coat and pulled out an odd mixture of coins. His lips moved as he sorted out the required sum. With alacrity he thrust the money on the counter. Without a further glance to left or right he pulled the door open and fled out into the rain.

(See THIRST, page 26)



# Mene Tekel Ufarsin

In these dizzy, thought-strained hours  
when a silhouetted house  
stands against a sky on fire  
lighted by the burning city,  
blanketed in smoky fog.

When I hear the shiphorns crying  
owlishly across the harbor;

When I sense the lighthouse-flashes  
shooting whitehot headache-pains  
into whirling madhouse-brains;

When I feel the streetcar-clangings  
with the tips of shredded nerves;

When the lonely, yellow gaslamps  
mock the weary nightly walker  
with a dreary halo-light;

When I feel that I am walking  
on a hard and shiny lake,  
where the cobblestones are islands,  
naked, cold and wet;

When the city is a scabbard  
for my scared and hiding self;

When the "White Horse" neon-sign  
on the housetop down the street  
flashes mercenary lies—

Then—

My vision blurs, and I am whirling  
in the dizzy, dazzling pool,  
and the neon-light that flashes  
is the writing on the wall.

I can see the hand out-stretching  
from a muddy, heavy cloud  
writing boldly, with a flourish,  
words it wrote before—

Words that damned that Hebrew people;  
Words that damn us all much more:

Mene Tekel Ufarsin—

Weighed and found too light—

Weigh yourself, you worthless sappling!  
Weigh your heart and soul and mind!  
Figure out your ethic value,  
weighed in pounds of public praise!

Then—

If in your nightly walking  
you should see the writing too,

should see your private Mene Tekel  
in the "White Horse" neon-sign—

Then—

There is a velvet ocean  
waiting patiently out there,  
where there are no flashing writings,  
where there are no yellow streetlamps,  
where the trolley never clangs.

Make your final life-decision:

Walk out on the longest pier,  
lighted softly by projectors,  
veiled in gently drifting fog.

Turn your back upon the water  
on the furthest, highest edge,

turn against the flaming city—  
kiss it secretly goodby—

Then—

Step lightly backwards—  
close your eyes—and die.

There will be a thousand foghorns  
weeping where you lie—

—Kai Heiberg-Jurgensen

ill. by John Sink





## THIRST

(From page 26)

Staats sat on the counter-stool. Then he brightened a little.

"Look, Bud, I ain't hungry. Lemme have the thirty-five cents, will ya, like a good sport?"

The blonde kid sighed heavily.

"Too late, mac, your burgers are cookin. There's no refund when the fat's on the fire. Ya want sugar?"

Staats wet his lips and put a finger in his mouth. "Yeah, two!"

The blonde kid looked at Staats. "Ya only get one. Sugar?" he ended with flat boredom.

Staats nodded in despair. Maybe the hot coffee would ease the pain in his mouth. "What a night. What a helluva night," he thought.

Out on the street again he skirted the walls of shops and loped into doorways and under awnings. When the rain ceased its downpour and drizzled weakly he panhandled every other passer-by. It was no use. Everyone was intent with some personal business. He left the street, shambled into an alley and slumped down under the platform of a shipping shed at the back of a warehouse. He tried to sleep but pain and a parched throat gave him acute misery. The closer he drew the faded, thin coat to himself the more he was seized with trembling. The hot, fiery gulp of clear jarrocky would warm and thrill his insides. It would make him drowsy, immune to pain and he could sleep till morning.

It was no use trying to sleep. Again he walked out into the rain-filled air, cut to the lighted street and the moving life along the pavements. The air hung damp and cold but no rain sloshed the crowds.

Stationed in a doorway he watched the stream of men and women. A thin, tall girl was struggling with packages. She seemed in some trouble. Quickly Staats moved out of the doorway.

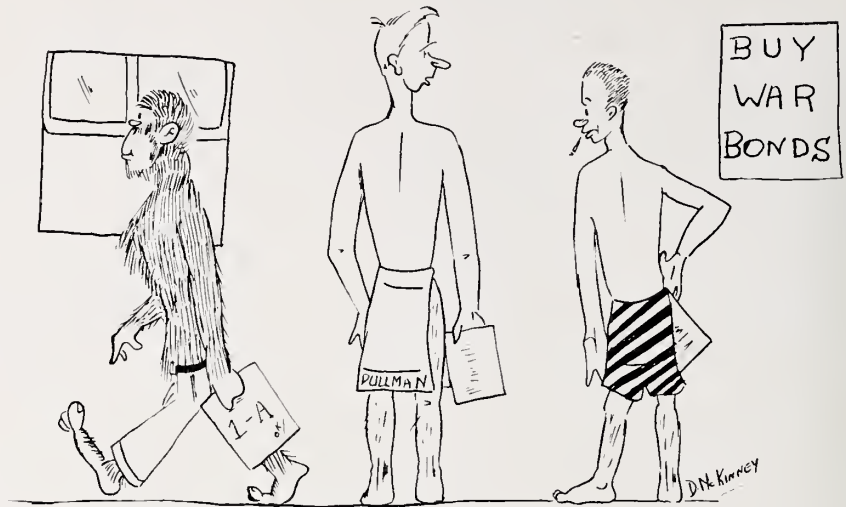
"Kin I help ya, lady?" he asked with apology in his voice.

She started, to see him there . . . at her elbow. She clutched a large box under one arm and three smaller packages under the other. The took in Staats with a sharp glance. The threadbare coat, the haggard pale eyes, the broken oxfords filled her with a sense of misgivings. But it was only for a moment. She attempted an air of authority.

"Here, take these!" she said and held out the three packages. Staats, with a warm relief in him, advanced her a little and re-assured her.

"It's awright, lady . . . I'll take good care of them."

She caught up with him, taking small, swift steps. As she walked by his side she looked at him curiously. A sense of



"He's slated for OCS, I understand."

pity filled her. He carried her packages with a simple trust that touched her.

"Are you—you hungry?" she queried hesitatingly.

Staats grinned wryly. This would be easy alright.

"Don't you worry none about me, Ma'am. All I want, if you can spare it, is a dime for coffee and . . ."

"Oh, you'll get more than that!" she said with emphatic nods.

As they neared the end of the block she tugged the sleeve of his coat. He turned his head as she ran into the doorway. He followed her.

The couple walked into the bright electricity and warmth of the hamburger shop. Staats' heart sank within him. Weakly he grinned at the blonde, fat kid behind the counter. The boy smiled without mirth.

"Back again?"

Staats turned to the girl. "Well, here's your packages, lady. I'll be shovin along."

The girl's eyes grew wide.

"Please," she said, "You've been awfully kind. Have something to eat."

She seemed a little embarrassed. She mistook Staats' uneasiness for pride and with abruptness turned to the blonde kid.

"One hamburger, please. And . . . and a cup of coffee, too."

She gave Staats a cup of coffee, picked up her bundles and having placed the money on the counter bid the brooding Staats a good night and hurried out of the shop.

The shop was empty and quiet. The blonde boy drew a cup of coffee from the large, metal urn and placed it before Staats.

"Listen, Bud, forget the hamburger. I'll just take the coffee," said Staats wearily.

The boy looked at Staats, shrugged

## FINAL FLING

(From page 19)

"Until Friday I'll be thinking of you, sweet.

Louise."

"Louise," he shouted. "By gravy, I did stamp that letter." She was coming. It was going to be a perfect weekend—he and Louise and Janet. Janet!

"Oh, Lord!" he moaned aloud. "Janet. What in hell am I going to do? Two girls. That is much worse than no girl." "Look, Harold. You've got to take Janet, and say you wrote her. Tell her you signed my name so she would be sure to come down. Be a pal. I'll do anything for you, anything."

"You poor fish. Do you think I have to sign your name to get girls down for dances. I ought to poke you one. I've got a date this weekend, anyhow."

Wednesday morning J. C. walked down the hall to the mail box and prayed that he would not get a letter. There was one in the box.

He took it out, stared at it for ten seconds, and then let out a war whoop that rocked the whole dormitory. The letter was stamped: Returned for Postage! •

his shoulders. He watched the panhandler run a finger through his mouth and across his sore gums.

He took the money from the counter and placed a dime before Staats. The kid put out an underlip and gave Staats a broad wink.

"We don't take tips . . . see?"

Staats looked up gratefully, took a few sips from the cup and grinning broadly, picked up the ten-cent piece and made for the door.

Outside, the night had cleared and the world seemed wonderfully washed and glistening in the lamplight. •



## TWO PORTRAITS

(From page 18)

The girls looked at each other. Their sixteen years were revealed in the apprehensive glances. Young to be caught in a hotel room with a soldier. Young to be in jail. Young to be examined for venereal diseases. Young to make fast conversation with police reporters and to smirk at a magistrate bored of being smirked at by other girls caught in hotel rooms with other soldiers. Young to be tossed in the clink with eighty other women, eighty experiments in a giant program to purify a six million man army. Quail.

"How's the food in jail," asked the girl who had been sobbing.

"It's slop," said the other. "Slop. They dump it on a plate. They check your knives and forks. Slop."

Mac looked at the reporter and shrugged. The reporter shrugged back. It was bigger than a fingerprint expert, it was bigger than a newspaper reporter. City ordinance 663, violated.

"Women and the war," Mac said. His revolver looked funny in its holster, swinging from a rawhide belt in his tweed trousers. He stroked the handle.

"Well," he said, "come on, girls, let's go beddy-bye."

Mac led the girls to an elevator in the back of the room. It had a sign that read "FOR PRISONERS ONLY."

The grilled doors of the elevator shut in front of the girls. It was in midsummer but their print dresses looked very frail. "Don't put my name in the paper, Mr. Reporter," said the girls. They grinned. The reporter waved unsmiling at them as the elevator started up.

As the reporter turned to leave the identification bureau he heard Mac's voice: "Wait for me, Horace Greeley. We'll go up to the corner for a coke." •

## CLOSED?

(From page 13)

mainly with the amount of power to be given to student representatives. Dean Bradshaw suggested that broad powers be given to the president of the student body, power to act independently of the legislature. His board might consist of representatives from various factions existing on the campus — NROTC, CVTC, pre-meteorology school, the Coeds, regular students, and perhaps even the pre-flight school. Decisions concerning students alone would be subject to veto by the legislature, or by student referendum. The administration would have the power to veto matters concerning faculty-student matters. At any rate definite student responsibility would be stressed despite war-time difficulties.

Another suggestion is that the Dean

of Men act as chairman of such a board. All student affairs would automatically be channelled into the office of student welfare, and the amount of student participation would be left up to the decision of the administration. The success of either plan, obviously, depends on the capabilities of the chairman. No system of vertical control is any better than the one man at the top, and no error of judgment can be afforded if the Student council, Town council, Dance committee, and perhaps the legislature are to give up their power.

The final conjecture concerns the "how" of the thing. Does the legislature have the power to set up such a board? Should the freezing of other organizations outside student government be compulsory or voluntary? At this time the answers to these questions are not clear. The legislature might find the power to enforce the status quo of student government implied through their constitutional power to set election dates. This, of course, is subject to student veto. Perhaps the better way is to submit the question to student referendum. It has already been suggested that this piece of legislation, i.e., the creating of the student war board, be submitted to the student body at the polls on February 18. The question is just beginning to be discussed as this article goes to press. A solution might be arrived at within the next few weeks.

The fate of other campus organizations will probably be left up to voluntary decision, but little hope is held for those that decide to attempt riding the tempests of war. Perhaps some can continue operation without harm to prestige, but prestige is a hollow asset at best. Certain it is that none can continue along any functional lines that have been established during pre-war years, and those that serve no war-time function should be cropped or cut out immediately. It is obvious that the student body is handicapped by superfluous machinery.

To preserve what we all know of Carolina liberalism and student freedom, so essential to our conception of the way a university should be run, these things must go. There is no alternative. •

## Boredom

Two corpses in the ground were lying,

The one beside the other,

The one upon the left espying

A worm upon his brother.

The one upon the right was sleeping,

In peace and silence snoring.

But shrieked, from out his coffin leaping,

"My, but these worms are boring!"

—P.M.P.

## LIFE IN ROUGH

(From page 21)

It was a sizzling afternoon and the two were pretty well fagged when they reached the 18th and final hole. Both had cards of 88. Mr. Conrad's friend selected a putter, studied his position for a moment, and tapped his ball. It rolled straight for the cup and plunked in. A big smile spread over his broad face.

"Well, C. Q.," he said, "there's an 89. You can't do anything better than tie it. And you've got to sink this next putt to do that."

Mr. Conrad walked around me twice. He got down on his hands and knees and squinted at the hole from the level of the grass. He wiped his brow, swallowed hard, and blinked his eyes. The freckle-faced caddy handed him a club. He stiffened, aimed, tapped me firmly, and stepped back.

I was rolling directly towards the hole. I could feel Mr. Conrad breathing heavily behind me. In a flash I thought about all the pain and torture he had caused me; visions of that smash in the belly my first day out flooded my mind. I thought, too, about all the scars and wounds on my once-beautiful body—scars and wounds for which Conrad Q. Conrad alone was responsible.

The cup was drawing near. In a moment I would be falling into the hole and Mr. Conrad would tie his friend's score. Suddenly I seemed to forget everything and I swerved my body to the right just as I reached the edge of the cup, pulling to a shaky stop six inches beyond the cup.

I was not sorry for what I had done. Revenge was sweet and I was happy. I braced myself for Mr. Conrad's ire.

He was on me in a second. Sweeping me from the ground with one powerful stroke of his arm, he cursed me bitterly and, with a violent heave, hurled me over the road and into the Country Club lake.

I have been here, surrounded by bottles, mud and like matter, for more than a year. Even my best friends—the rubber horseshoes and the hockey stick at the sporting goods store—wouldn't recognize me now. For I am truly but a shell of the beautiful white sphere I once was.

Still, there is some satisfaction in my life here on the muddy lake bed. There are no Mr. Conrads around to pound me senseless every Sunday afternoon, no freckle-faced caddies to haunt me, and no resin and grass stain to fear.

And, best of all, I met a cute little rubber ball this morning when they started to drain the lake. She used to be the leading lady in a jack-rocks set. We're stepping out tonight.

Here I go—balling the jack. . . •



## WASTED BRICKS

(From page 15)

so-called modern Architecture include first of all more comfort for the occupants. Completely unrestricted in shape and geometrical outlay, the modern school thus has an advantage over the former "orthodox" way of thinking. Not only this but an element of expense is involved in the requisites for the Williamsburg form. Notable in this respect is the amount of money spent yearly for chimneys built of expensive brick but used only for decorative purposes.

Chief exponent for the modern school on the campus was John Allcott, head of the University Art department until last month and now in the Navy. Allcott realized, as no one else did, that the artists and architects would have to win a battle against convention before any real constructive architecture could be had in the South.

As an example of what Modern architecture would offer, there is one building here that most nearly qualifies. Woollen gymnasium, although it has a colonial front, is spacious and with its air conditioning system and sunny main floor, has more advantages to offer to the user than any other on the campus.

It is difficult for us to realize now that in time the buildings being constructed on the campus will appear just as sore to the eye as whatever-those-things-are on Carr dormitory and the Mercurial wings on Davie. If a modern building were placed on the campus, would it look as out of place as these? For a time, yes. But it would only show more clearly the out-of-placeness of the other buildings. A modern building would have a right to be placed on the campus. The others do not.

Perhaps it would be perinent to ask, what *would* look in place on a campus with a Neo-Greek library; two Egyptian (vaguely) classrooms, New East and New West; and a math building and three dormitories of bastard Tudor. A big reason for continuing the Colonial style is the fact that South building had stone columns added to strengthen its coloniality and the Manning group, the upper and lower quadrangles, Person hall, Graham Memorial and the Carolina Inn are more Colonial than anything else. Here again majority rules.

The pleas which architects have been making for the past 50 years for an American Architecture that is functional, organic and an outgrowth of the immediate needs and surroundings involved, fall with about as much impact as a Yackety-Yack editorial.

Modern Architects aren't in the business just to kill time. They have made highly technical studies of the art of building. They are prepared to build for us those structures best suited to

our needs and our desires. The only hitch is that we can't realize what those desires really are. This doesn't mean that they want to cover the countryside with masses of glass, concrete, and steel. It does mean, however, that the architects would like the privilege of striving for the expression of our culture and for the simplicity which is essential to all art. Frank Lloyd Wright, probably the founder of the school of modern American architecture, says "there should be as many kinds of houses as there are kinds of people, and a building should appear to grow easily from its site and be shaped to harmonize with its surroundings." The Architecture which would grow out of Chapel Hill's woods and hills and rolling campus would look hideous in Tucson, Arizona. That's the way things should be.

In emphasizing simplicity, Wright runs into one of our Victorian hangovers—the belief that everything that is useful is necessarily ugly. In the age of the machine this idea should have been exploded but evidently it hasn't. According to Wright, we should "avoid all things that have no real use or meaning, and make those which have meaning especially significant."

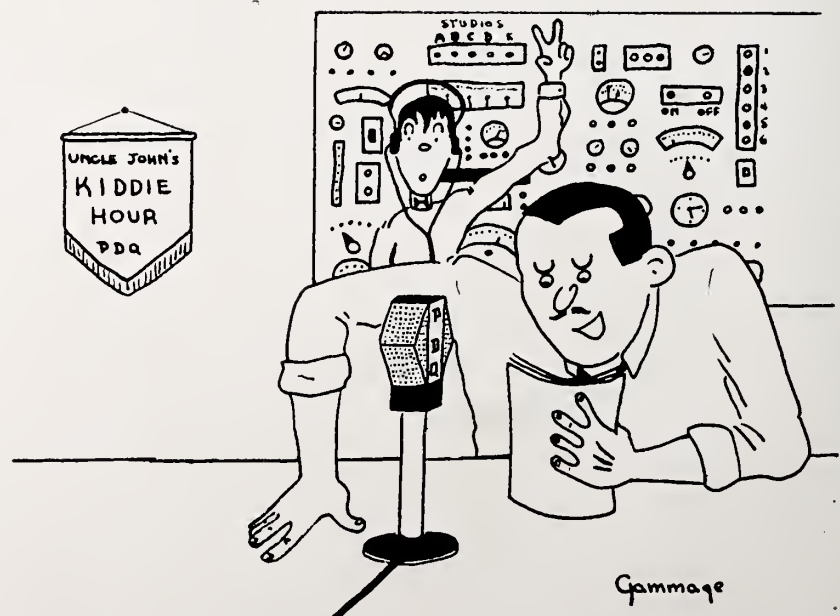
Specific examples of what is wrong are more effective than anything else. The upper and lower quadrangle dormitories were built about 20 years ago, employing a strict adherence to Williamsburg style. They are of the conventional red brick structure and cubical shape embodying fake chimneys and a consequent waste of materials. In these dormitories the rooms are laid out flanking a hall which runs the length of the buildings. All of the structures follow

a quadrangular pattern and thus fail to take advantage of several things. In the upper quadrangle, the sun formerly broiled the students in the morning on the east side and in the afternoon, baked the ones on the west side. The designers of these buildings could have placed them diagonal to the sun and in this way would have more evenly distributed the sunlight.

In the interior halls, electric lights burn constantly throughout the day due to improper planning. This could have been eliminated by the use of a few glass bricks and a skylight. By far the greatest error in the Architect's plans is the cramped living quarters provided on the 4th floor of the Upper Quad dormitories. Not only do small dormer windows provide inadequate light and ventilation for the students there formerly, but the occupants are constantly bumping their heads on the low roof.

Another bad feature is manifest in the lower quadrangle. For years students have had to rely on one over-head light and two wires dangling from the ceiling as the only sources of illumination. As in both the quadrangles, doors, regardless of advantages to be gained by placing them elsewhere, always open into the center of the room directly opposite the windows. The modernly designed dormitory would not be restricted by size or shape, being constructed from the inside out.

Steele dormitory suffered from inadequate toilet facilities until the room shortage spurred new additions. When this dormitory was built the outside was considered first with the occupants convenience coming secondary. Old East and Old West, while they are ancient,



*"And so tonight, Kiddies, Uncle John leaves you. He has been called to help his country in time of need. Good night and God bless you, you damn little brats."*



lacked toilet facilities on the first floor. The Battle-Vance-Pettigrew combination still has no showers on the first floor. These dormitories were constructed as late as 1912, with their architecture being an attempt at Gothic, which flourished in Europe during the Middle ages. Alexander, Whitehead, and Stacy, built within the last 5 years, retain the Williamsburg geometry.

Colonial Architecture became more firmly entrenched in Chapel Hill and the University with the adoption of the Colonial style as that which would predominate on the campus and flank Franklin street.

Chapel Hill has something which no other community in the world has. A certain unique quality is present here. Its rolling hills, the landscape that generations of students have cherished, all combine to form a setting which cannot be imitated. We have here ideal conditions. Something which belongs to this particular spot and to no other. Yet we go out of our way to copy styling which has grown out of an entirely different series of conditions. The solution is to build with only two viewpoints in mind. First, build a building to suit the need. Secondly, make the building conform with its surroundings, incorporating within it the Architectural advantages that lay before us.

Shall we bog down in the welter of eighteenth centuriana, or allow the architects to create for us buildings suited to our needs, our surroundings, and which will at least make a stab at the sort of creation that gave the Greeks their architecture?

With these views in mind, it should be simple to produce something greater and better than the University has had before. Instead of going forth in search of something to adopt for our purposes, stay at home and look for it. •

## UNDERNOURISHED

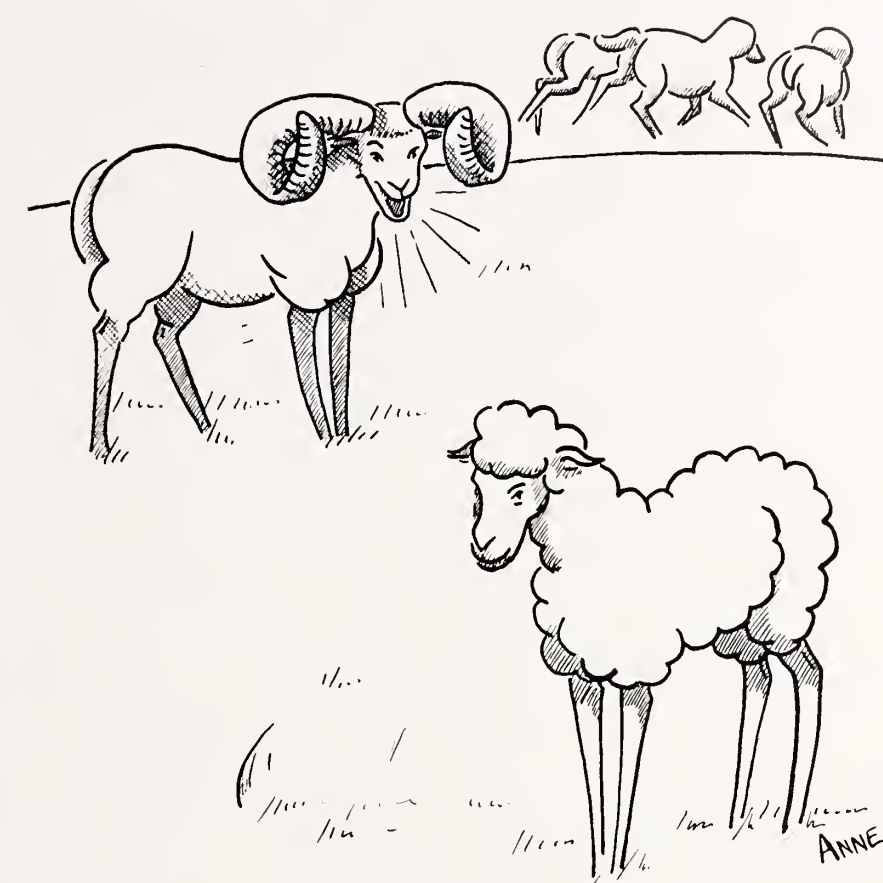
(From page 7)

Another stated his belief that the state must be "giving us just enough to tide us over so that they can always stand up as martyrs to the cause when anyone asks if the school teachers were raised this year. Sure, didn't we give them a War Bonus."

Still another said, "I'll be damned if I'll accept the pittance. I'll send it back to Broughton telling him that the state must need it more than I do."

A fourth, in the higher paid bracket, summed it all up when he sighed to me and said that "they got us. The profession is overcrowded and they know we hate to leave. Why, I don't believe any of us could even get a good war job."

In his appropriation speech Dr. Gra-



"Hey, ewe!"

ham thanked the board for their "democratic way of increase" but went on to say, "We had hoped that an adjustment to the cost of living would be made after a restoration of the salary scale which was reached by the staff of our state institutions during the decade before the great depression. Their salaries did not go up with the great boom of the late nineteen twenties, but went down in the great depression and have never been restored to par in the middle and upper brackets, not even with the proposed War Bonus. The War Bonus increase still leaves some of our most eminent professors below the salary scale of 20 years ago."

Why is it that education in North Carolina has always taken the bumps? Why is it that public records show that the administration in Raleigh, department of highways, public health, correctional institutions, welfare bureaus and even public schools have consistently lagged behind Carolina when salaries were cut and stayed far ahead in periods of restoration?

Why is it that the auditor, secretary of state and superintendent of public instruction were recently raised \$600 a year while our top notch professors squeezed through with \$120 a year?

Why is it that just recently the commissioner of agriculture and the commissioner of labor were raised while Old

Mother Hubbard rationed but a mere \$1,500 to Paul Green who was offered a \$10,000 full professorship at Harvard? Why is it that they continually overlook W. T. Couch of the University Press who has nurtured the number one college press of the country even when they know he is being begged to manage a national publications firm?

Why is it that our library, with its ever increasing side jobs to fulfill has already been surpassed by Duke and Texas when it was recently number one in the South? Why is it that scientific publications and special releases that are needed so desperately for thorough teaching are sadly lacking? Why is it that the library is so far behind that it is the lowest in the University departments? Our "dynamo of the University," as Dr. Graham calls it, is threatening to burn out a bearing.

Why is it that South Carolina recently gave a flat 10 percent increase to its public service workers and the federal government gave a flat 15 percent raise to those earning under \$5,000 a year while our highest paid professor gets \$4,500? (Kenan professors get an extra \$500.)

It isn't a question of ignorance on the part of the legislature. It isn't that Graham and Rogerson and Carmichael haven't stood on their heads to get it. It isn't that we don't deserve it. It isn't

(See UNDERNOURISHED, next page)



## UNDERNOURISHED

(From preceding page)

that the state doesn't have the money. There is an interlocking weave of reasons behind the state's apparent lack of imagination in forging ahead—its apathy and sedentary tactics towards the vision necessary for keeping up with the rest of the country.

The influential part of the state, the sections of the state that wield power in the legislature, don't like Dr. Graham. They don't like his aggressive spirit. They don't like his smooth manner of talking and usually getting what he wants. To put it mildly, they hate him.

Heading them all are the presidents of competing colleges in the state who send lobbyists to Raleigh to shout for "balance of appropriations." They write heart rending letters begging the legislature not to grant appropriations above the normal scale. "Larger grants mean lower tuition rates, and that means that Carolina will grab the majority of incoming freshmen. That would hinder us just now especially at a time when we are expanding and so won't you please . . ."

"Expansion!" Since 1929 Carolina has expanded 300 percent on the limited budget grants. At present she is one of the few institutions that had the foresight to see that an emergency was coming and converted to wartime programs still operating under the regular budget. But it works.

A few years ago another group sprang up. They were known as the Anti-Pure Athletics group which took a strong stand against the Graham plan of no subsidization. Powerful alumni held the sword over his head with a mighty thin string. They made it hard for Graham.

Citizens from the Piedmont and Bright Belt region, hotbed of frequent race troubles, have a narrow-minded impression that the University is mothering something or other. They write scathing contest letters of 50 words or less telling the budget commission that, "I think the University of North Carolina is a hotbed of nigger lovers because —"

Yes, nigger lover. They imagine that Carolina is practicing social equality. Dr. Graham is a "nigger lover." It's true. They are so powerful that they passed a bill in the board of trustees demanding that every faculty member take the oath of allegiance before his next pay check. That came about because they had heard that some departments were holding meetings with Negroes on the panels.

Then there is the one man campaign in Charlotte. David Clark and his Southern Textile Bulletin is forever trumping up charges against the University

that hinder lump sum budget raises. This past October he bugled forth that Graham was a Communist. He based his charges on the fact that Graham was a member of the advisory committee for the summer school of the University of Moscow. At present, Clark is on the board of trustees and in a much better position to continue his work.

A strong underlying and everyday reason comes under the bugaboo title of taxpayers. Many don't mind paying taxes, but they do feel strongly that increased taxes would drive out industries or keep others from sending in feelers. There is the other group of taxpayers that believe if you tax one group you should tax them all.

These last are normal reasons that should cause no increased wrinkles. Every state has them. Everybody parrots them and the legislature pays little attention to the taxpayers. They do

### The Night Before

As a king might drag away  
the day  
with the stout centering horse  
of revelry,  
swiftly to reach  
his nuptial night of ecstasy,  
so I,

no king,  
not able to command  
with a wave of hand  
voices and trumpets to sing,  
strive to hook up the day  
like a dray,  
drag it away  
with that wild horse  
that will not obey  
of want and misery.

—T. WEISS

pay a lot of attention to those taxpayers who lobby in Raleigh for the influential groups that were mentioned previously.

Numerous faculty leaders predict that in a few years State College will pass Carolina as the leading unit in the consolidated University. A glimpse of the future can be caught by comparing the average increase per year for 1943 and 1944. State has been given \$58,287 and Carolina averages only \$37,756. For the years 1944-45 the budgeteers recommended an increase of \$66,728 for State over this year while Carolina reaped an all time low of \$3,579.

If the money granted the Agriculture Experiment station of State is added in to their grant the sum totals are staggeringly far above ours.

This biennium we received a budget increase of only \$2,000 more than State. Sort of a preview of what is to come. At Chapel Hill we were refused \$81,164 that would have covered our essentials only. That is a lot of money and the University will feel it.

Yet, University heads went to Raleigh and had to listen to Dr. Graham say, "We have faith in the commissioners decision reflecting the determination of the people of North Carolina to keep the University among the top ranking institutions of the country. The governor, associate director of the budget and all the members on the commission deserve the whole hearted support and appreciation of the state for the open minded, conscientious manner in which they have discharged their jobs."

There is a strong possibility that the guardian saints of the money bags will demand that the University raise operating costs. In the budget recommendation they say that, "The University may have to increase its charges for board, room and other services of like nature to cover the increased cost of commodities and services."

Dr. Graham is over 60 years old. Dean House is over 50. Dean Bradshaw is 49. They are anxious to advance their University. They have great ideas now. They have had great ideas in the past that have been carried through. When the Pre-flight school came here that was a very great idea. The War College is another. The securing of an Army contract for the Pre-meteorology school is still another. The Pre-flight school is keeping Carolina from going broke. And yet the Legislature deducts \$90,000 because of the rent paid by the government to Carolina.

They deduct \$90,000 of which half could have been distributed among the consolidated group because they have to keep that \$32,000,000 surplus. They don't consider the fact that the Pre-flight school has brought over \$3,000,000 to the State.

Give our leaders the funds now to work out future ideas. Later on they will grow complacent and the progress will halt. Like the University of Virginia with its five old men.

Dr. Graham has faced a task that was more difficult this year than ever before. Between hearings he must fly back to Washington and wrestle with John L. Lewis and the WLB. That leaves the entire business up to Dean House. It is apparent, say those who know, that Dean House doesn't believe in driving towards bigger budgets if defeated the first time. He is easy going and will let the legislature have its way.

That leaves the business up to L. B. Rogerson and W. D. Carmichael who have worked harder for the increases than ever before. So thorough going have they been this year that even the little white six by three cards that Dr. Graham used for his speech in Raleigh were prepared by the two financial wizards. Hammer, hammer and hammer.



But you can't hammer against a legislature that believes in "essentials only." It represents the spirit of the state. If money increases won't help win the war—forget about them. What does the legislature mean by essentials only? Stripped down to raw significance, essentials only mean shot and shells, guns and cannon, airplanes and submarines, tanks and ships.

If 22 of the 30 million dollars have been invested in bonds that will carry the state through a rainy season why not use the remaining millions the same way. Don't help the sick. Let them die and save money.

Our churches don't contribute directly to the winning of the war—we could close them up until the war is won. It would save us money.

If we are going to spend money for immediate cannon-fodder, we can close our colleges, if we are short sighted enough to not see the necessity for scientifically trained men to be our leaders in the war and in the peace. We might save money for the present by converting our college campuses into military camps.

After dinner speakers and commercial orators wax brilliant over the University. They call it a child of the Revolution, leader of the old South, the alma mater of the founders of industry and civic life, the mother of more sons who were lost in the War between the States than any other college on either side, a builder of the new commonwealth on the frontier of the south today geared to winning a total war, composed of people serving all the needs of home, farm, industry, school and human liberty.

But while they cry out there are others much stronger in the state who want to throw out all thought of God, our historic heritage, our traditions, our hopes, and our determination to build the kind of world we want to live in by declaring them non-essential to the winning of the war.

By doing so they will save a few dollars for the present, but in the long run it would be a costly mistake. By it our people are robbing the cradle of North Carolina's future. •

*In the navy it was my height,  
In the air corps—bad sight,  
In the Marines I was too slight,  
But in the draft, I'm sure all right.*

POINTER.

Frish: "I don't think I deserve a zero."

Prof.: "Neither do I, but it's the lowest mark I'm allowed to give."

The modern miss is weak in the nays. . . .



"Well, we had to have some way to tell time."

## Just Supposin'

Tar Heel and South Building statistics put forth facts already well known to the coed. The ratio of men to women has changed here at Carolina from four to one to three to one.

As she falls asleep at night, the coed begins to worry about this dating situation. She sees herself on weekends, huddled in her room with a group of similarly ill-fated coeds—without dates, without phone calls, without excitement.

And the coed begins to wonder why cadets have to go in early, why Leap Year comes but every four years, why Sadie Hawkins Day was abandoned. In desperation she dreams on, looking for a solution to her problem. Dreams come to her, dreams in which she, the once sought-after, always-on-the-go-coed, takes the initiative and calls a boy for a date.

She sees herself in the phone booth, desperately trying to reach second floor Old East, Battle-Vance-Pettigrew, the Phi Delt house, or the Beta house. Over and over again she dials, but each time the line is busy. Then finally, when success seems within her reach, she learns that he is out, that he'll be in at 10:30 and is there any message.

Or if she meets with luck she hears a hesitating voice answer, "Well, I'm not sure. . . . I think I have an economics test the next day. I'll let you know." Or, "Thank you so much, but I'm dating a WAVE." Or even, "Phone me up tomorrow, will you? I might decide to go home this weekend."

In her imagination this same coed sees herself dashing fifteen minutes late to call for her date, finds herself pacing

the floor with a cigarette between her teeth as she waits fifteen minutes more for him to set in an appearance.

Later on in her evening of fancy she and her date are down at Marley's drinking beer, while dozens of coed stags stand around the bar, dance with her date, or move in the booth for a long winter's conversation. To escape from this female wolfing she suggests a nice walk through the Arboretum and her date answers, "Oh, no. I like it here—there's so much atmosphere, life, so many people." She then settles down to her fate, orders more beer, and lights cigarette after cigarette for the fiend beside her.

Finally the dormitory closing hour draws near and the coed rushes her date home, running all the way so that he won't get on probation. Outside she meets the girls and together they discuss the evening's activities.

Down to Marley's for one more beer, across to Graham Memorial to see if everything's quiet, and back to her own dorm she trods, weary of talking, weary of dancing, weary of men, yet ready to try the whole procedure again in twenty-four hours.

But then an alarm springs from out of nowhere, calling the coed to her 8:00, back to a world where a three to one ration isn't so bad after all. •

—SARA YOKLEY

Knock, knock.

St. Peter: "Who's there?"

Voice outside gates: "It is I."

St. Peter: "Go to hell. We have enough English teachers in here now."



## Editorials - - -

SYLVAN MEYER ..... Editor  
HAYDEN CARRUTH ..... Managing Editor

### Biggest in The World

YOU and I have the reputation of being the biggest, emptiest egotists in the world. We have that reputation because we are part of the American people, and that is the reputation America has. More than ever before, this is now evident.

We think we are the biggest guys in the world, the guys who go around saving everybody else. We think we are pretty damned white because we are sending soldiers to Europe; we think we are martyrs because we may save a few homes for a few European families.

That is exactly what we think, what we have always thought, from the moment we established the Monroe doctrine. We are so big that we can invite Chinese generals to America for a conference and then ignore them and insult them, until they have to go home.

Nobody in America is starving, which is a good thing. Nobody in America is forming a little band of ragged, hungry men to keep Hitler out of the back yard, and that, too, is a good thing. Nobody in America is watching a worn woman with a small child walk endlessly away from the flames, and that is a very good thing indeed.

But these things are happening, from Budapest to Athens, from Peking to Mandalay, from Helsinki to Sevastopol. And the fact that these things are happening makes those people bigger than we. We could do it if we had to, but we haven't, and we aren't. Those are the people who have really been fighting this war in a big way, ever since 1931. And that is eleven long years.

America will have to back down, get rid of some of this glory song. We're lucky; that's all. We've had a better break than the Greeks and the Chinese and the Poles. We haven't had to do the dirty work that they have done. We have been able to come in at the tail end of the show, when these people had already been beaten and kicked for many years.

We aren't the moguls of the world. We are no bigger, no whiter than the rest. As a matter of fact, we are less than the rest, and all that we are doing now is attempting to make up for our vacation while the rest of the world did more than its share. ●

### Here Courage Lies

IT takes a lot of plain old-fashioned stamina to see this war through as a civilian. Don't think that plenty of civilians aren't cracking under the strain. It's hard, being a civilian; it's tougher being a student, and a great many students are falling by the wayside. They often just don't have the stuff to take standing at the window and watching other fellows die.

They aren't especially eager to die, but they imagine that what they are doing now is useless, almost anti-social, and it works on their conscience.

They find it impossible to study, hard to concentrate. The excitement works on them, and they pay too much attention to OWI short subjects at the movies.

They don't know what they want to do. They vascillate and discuss and worry and think. They never reach a decision. Finally the apparent inactivity of college life becomes too much and they pack off home, leaving school, loosing credits, wasting time.

Then when they get home and the man on the poster says join the marines for action, they go to work in the corner drug store and wait to be drafted.

There are exceptions to what we are saying. But the confused freshman and the frustrated sophomore are growing in number, and the ordinary sort of talking to doesn't help him much. "I don't know," they say, "but I just feel that I oughtta get out of college and into the war. I don't know why, I just feel that way. I don't know why."

Out of college and into the war? They can be into the war here, if they want to be. There are thousands of war problems they can work on without a gun. The army and navy have planned reserves to call up men when they need them. The growing need for a thorough liberal arts education is constantly stressed and restressed to students. They should stay here, until the forces actually call them for duty.

Do they seize upon the war for an excuse for poor work, out of pure laziness?

Not necessarily. War is pressure. It's hard on the nerves. At least fighting is action. When you come to school on the train, how many soldiers asked you why you weren't in uniform? Tell them, "Buddy, I don't see you carrying any guns or wearin' any medals."

Your job is here.

It takes guts to sit and wait.

The war of nerves is rougher than the war of bullets. See any frenzied newspaper editorial of 1940-41. ●



*For Spring  
Loveliness*



*An Izod  
handwoven  
Diplomat  
suit. Pastel  
shades.*

*Baldwin's*

Emily Irby wears Halifax yellow in a smartly tailored tweed suit with the chic cardigan neckline; matching hat and bag; and a happy, happy smile.





U.S. MARINE  
RAIDERS

WATCH OUR  
SMOKE...

*It's* **CHESTERFIELD**

FOR MILDNESS AND TASTE

Here's a combination you can't beat... the *right* combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos. That's why Chesterfields give you real MILDNESS and BETTER TASTE and that's what the real pleasure of smoking adds up to.

For everything you want in a cigarette,  
smoke Chesterfield... *They Satisfy*



★ BUY ★  
U.S. BONDS  
STAMPS



It's 1943

Lyrics by  
Mary Louise Huse

Music by  
Jack Ellis



It's Nineteen forty three and that's a year for Vic-to-ry— We've



got to fight, fight for the right to keep our country free— It's



no time to be gloom— y — Don't look at the Past



There's time for the last war but We've got



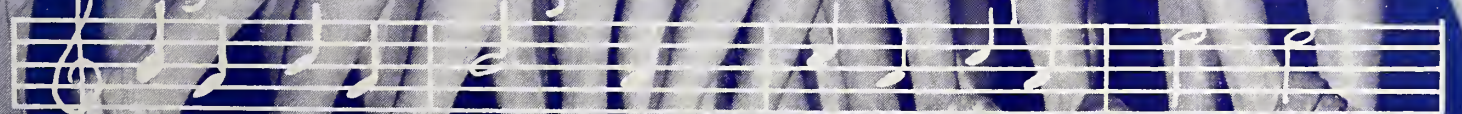
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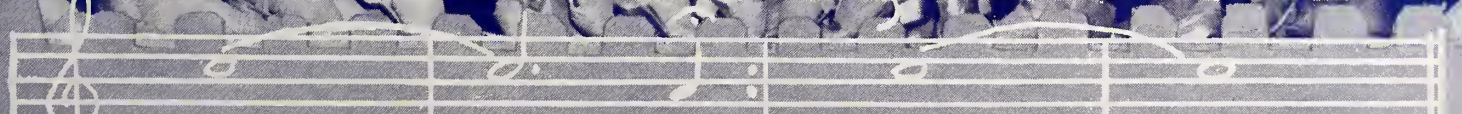
bet-ter in your army— but we've got a chance to prove it You know



way is here to stay Our Job's to keep 'em rollin' — On



land and on the Sea— Cause forty three means VIC-TO-



RY! — It's RY!

March, '43





**TROUBLE FOR TOJO!** It's the new Curtiss "Helldiver," the Navy's latest dive-bomber, designed to carry a bigger bomb-load than any naval dive-bomber in existence. At the controls in this test dive, photographed above, is Barton T. Hulse, who learned his flying in the Navy... smokes the Navy man's favorite—Camel.

"There's just one cigarette for me—**CAMEL**—they suit my throat and my taste to a 'T'"

says  
**"RED" HULSE**

VETERAN NAVY FIGHTER PILOT AND CHIEF TEST PILOT  
OF THE NAVY'S  
NEW CURTISS  
DIVE-BOMBER

THEY can look terrific on paper... meet the most exacting laboratory tests on the ground. But the final proving ground of an airplane is in the air... when you fly it.

It's the same with cigarettes. The final test of any brand is in the smoking.

Test pilot "Red" Hulse and countless other smokers could tell you convincing things about Camels and their remarkable freedom from irritating qualities, but your own throat and your own taste can tell you even more convincingly why Camels are such a favorite on the front line—on the home front.



# Camel

**FIRST IN THE SERVICE**

The favorite cigarette with men in the Army, Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard is Camel. (Based on actual sales records in Post Exchanges, Sales Commissaries, Ship's Service Stores, Ship's Stores, and Canteens.)



THE **T-ZONE**



—where cigarettes are judged

The "T-ZONE"—Taste and Throat—is the proving ground for cigarettes. Only *your* taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you... and how it affects your throat. For your taste and throat are individual to you. Based on the experience of millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-ZONE" to a "T."

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.



# CAROLINA MAGAZINE

For MARCH, 1943

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## Issues

TO THOSE of us who lived through the campus elections of 1940 and '41, the mild furore that came and went almost unheeded a couple of weeks ago was a zephyr after the hurricane. Long gone and happily are the days when a candidate for treasurer of the sophomore class shook every hand in every dormitory; the days when the Student Handbook, the politician's Bible, had a plus or a minus sign by each name. But, it is well. Ironical chuckles, however, could be heard on the back row. All this work, to ring the bell, and no cigar—only a battered stogie, lifted from the gutter, hoisted in bitter triumph on the end of a toothpick. These lads who politicked and won this year are only slightly better off than those who lost, at least they have more friends, or less enemies. We found one candidate, a winner incidentally, muttering to himself as he slouched past the juniper north of Graham Memorial that it



twarnt wuth it. "Here you are, you so and so," he told himself, "Now you are to be persecuted, haunted—oh!, why did you did it? Why! Why!" Seeing that the poor fellow was in bad shape, we quietly went our own way down the grass, wondering the while how this victim of public acclaim could be saved. It might be cryptically mentioned that processes now underway will take all his problems from him. In a few months he won't have to worry about anything but ducking.

THE MORE dire aspects of our non-universality were never as obvious as when the mistaken announcement that WAAC's were to train here was released. Unfortunately, we were limited to only a couple of comments, although it is not diffi-

cult to imagine others. The most delectable of these gems are, of course, not printable, which fact detracts not an iota from their savour. Pusillanimous was the remark that Carolina was "wacky" enough already, but filled with eminence was the one that said, "My God, what this is going to do to the coed ratio!" Now the only thing that no one can figure out is where the hell the United Press ever got ahold of their little news story in the first place. From usually reliable sources we understand that UP is also working on the problem.

THE CVTC has finally reached full military status. A fellow fainted in formation the day General Parker reviewed the battalion. This is always a token of military efficiency. We hate to exhibit confusion at every little point that arises, but it is difficult to see how one could faint in the face of the wind that blew across the intramural field that morning. It was four degrees colder than a penguin's bosom and the wind blew a sandblast that reddened ears. Friend, it was cold. Suddenly Private X turned from red to beige to mauve to a brilliant canary and his knees fluttered like an ingenue's stomach on opening night. Not a man in the platoon flickered; the sergeant ushered our hero from the frozen turf and matters proceeded without a hitch. The girl marchers stood at parade rest and watched the lads go by. It was a stirring spectacle and the CVTC came into its own. Remark of the hour: "Pity the Germans in Russia." Reply: Pity the Russians—the Germans are just there for the season!"

S. M.



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Sunday-Monday, March 14-15

## Light Brown and Blue



TWO EX-UNC music makers are in the big news this month—Jeep Bennett and Bob Hartsell. Several weeks ago we went to the show and had the surprise of our lives as we saw on the screen an old friend. It was a short subject featuring Bob Chester's band. In the band and taking all the hot clarinet solos was Jeep Bennett.

Our freshman year Jeep, or Norman as his wife calls him, had one of the Hill bands. The outstanding part of the band was Jeep's amazing clarinet. Every old campus musician who has heard Jeep can attest to his ability.

Jeep, married and then an expectant father, had the soul of an artist but not too much awareness of reality. Broke and in dire straights, he organized an impromptu jam session in the lounge of Graham Memorial. It was one of the solidest hours we've spent.

Then Jeep left the Hill, and only last year we ran into him playing at a dive on Long Island. He was pretty brought down. He had gone North to land a good job in New York, but trouble with 802, the local union, had snagged Jeep's plans. But today it is a very different story. Jeep is with the Chester orchestra. Look for his name in the future because little Jeep is going places.

Looking over the few new releases recently we spotted one by Woody Herman, who we hold in as high regard as the Duke and Bob Crosby. On noticing the name of the composer-arranger we were even surer that we would like the piece. "Hot Chestnuts" written and arranged by Bob Hartsell read the label and so we planked down the money and took the Decca home.

Bob is an alumnus of Freddy Johnson's band and an A-1 piano-arranger. Three years ago he left Johnson for a job with Dean Hudson. While with Dean he had a number of his arrangements recorded on the Okeh label. The best of these are "Red River Valley," which few farmers could recognize and "Holly Hop," which was very Basieish.

Bob is now with Herman, and we expect great things from him. "Chestnuts" is not up to Hartsell's standard, neither is it up to Woody's. Worst feature of the recording is the unoriginal riff ending.

Don't let one bad recording influence you about Mr. Hartsell because he, too, is going places.—Brad McCuen



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## Book of the Month



INTO THE VALLEY — John Hersey.  
Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.00.

**I**NTO the Valley is the story of a skirmish. It was written by John Hersey, one of the editors of *Time*. John Hersey went to the Pacific islands in the summer of 1943 as a correspondent attached to the Naval Task Force. His book is a reportorial account of one day's fighting with the marines.

Like *They Were Expendable*, this book does no sermonizing, no propagandizing, no eulogizing. It is simply fact upon fact about how war feels to the men who are fighting it. On October the eighth Captain Charles Rigaud led a company of men into a valley on Guadal island. Their purpose was to rout Jap snipers out of the valley.

There is nothing really momentous about his book. It is almost as small as the skirmish it describes. It is valuable and noteworthy for one reason: it gives for the first time a real picture of the enemy, a picture that one can see and understand. Too long now the Nazi has been a symbol. The Jap has only recently come into his own as a combination monkey and monster; writers have not yet had time to make the Jap enemy a type character.

John Hersey came face to face with the Jap, dead and alive. He found, on a jungle path, a headnet full of twigs and leaves, the mark of the little monster he was out trying to kill. "This thing in my hand, this symbol of the animal wiles our men find so hard to understand, brought me for the first time face to face with the enemy as an individual, not just an idea. I wondered where he was from—perhaps some steep village in the mountains of Hakone, perhaps from a quiet place by the inland sea, perhaps up north in Hokkaido, where the men are tall and rugged. Conscription had snatched him from his hopes, and young friends had set at a banquet table and brushed arrogant characters on the little flag he was to carry to the front. He had taken some hard lessons in killing, probably in Shantung or Hainan, or Luzon. He had packed a little cooked rice, and a little uncooked, into his knapsack, and

then, with the Emperor's praises ringing in his skull, he had come forward, and strapping his pole-climber's jacks to his ankles, had climbed into this tree, pulled his headnet over his worried head, and settled down to wait, invisible."

*Into the Valley* is reporting at its unsensational best. It tells briefly and with no sentimentality the story of death and suffering and dirt and hunger and despair. Most soldiers in battle zones are relieved after a few weeks. The marines in John Hersey's book had been fighting steadily for three months. They did not have enough to eat. They got frankly scared. They were cynical. They were tough. And *Time's* editor wondered what they were fighting for, and asked them. "Just tell me exactly what," said the young reporter, "are you fighting for? Here. This minute." Their faces changed. They did not answer him directly. "Christ! What I wouldn't give for a piece of huckleberry pie."

The small group of men who went down into the valley as part of a big plan are still on Guadalcanal, if any of them are left. Captain Charles Rigaud becomes through factual leadership and conversation on the printed pages of John Hersey's book one of the greatest characters of present day literature.

• —ANN SEELEY



"I'd rather draw a package of  
*Sir Walter Raleigh*"

Blended from choice Kentucky burleys,  
Sir Walter Raleigh is extra mild—burns  
cool—with a delightful aroma all its own.

**SIR WALTER  
RALEIGH**  
PIPE TOBACCO

*Smokes as sweet as it smells*



**Congratulations . . .**

And sincere best wishes  
to the March graduates.

**Carolina Pharmacy**  
"The Rexall Store"







In a driving, factual condemnation of the position of the woman in the University, Dr. Frank's right hand «man» connects the woman's problem with the coming struggle for survival in liberal arts.

LACK of opportunities for women at the University of North Carolina follows an intricate thread which has been woven into the historical tapestry of the institution. "Set" by an outmoded economic system and dyed by tradition, the pattern, even with the emergencies of the war and its heavy drain on University personnel, is slow to change.

There are a few bright spots. The women undergraduate students, by their very numbers and because they are needed to keep up enrollment, are not as unwelcome as they were a decade ago. Three new dormitories for women (45% federal funds) form a beautiful quadrangle close to Spencer. There are more service scholarships for graduate women, an occasional assistantship and teaching fellowship in a department here and there, and a few women teachers in scarcity fields have been allowed to "creep and climb into the fold." Largely in answer to war needs, we have increased our personnel advisory service and have a more adequate physical education program.

And at long last, we have a full time Y. W. C. A. Secretary, a woman doctor in the infirmary, a Dean of Women, and at least one woman dean of a school. In the consolidated University women are represented on the Administrative

| DISTRIBUTION OF GRADUATE APPOINTMENTS OVER<br>PERIOD OF THREE YEARS<br>(These figures include resignations and replacements) |           |        |         |         |         |        |
|--|-----------|--------|---------|---------|---------|--------|
| Type of Appointment  | 1940-41   |        | 1941-42 |         | 1942-43 |        |
|  | MEN       | WOMEN* | MEN     | WOMEN** | MEN     | WOMEN† |
| Endowed Scholarships .....<br>(\$75 per quarter tuition)   | 1         | 4      | 2       | 2       | 0       | 2      |
| Service Scholarships ..... 20‡   |           | 6      | 14      | 5       | 4       | 9      |
| Graduate Assistantships .....<br>(\$450 plus tuition)  | 90        | 10     | 88      | 15      | 46      | 21     |
| Teaching Fellowships .....<br>(\$500 plus tuition)   | 27        | 0      | 28      | 1       | 17      | 6      |
| Personnel Internships .....  | 1         | 1      | 1       |         |         |        |
| Research Assistantships .....  | 7         | 6      | 11      | 0       | 5       | 3      |
| Special Fellowships .....  | 16        | 3      | 18      | 0       | 15      | 2      |
| Quiz Masterships§ .....  | 3         | 0      | 3       | 0       | 2       | 0      |
| Undergrad. Assistantships ...  | Not known |        | 4       | 2       | 23      | 1      |
| TOTALS .....   | 165       | 30     | 168     | 25      | 112     | 44     |

\* 29.9% of total enrollment.  
\*\* 40.7% of total enrollment.  
† 43% of total enrollment.  
‡ Includes 5 special service scholarships assigned that year to the Institute for Research in Social Science.  
§ Chemistry Department only. No other department has this class of appointment.

Council, on the Board of Trustees, and on the Executive Committee of the Board. Of significance also is the pending legislation proposing to add a war bonus to the lower salary brackets, which include a high percentage of all women employees.

For the most part, however, University chivalry opens doors, picks up handkerchiefs, holds chairs, stands up on busses (although this is fast disappearing!) and walks off with the assistantships, the fellowships, teaching positions, the good administrative jobs and the salary checks. It is easy to understand how this situation developed. It is simply a matter of tradition which is as deeply rooted as the Davie Poplar and as much a part of this place as the old landmark, where commencement and reunion classes, constituting men only,

met for a century. This traditional attitude toward women, bearing the mark of dishonor rather than honor, is one of the most serious problems of the University and threatens not only its growth as an institution, but threatens Chapel Hill as a citadel of liberal and democratic thought and practices.

The figures in the accompanying table present a graphic story of the status of the graduate woman, recently the subject of excellent editorials in the *Daily Tar Heel*.

The table shows some improvement, although it is not very comforting to know that in most cases women were employed only when men could not be procured.

The tendency, particularly in the liberal arts, is to give preference to a man. Women graduate students by tradition are not permitted to present papers before the Philological Club or the Elisha Mitchell Society, although such national organizations as the Modern Language Association and the American Chemical Society find their scholarship quite acceptable.

As far as professorial rank goes, with the exception of the School of library science, public health, social work, sociology and physical education, the woman professor is conspicuous by her absence.

In the administration, as far as opportunity for advancement for women is concerned, the door is closed, locked and barred. There is an unwritten law which puts a ceiling on a skirt, and although

(Continued on next page)

# Her Beauty and Her Chivalry

by Katherine Lackey



we have well trained women with experience, ability, training and educational qualifications, filling responsible positions, they are serving without benefit of title, commensurate salary, or, under the present policy, chance for promotion. There are two women in South Building with M.A. degrees, both doing a good deal of executive work, and having potentialities for still more responsibility. A woman is actually assistant director of one of the most important Bureaus on the campus. She carries a large share of the load of work and responsibility of the Bureau at about one-third of the Director's salary. In one of the newer departments, a well trained woman with an M.A. degree and foreign study and travel has been assistant to the head of the department and director of one of its branches; she is classified on the payroll as a secretary.

In the library, there are women with M.A. degrees and professional training working as library assistants at \$100.00 per month. The heads of departments at the library, all college women with additional professional training, some of them having M.A. degrees, are held to the same ceiling price for secretaries. In one instance a woman head of a collection in the library has put so much of herself into her work that her name is synonymous with the collection. Another woman, beloved by students of four college generations, she has done one of the finest pieces of work on our campus in the field of personnel and student guidance. Although the students have paid tribute to her wisdom and to her understanding heart by gracious acts such as electing her to honorary membership in their clubs and organizations, the University has taken no account of this service. She is also classified and ranked as a secretary.

In one of the largest Divisions, a competent experienced woman took over a large part of a man's job for the duration *in addition to her own work*; she gets a little less than two-thirds of the salary the man received, although she is equally well trained and able.

In the Medical School, there are trained technicians, college women on ridiculously low salaries, contributing their full share to one of the most rapidly expanding and vitally important research programs in the University. In the University Press, women, nearly all college graduates, many of whom have done graduate study (several have M.A.'s and one has a Ph.D.) come under the same general classification as secretaries, at least on the payroll. I do not mean to harp upon titles, or, for that matter, upon degrees. The title of 'Secretary' is an old and honored one, ranging all the way up to members of the United States Cabinet. The Univer-

sity, however, by placing a top salary on secretarial work, and by persisting to class its women employees as secretaries, works quite a saving on its budget. Secretaries to the Deans and secretaries in the schools, as for instance law, medicine, commerce, pharmacy, and the secretaries in the larger departments such as English, Romance languages and psychology, all do a certain amount of executive work, in many instances lending a helping hand in the publications of the departments, with no extra stipend. A surprising number of departmental secretaries carry heavy loads of responsibility in the administration of the departments, in many cases doing a large part of the student advisory work.

In other words, the University is getting expert service from able, well trained women on secretaries' salaries. Salaries for clerical work all along the line, in business office after business office, department after department and school after school, range far below salaries offered elsewhere to inexperienced stenographers. It is evident that the salary scale is not set up according to service rendered, but according to whether or not the employee is a man or a woman.

Let's take a cursory glance at the hardships these discriminations bring upon the women of our University community. The graduate woman—forced to wait on tables, clerk in stores, type theses late into the night, work at poorly paid clerical jobs—impairs her health, and threatens the caliber of her work, although she somehow manages to keep pace scholastically with her graduate brothers in spite of her unfavorable position. The professional woman of Chapel Hill by the unjust distribution of salaries, is robbed of the greatest single source of stability and place in the community—a home. A fine tooth comb of the village and environs reveals less than six instances in which the professional women of the University have been able to maintain homes without outside income. Two others built homes, but found they could not maintain them even with doing their own housework and renting rooms. A few of the women are able to rent small cottages or live in apartments, but the great majority are living in one room with no hope of better prospects as long as they remain with the University. Thus the women are shut off from a home environment which is the open door not only to their participation in community life, but also the most elemental comforts, to say nothing of the well balanced, normal life. For the great majority of our women, magazines, books, music and such cultural things essential to development and growth, are out of reach.

Indeed, the majority of these women after an eight hour day, practice such economies as doing their own laundry and cleaning their own rooms.

How has the University been able to get by with this gross discrimination in the graduate school, on the professional staff, and in the administration? We haven't. In spite of a lot of unconscious window dressing, such as giving an honorary degree to a woman every few years, and having a noted woman lecturer for Foundation lectures and commencement, we are not getting by.

The women in the state are waking up to the fact that here in Chapel Hill there may be a torch of liberty, but the light is extinguished or at best gets a little dim before it reaches the women. Prominent women in the state, several of whom have had their eyes opened by graduate work here, are getting wise to the situation. The business and professional women's club of the state has approached individuals for facts and figures. A woman scholar of the University is now writing an article on the status of the graduate woman here which has already been accepted by a reputable magazine. Another thing: the women are leaving. They have gone in such numbers that offices all over the campus are hard put to it to get the work done. Except for a few who are married, who have homes here, or who are staying for other personal reasons, many of the young women interested in careers have already gone, finding more opportunity in business, in the government, in war industries, even in private industry, than are now offered by the University. Now when we need our able, trained women as we have never needed them in our history, we are not offering enough inducement to keep them on the campus.

How does this fit into the all-out war effort? It doesn't. If the University is important in the war effort, then it logically follows that the answer to the loss of manpower is the optimum use of trained womanpower throughout the University. Neither can we go scot-free of blame for the lack of trained women, especially in physics, chemistry, commerce, and other scarcity fields where we have not particularly encouraged women students in times past.

If then, as is proven by the record of graduate women, teaching assistants, professors, and women in the administration, they have contributed their full share to University life and growth, by what aberration of reasoning are they denied any semblance of their full share in the benefits? Let's look at a collection of the reasons given by department and administrative heads:

1. Women marry and leave the field;

(See WOMEN, page 21)



# EXTRA LIBRI

Papa loved Mama,  
Mama loved Men:  
Mama's in the grave yard,  
Papa's in the pen.

—Record

She: Do you know the things they've  
been saying about me?

He: Whaddya think I'm here for?

—Dodo

## MEDICAL ADVICE

To the thin: Don't eat fast.

To the fat: Don't eat. Fast.

—Longhorn

Doctor: "Have you kept a chart of  
your patient's progress, Miss Pepper?"

Nurse (blushing): "No, sir, but I  
can show you my diary."

A man is not old when his hair turns  
to gray,

A man is not old when his teeth decay;  
But he is well on his way to that long  
lost sleep

When his mind makes appointments his  
body can't keep.

Kit: "Gee, but that date last night  
was fresh."

Kat: "Why didn't you slap his face?"

Kit: "I did; and take my advice,  
never slap a guy when he's chewing  
tobacco."

"Paper, lady?"

"No, just resting."

She—"Don't you love an evening like  
this?"

He—"Yeah, but I generally wait un-  
til we get a little farther out in the  
country."

—Exchange

"What's the idea of all the crowd at  
the church?"

"There is a traveling salesman down  
there confessing his sins.

—Varsity

Judge—"Rastus, do you realize that  
by leaving your wife you are a de-  
serter?"

Rastus—"Jedge, if you know'd that  
woman like I does, you wouldn't call me  
a deserter. I's a refugee."

—Pointer

A young lady was on a sightseeing  
tour of Detroit. The driver of the bus  
called out places of interest.

"On the right," he announced, "we  
have the Dodge home."

"John Dodge?" the lady inquired.

"No, Horace Dodge."

Continuing out Jefferson:

"On the right we have the Ford  
Home."

"Henry Ford?"

"No, Edsel Ford."

Still farther out Jefferson.

"On the left we have Christ Church."

A fellow passenger hearing no re-  
sponse from the young woman, tapped  
her on the shoulder and said, "Go ahead,  
Lady, you can't be wrong ALL the  
time."

A: "You should have seen Mabel run  
the half-mile last night."

B: "What did she run it in?"

A: "I don't know what you call the  
damn things."

—Scottie



"But, I WANT to be walked on!"

Teacher—"Now, children, every  
morning you ought to take a cold bath;  
and that will make you feel rosy all  
over. Are there any questions?"

Boy in back of room—"Yeah, teacher,  
tell us some more about Rosy."

Friend: "I just saw a young man  
trying to kiss your daughter."

Modern Mother: "Did he succeed?"

Friend: "No."

Modern M.: "Then it wasn't my  
daughter."

Voice on Telephone—Is my wife  
home?

Maid—No, who shall I say called?

—Frivol

He gazed admiringly at the beautiful  
dress of the leading chorine.

"Who made her dress?" he asked his  
companion.

"I'm not sure, but I think it was the  
police."

—Analyst

"Have a good time at the party, dear,  
and be a good girl."

"Make up your mind, mother."

—Exchange

A rooster while strutting around the  
barnyard early one Easter Sunday  
morning came across a nest of brightly  
colored eggs. He cocked his head and  
thought a while—then made a beeline  
across the barnyard and knocked hell  
out of the peacock.

My room-mate inquires

About my sweetheart, Bess:

He asked me: "Is she a nice girl?"

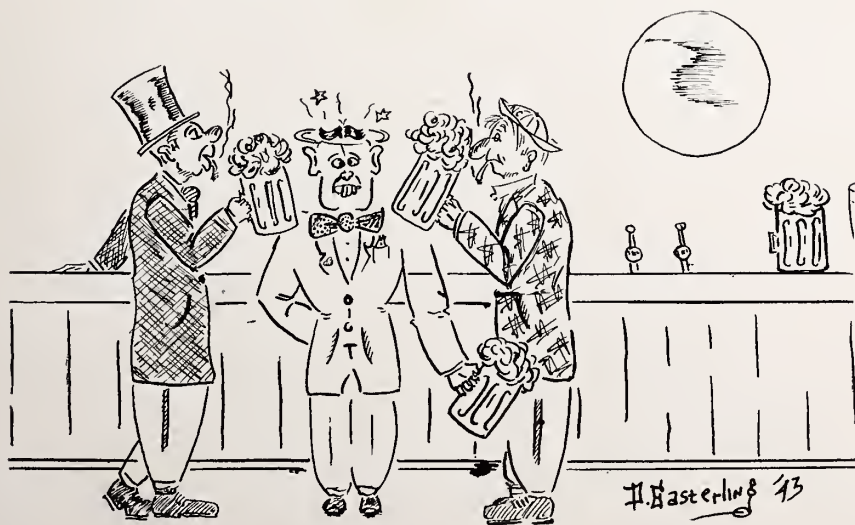
And I answered "Moraless."

—Old Maid

There was a young girl from Peru,  
Who decided her loves were too few,  
So she walked from her door,  
With a fig-leaf, no more;  
And now she's in bed with the flu.

—Awgwan

Our idea of a lazy student is one  
who pretends he is drunk so that his  
fraternity brothers will put him to bed.



"Le's drink a toasht to our dear buddy—our French prof!"





# The Human Bandwagon

by John Clive

Item from *The Daily Tar Heel*, Jan. 24, 1943:

*"A musician of remarkable versatility, Dr. Haydon can play the clarinet and can fill in for the orchestra, band, or choral club."*

I HAD grave misgivings when I went to see Dr. Haydon. I had heard and seen people who were able to play three or four, or even six instruments at one time, but here was a man who could fill in for a whole orchestra, and, as though that was not enough, for a band and a chorus, too. As I said, I had grave misgivings. Perhaps there was an error somewhere along the line, perhaps I had misunderstood the report of his versatility. As I went into Hill Music Hall, my mind was full of doubts, and I pictured myself on a fool's errand.

Dr. Haydon's office is on the first floor, and as I came nearer to it, I heard the sound of symphonic music. "He's probably playing a record," I thought, and



not wanting to disturb him, I half turned back. However, curiosity got the better of me and I knocked. The music stopped abruptly, and a voice said: "Come in." I opened the door and saw a man in his shirt-sleeves, sitting on a slightly raised platform. He was surrounded by a score of instruments. He had a high forehead, bushy eye-brows, and that quizzical look that we associate with a scholar who knows the world and sees through its follies. A charred pipe was lying on the table beside him and as I entered, he took it up and re-lit it. "Well," he mumbled from behind the thick puffs that were rising to the ceiling. I told him that I had read about his versatility and that I wanted to know a little more about it. "It's a good thing you came in," he said. "I was rehearsing Shostakovitch's Seventh and I just don't seem to be able to get the second movement right." After I had recovered my breath, I asked: "What? Do you mean to say that—that you—," and I shook my head in doubt.

Dr. Haydon remained unperturbed. He smiled condescendingly. "What is it, young man? Don't you believe I can play the works of Shostakovitch? I admit I had some trouble with his stuff. But I think I'll be in pretty good shape for my next concert. Anyway, I've chosen some Mozart to go with the symphony, so—" "Now, look here, Dr. Haydon," I said, trying to sound as determined as I could. "You must be kidding me. Why don't you stop telling me these tales about playing symphonies?"

"Ah, I see you are one of the skeptics. Well, I'll play you the first movement of Beethoven's Fifth. I hope you can recognize it." He pulled towards him a frame containing ten wind instruments and another frame made up of about a dozen violins. Then he counted: "One, two, three, four," and somehow produced the opening chords of Beethoven's Symphony.

I cannot adequately describe my feelings. I was so surprised that at first I didn't even watch Dr. Haydon play. I just sat back and closed my eyes. Then I pinched myself to see whether I was dreaming. I wasn't. There, right in front of me, a miracle was going on. A man was producing the sounds of an orchestra. All in all, there were about 35 instruments around Dr. Haydon. He played them like a demon. His mouth would slip rapidly from the flutes to the oboes, from the trumpets to the clarinets. In his right hand was a bow 2 yards long—for the violins. His feet grasped another bow for the cellos and he used his left hand to conduct.

After he had finished I asked him to tell me something of his life and his ex-

**The All-American musical substitute must fill in for an entire symphony orchestra, a chorus, the conductor, and a stage full of dancers at the same time. In a rich satire, John Clive introduces us to this master of musical versatility.**

periences. He refused at first, saying that his orchestral and choral work was "just a hobby," nothing important. He offered instead to read me some passages from his book—*The Evolution of the Six-Four Chord*. I finally convinced him of my genuine curiosity, and, having pushed aside his instruments, he began to talk, in a slow, deliberate voice, a voice that seemed incapable of telling a lie.

"Ever since, O, as far back as I can remember, my greatest wish was to become an orchestra," he said. "We lived in an isolated village and I was the only one who could handle an instrument. So, after a while, I started to play two of them at one time. The violin and the trombone. Curious combination, but then those were the only instruments I had. Everybody thought that I was wasting my time, that I was crazy. But I persisted. I'll skip over the years of learning to play more and more instruments. They were hard years. It was a great day for me when I was able to play my first octet. When I think back to those days now, I cannot help laughing. For now I can play 67 instruments at one time. What you see here is only one section of the orchestra. You see, I rehearse it in two groups; it makes things easier.

"O, yes, I was telling you about the octet. I gave my first concert in a little town in Nevada in 1924. I'll never forget that night. The program had my name on it eight times and the audience thought the whole thing was a hoax. When I walked on the stage there were cries of "Where're your dwarfs, Snow-White?" and "This guy is crazy." I remained calm, and you might say that I (or that we) gave a good performance. There's a great advantage to being a one-man orchestra. You don't have to pay salaries except to yourself and rehearsals go much more smoothly; no arguments. I have to have a special car for my instruments when I travel, and two men to help me set them up. I am also a member of Petrillo's Union, but he won't let me broadcast unless I get paid as much as any other big symphony orchestra and people are sometimes unwilling to pay that much to one person. But let me tell you, I deserve it. It's quite a strain to play one of Beethoven's symphonies by yourself.

"Of course, when I do broadcast, it's quite a strain on the announcer, too, to have to say: 'The house lights are dimmed. Dr. Haydon is now making his way to the pit where he is already waiting for himself to appear to conduct himself in Schubert's Unfinished Symphony.'

"And then after the performance: 'Dr. Haydon beckons to himself to rise. He does so, bows to the audience and then to himself, and both he and the orchestra leave.'

"All this becomes even more complicated when I am soloist with my orchestra in a clarinet concerto. I never know whether the applause is meant for my solo performance or for the whole orchestra. It's quite a problem. Since I started to teach music at colleges, I have made it a practice to fill in for orchestras and bands when they are unable to appear. I remember especially well the time I filled in for the band of the University of California at a Rose Bowl Game. Half the student body was gathered around me in concentric circles holding my instruments, and I simply went from one to the other, blowing my lungs out. The real band finally showed up, so I didn't have to play all the pep songs. They're a little too loud and fast for me. What I disliked most about the whole thing was the gaudy uniform I had to wear. That's why I left California and came to North Carolina. Thank heaven, I haven't yet filled in for this band here, but the way the army is taking all the men, I'm ready for any emergency." And he proceeded to play the Carolina Victory March.

I said that I thought it was wonderful, but how about his choral work? "Well, it all started this way," he said:

"I had always been interested in ventriloquy and I discovered a way in which I could sing with as many different voices as were needed for a full choir. One day, about ten years ago, the entire chorus of the University of California had the measles. They were supposed to do the *Messiah* for the alumni, and I filled in. It was all right until I came to the part: "Unto us a child is born." That's usually sung by women, you know. I sounded just a trifle ridiculous. But then, I may yet have the last laugh. Who knows, science may be able to do a lot of things." •



# We Who Mourn

by David Hanig

THE night had cooled perceptibly since the day's oven heat. A full moon now hung in the heavens and listlessly spilled its weak, silver rays across the town. Whitaker street held its exhausted hush as it meandered waywardly along its narrow confines.

The boy stood on the corner and looked towards the twisting perspective. On the brown house-steps somewhere near the middle of the block a full-bosomed woman slowly rocked a child in her arms. Perplexed, he surveyed the parallel row of frame two-storys. Every now and then he ran the palm of his hand across his damp forehead and over his fair hair. Finally he drew a wallet from his pocket and withdrew a sheet of paper from the billfold. As he sought the lamplight he peered at the writing and his lips framed the whisper of words. Finally, he straightened, pocketed the scrap of paper and walked slowly down the left side of the hushed street. Strange how quiet it was. In the indistinct darkness he peered at each house till he came to the white-washed house, pale-washed now by moonlight.

There was an ache in him as he stood on the steps. His mind darkened with the hour.

*Tess, I know he died, but why now? Now when I was beginning to be sure. I never saw your father. Where shall I find it in me to say I'm sorry. Tess, Tess . . . I mourn myself when I mourn your dead. If only you could need me. . .*

On the casing of the door he pressed the bell-button and waited. A moment elapsed and the door opened. A man and woman came out and shuffled past him. The woman dabbed at her nose with a handkerchief. They didn't shut the door after them and he could feel the close darkness of the corridor that beckoned him in. Softly he shut the door after him and felt his way along the wall. He stumbled as he came to the foot of the stairs. His throat was dry with apprehension.

Slowly he re-traced his steps to the opposite wall and stumbled into the door space of a room. He could feel the heavy knobs of double doors. Quietly he turned one of the knobs and came into the amber-lit atmosphere of living room.

Confusion touched him. The ache in him grew tight till he had to moisten his lips to keep from turning and leaving.

Against the wall facing him and near him beside the door he saw the silent figures of women. A low hum ran

amongst them. There were women in shabby black, in thin, silken black, in harsh, brocaded black. And the faces! Large, luminous eyes, dark with grief stared out at him, eyes gentle and mute with sorrow quietly beckoned him in. They felt as he felt his awkward youngness in this room of darkness and age.

To speak, to ask for Tess! Where was she?

Near the entrance to the kitchen which threw a haze of yellow light into the living room a figure arose and came towards him. He recognized her and the ache swelled and lowered in him.

"Tess!" he whispered shyly.

Dark-rimmed eyes sought his face. A suspicion of tears brimmed them and her voice, never strong, seemed sodden with tears.

"Hello, Sam. Oh, it's too bad you had to . . ." her voice broke. She blew her nose softly and swallowing quickly she looked past him and her words came with mechanical courtesy.

"Do you want to see him now?"

The boy dumbly nodded and couldn't take his eyes away from the girl. How changed!

*I knew a girl contagious with laughter who could make her dress a pattern of wonder when the wind was playful. I knew a girl quiet with wisdom when I loved too well. She made the young ones look callow in comparison. But this woman in black is old with sudden grief. This dear, dark head is Tess—but not Tess. . . . terrible this dying if it can do this . . .*

He took her by the arm and whispered

in her ear. Her eyes looked into his, seeking some answer. Then she took him by the hand and led him upstairs through the living room. Into the small closed off chamber to the back she led him into a small white-washed room. Quietly she clicked the light switch on and stood there watching him.

He took in the room and a sense of humbleness came to him. The room was a man's room and simply furnished but, with what simplicity. A small silver crucifix hung over the narrow bed. A strip of carpet graced a walnut waxed floor and seven books on a shelf against the foot of the bed. The windows were innocent of curtains . . .

For the boy the room seemed a living entity. He turned as though to put a question to the girl beside him. He found her staring at him. Her eyes never left his face.

"He was the best man that ever lived. No one led a more quiet and beautiful life." Her eyes softened.

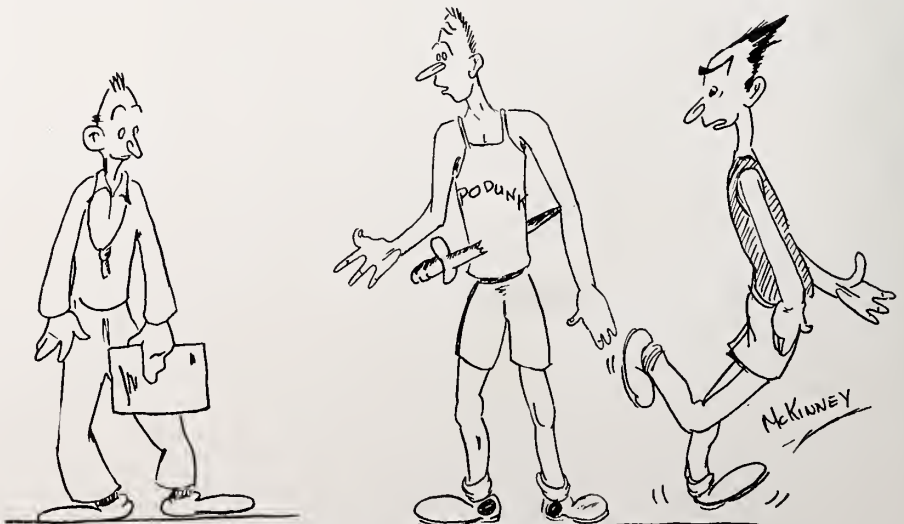
"Poppa Loretto would sit in the kitchen and Momma would shampoo his hair." She looked at Sam with her large, dark eyes. "At fifty-nine his hair was thick and dark as the day of his wedding. How he would fight to get out of a shampoo and we would sit around and look so serious."

She laughed softly and then suddenly she became hysterical with grief. For a few moments Sam allowed her the cleansing sweetness of tears, then with his arm around her waist, he led her to the stairs. She soon controlled her racking sobs and with little dabs of her damp stairs.

At the foot of the stairs in the living room she left him for a moment, and chilled with his thoughts, he sat down in a chair nearby.

*Poppa Loretto! The stories she had told him of her father. A man strong*

(See WE MOURN, page 20)



"Could you tell me what actually constitutes a foul in this game?"



OF ALL the treasured remembrances of Carolina during the years I have spent here, the everyday life in a dormitory is perhaps the most outstanding. For two years I have called phone booth number 111 in Smith Dormitory, "home." I have dressed in this room, I have played bridge in this room, I have written term papers in this room, I have studied in this room and I have slept in this room.<sup>1</sup>

All my life I have been rather fond of sleeping. At home I used to sleep between eight and ten but when my two brothers went away, I slept between 6 and 8.

It is quite hard to get sufficient sleep if you are a college student. Many colleges hire janitors to make up the beds and to sweep your shoes as far back under them as possible. Janitors are also proficient in the art of noisemaking early in the morning.

Last year I won \$.25 from one of the college officials in a crap game. To pay me back he has placed one of his agents in my room as a combination janitor-spy and sleep-preventer.<sup>2</sup>

This particular chap, whose conscience is about the same shade as his face, has been doing an effective job of making my life miserable.<sup>3</sup>

In fact the only time I enjoy my sleep is on Sunday mornings. But the sermons are never long enough to provide sufficient rest for a college man.<sup>4</sup>

From time immemorial, it has been an established custom in my family to rotate sheets once a week.

The custom is explained simply: the top sheet on my bed is always the clean one while the bottom sheet usually shows signs of tattle tale gray. On the day that the laundry is taken up, I remove the bottom sheet from the bed and thrust it into the dirty clothes bag with a deceptive back hand motion. Then I take the top sheet and put it in the place where the bottom sheet was last week—to be slept on another week. Meanwhile, a clean sheet is put on the top layer.<sup>6</sup>

Actually I only attempt to do this. Many is the time that I have been foiled by this under-cover agent, posing as the janitor. He does not try to short sheet me.<sup>7</sup> No, he doesn't stoop to that.

<sup>1</sup> This point is debatable. Some of those other statements are not all they are cracked up to be either.

<sup>2</sup> This year's models also specialize in gossiping and shoplifting.

<sup>3</sup> According to the underground grapevine, he is in line for an Academy Award for this job.

<sup>4</sup> There is a bill now pending in Congress to provide pillows and alarm clocks in all church pews.

<sup>6</sup> This is a trifle confusing but Einstein's theory is not plain to everybody either.

# The Legend of Sleepless Hollow

by Ben McKinnon

He does not fold the sheet half way, he takes it entirely out of the bed, rumples it up the way editors do rejected manuscripts, and hides it behind the bookcase. I strongly suspect that he has a hidden dictaphone in the room to check on my reactions. Many is the time that he has probably chuckled over my misfortune as he calmly reads the evening paper secure in his secret lair.

So there I am with one sheet on and one sheet off. However, I have often forced myself to make this same bed up in a purely impersonal manner—thrusting



every thought of the janitor's scheming from my thoughts. This is decidedly a triumph of mind over mattress.

This aforementioned janitor usually arranges my bottom sheet so as to make it resemble a washboard. I don't mean to be over-meticulous but sleeping on a washboard is no sought after pleasure. The pleats transfer to the spine. They keep you awake. The last time this happened, I tried counting sheep. I counted 10,000 sheep, put them in a cattle car and shipped them to market. By the time I had figured out how much money I had lost on the deal, it was time to get up. Another solution to this problem is to drink a glass of brandy at regular intervals throughout the night. It won't put you to sleep but it will keep you content while you are awake.

For the past three months I have been leaving a note on my bed every morning

<sup>7</sup> A time worn process originated by Aristotle to save on his laundry Bill.

giving specific directions as to how it should be made up. When I walked in the room one morning last week and found him making up the bed in direct opposition to my directions, I began to suspect that he could not read. I am now learning the Braille system so that this same trouble can be averted next quarter.<sup>8</sup>

Another method which has been used effectively by this fiend to undermine my morale concerns my roommate's bed. Both of us use the same method in changing sheets. So, the janitor takes the two clean sheets and makes up my roommate's bed and puts the two dirty sheets on my bed.<sup>9</sup>

But, strange as it seems, he has topped this feat on numerous occasions. The one I remember most painfully was the time when he carefully and efficiently spilled by accident a bottle of nitric acid in the middle of the bed. This acid gobbled right through the spread, quilt, blankets, sheets and my leg.<sup>10</sup>

By the use of a considerable amount of ingenuity, I have managed to outwit this monster. Once a week I personally make up the bed. I carefully pin the bottom sheet to the mattress at each end thus preventing the ends from curling up like wood shavings. I then tuck the cover in at the foot of the bed and at the sides. This leaves a slight opening right below the pillow which I use to slide in the bed.<sup>11</sup>

I slept comfortably for three nights until the janitor caught on to what was happening and started unmaking the bed every morning.<sup>12</sup>

So I purchased an electrical wiring outfit from Sears, Roebuck and Co. and connected it around the bed. This worked wonderfully and still does.

The only trouble is that I can never remember to cut it off before getting up in the morning. The result of this is that I get the third degree every morning when I get up.

But, on the whole, I don't mind absorbing this little shock for the sake of sleep. I might go so far as to admit that it has made a live wire out of me which is very appropriate because all my clothes are charged anyway! •

<sup>8</sup> Braille is easily learned from college coeds.

<sup>9</sup> Statistics show that many janitors have been killed for less than that.

<sup>10</sup> Many people don't use quilts but I do.

<sup>11</sup> This method is now being copyrighted so don't get any funny ideas.

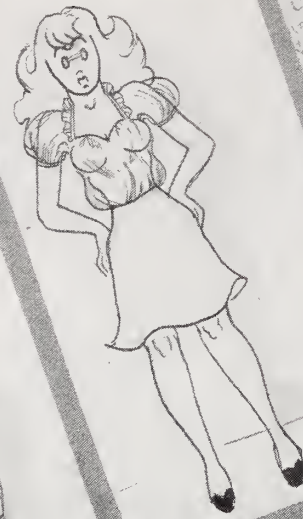
<sup>12</sup> Even a Republican will admit that it is easier to unmake a bed than to make one.



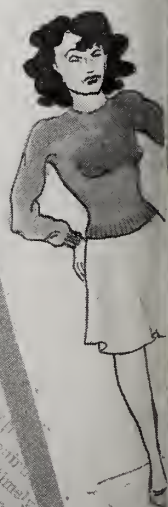
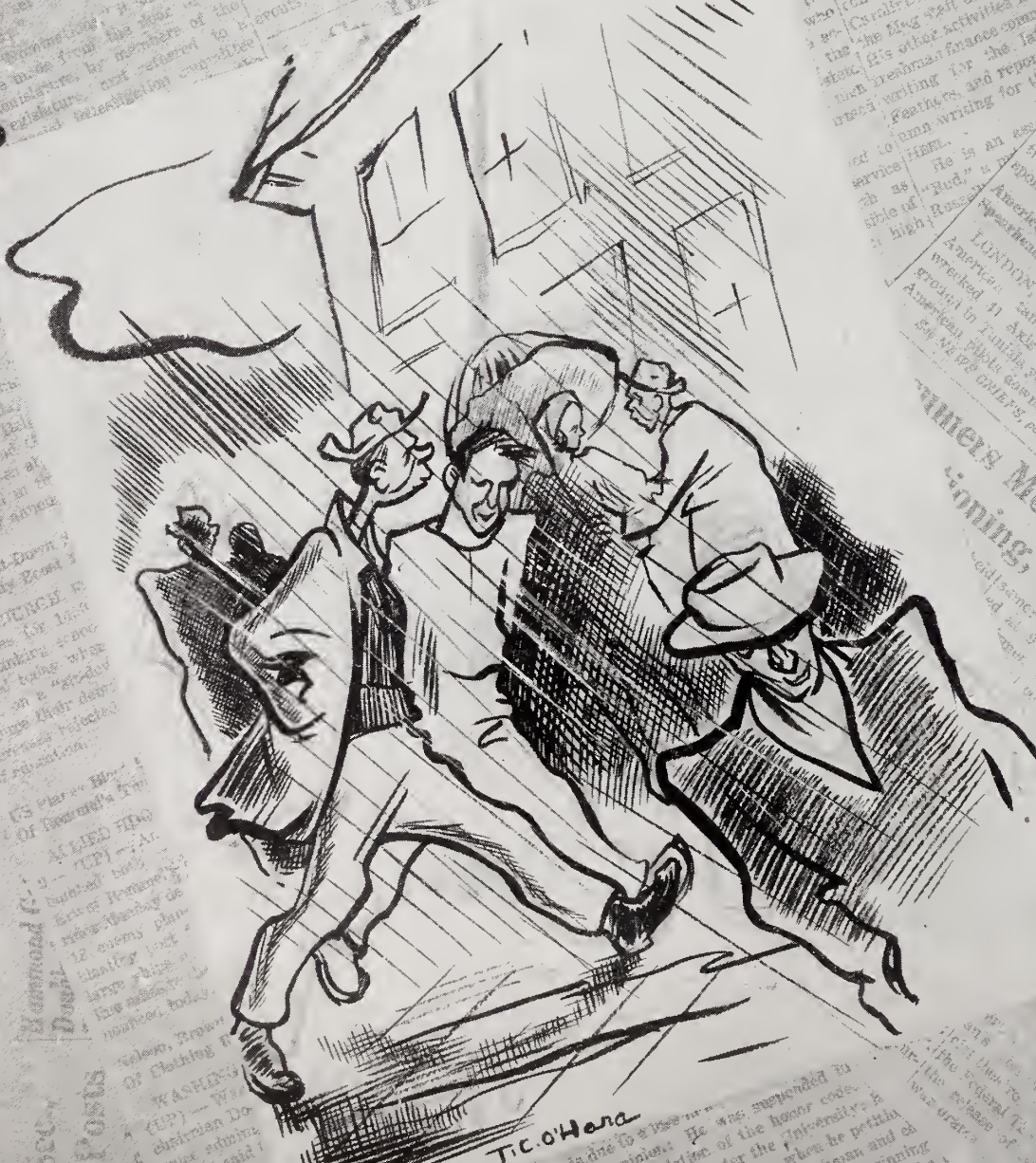
Carolina

# SCRAP

SKETCH BY



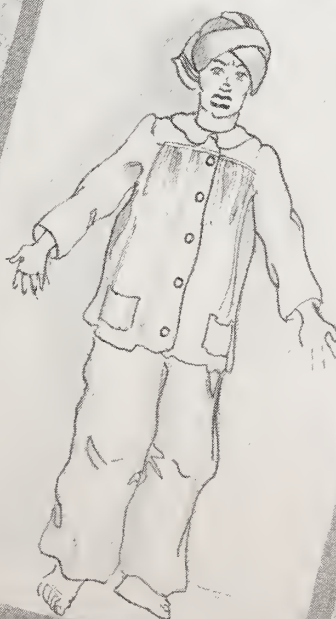
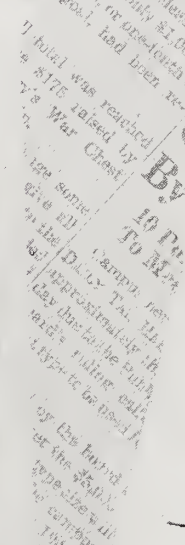
T.C. O'Hara



T.C. O'Hara



BY *ira and Epstein*





# A Dream In Prose

by Hayden Carruth

IT WAS a cold night, I suppose, although I did not notice any coldness, and it was dark. There was no moon, but the clear sky was pricked by thousands of stars that tinkled their distant light downward and etched vague patterns on the snow. The mountains rose on either side, towering higher and higher with their snow and ice until their crowns were intermingled with the stars. The snow was thick beneath my feet as I walked down the valley.

In my arms I held myself. I don't know what had happened to me. Perhaps I had been injured in a skiing accident. At any rate, I was unconscious, and I weighed heavily, as a dead person, in my arms. My face was white, and my mouth sagged open as my head bobbed up and down over my left arm.

I had walked for a long time, and the burden I was carrying had grown heavy, for I remember that my arms ached with the weight of myself. The valley seemed endless. No other persons were to be seen, and only the cold stars lighted my progress. I was already ready to stop and give up, but I looked down at myself and the sensation of tenderness that took me caused me to grip myself with renewed resolution and keep going.

For many hours I continued my journey. I don't know where I was going. I had no planned destination, and the valley continued winding among the mountains without any signs of habitation.

At last when the stars were beginning to fade and the cold greyness of the snow was countered by a greyness in the eastern sky, I walked around a slight projection in the base of the mountain and found, on the slope opposite me, a little cottage. Apparently the dwellers were already stirring, because grey smoke was rising in a steady string from the stone chimney. A light gleamed from one of the windows, but I could see nobody about.

With a sigh of relief I started across the intervening ground. I looked down again at myself, but still no signs of life showed in my face, and my eyes were unseeing, fixed in a sightless stare. I remember noticing that my wollen hat had fallen off sometime during the night and that my hair fell backwards and swung to and fro as I walked.

I neared the cottage at last. The

(See DREAM, page 23)

by Richard Adler

HIS MOTHER used to take him walking along the Drive in the afternoon and they would either walk or sit and talk and he would ask her a thousand questions—about the Palisades across the river and if there were any Indians still living in those cliffs. He had asked her what those long, moving things were that carried chickens and cows and coal and were pulled by a black box on wheels that always breathed out thick, black smoke that made the nostrils smart if the wind were in the right direction. Some of these boxes had very long noses and he had wondered why. They seemed much squarer and higher than the ones with the little noses. She had told him that they were Choo Choo trains and the ones with the long noses were the old fashioned kind—that when she had been a little girl there hadn't been any of the short-nosed type. He remembered having sensed a happy respect for the old fashioned trains that his mother had also known when she was a little girl, and he had to differentiate in his own mind between them. He called the long-nosed ones "Uhhhh-Choo-Choo's" and when the old iron horses came puffing down the Drive he would look happily into his mother's eyes and say, "See Mommy our Uhhhh-Choo-Choo's are comin'!" and he would jump up and down.

Once his mother had given him a silver locket to play with . . . telling him that it was valuable and not to break it. He had just finished reading his first book, *Pinnocchio*. He had remembered that Pinnocchio in a dream had planted a gold coin and the next day it had grown into a tree, bending from the weight of its metal fruit. The boy had taken the locket and with a small spade in hand had walked alone down to the riverside. There, across the tracks, in full view of the two kinds of Choo Choo's, he had dug patiently for a long time and had planted the locket in the ground. How wonderful it would be to take his mother down to that once bare spot and show her this new marvel from yesterday's digging. "See Mommy . . . I made it grow! Let's pick some lockets for you . . ." he would say and she would love him so very much and think him more wonderful than ever!

There was no gunfire now. Only the searching sound of spade striking earth, scratching off the blade, then loosely hitting ground again. The empty west was big with dying sun and the red sky was a fitting backdrop

# Aftermath

for the scene. The day was dipping into night—a battle had ended—men had died.

To a lonely hillside behind twisted railroad tracks had marched ten men. In pairs they carried five stretchers. Each portal heavy and still with the dead. The men made up a burial detail. Platoon two of Company D, of the 354th Infantry battalion had lost five men in the day's skirmish. They stood, two to a spot, each pair about five feet apart. They dug silently, evenly, uniformly, and they were ten silhouettes dipped in red, casting dark shadows on the hillside. The five corpses were lined in a row at the left. One of the men put his spade down for a moment and wiped the cool dampness from his face.

There was a commonness about death now all over the world. Children in Russia, China, Poland, Spain grew up with death. He picked up his spade and leaned it into his chest. He remembered Spain a few years back. That had been the first time death's common touch had impressed him. He was journeying from the Basque country to the Province of Castile and while passing through a small Catalan village, he saw a group of children playing a game in the still smouldering street. Three hours earlier a flight of three Fascist planes had dropped a load of incendiaries on the early morning town. Three hours later consequently smoke broke the even pattern of warm sunlight glancing off charred roofs. The children ran wildly through the street neatly skipping over three badly burned corpses lying in the cobbled gutter. Then they spread their arms like airplanes and hummed out a poor imitation of the whirring motor sound. A few minutes later when they worked themselves up to a hysterical spirit of battle (like American Indians whooping up a war dance), they climbed up to the roof of one of the still undamaged houses. They made a V formation and glided around the roof, picking up loose bricks as they ran. Then, the 'Capitan', a tall thin boy with goiterish eyes and a puffed out stomach, shouted, "Ahora, que caiga las bombas!" . . . now, let the bombs fall! Each of the boys in order swooped to the edge of the roof and let go his brick, whistling shrilly as it fell to earth. The first missed its target and the lead-off bombardier stamped his foot in disgust. But, the second boy had more success—he shouted, "Mira, mira, golpe, golpe . . .

(See AFTERMATH, page 23)



I REMEMBER ARNOLD when he was the most confessed and professed intellectual on the campus. His voice was deep, and his hair was long. Like most young men who have read the first three pages of every famous book, he was an authority on everything. The old boy really had picked up a smart phrase or two, and he could confuse all freshmen, most sophomores, many juniors, several seniors, and one professor with his broad front.

Scott McDaniel was the prof who adored him. I used to see them walking around the campus, loaded down with books, mumbling seriously about the unfortunate outlook for the future. Usually they were followed by a train of admiring freshmen who hung on Arnold's every word, at intervals discussing wide eyed among themselves the awful significance of the words of wisdom.

One day I saw a new face among Arnold's freshmen. I thought I would take it upon myself to save the boy two years experience, perhaps a whole life, simply by telling him what I knew of Arnold. Well as it turned out I was too late. By the time I managed to contact the boy he was busy trying to convert a timid rural fellow, his room-mate, over to the intelligentia.

"You see, Tom," he was saying, "just because you feel the floor beneath your feet is no reason for you to believe it's actually there."

"Why?" Tom asked meekly.

The other boy stopped and thought seriously for a moment.

"He told me, but I've plumb forgot—Oh yeah, your senses may be lying to you. You may be just an idea."

I discovered from the card on the door that this boy's name was Al Robinson, but I knew it was too late to save him. Still there was hope for Tom. I dashed into the room like a mad man, grabbed Tom by the arm, and yanked him away from this innocent demon.

"For God's sake man, wait till you're a junior. Wait till you've learned to dance. Wait till you know what beer looks like anyway. Have a cigarette?" I wanted to get him calm.

"Why?" he asked me.

"Why because, Tom, this is a madness you are not yet prepared for. If you don't look out, you'll do yourself a permanent injury. Believe me, it would be too too horrible."

"Why?" he asked again in his meek voice.

The idea hit me then right square between the eyes and crawled all over my body till I tingled in the toe nails. I decided to sit there and question this poor little country boy for a minute

# What's The Idea?

by Charles Johnson

or two. I left after forty-three minutes, a poor little city fellow cross-examined to the thirteenth degree by this rural monster and his ever constant "why". It was a bitter experience I assure you. My ego was deflated to sub-zero, but at least I was made sure of my next move.

That night I called on Arnold, found him dressed in his Turkish robe. He had a turban on his head. The turban was the only thing he ever permitted to hide his long hair.

"Hello, Arnold, may I talk to you a moment?"

"By all means come in," he boomed. "Just catching up on my fundamentals of relativity. It's really so simple, there's no excuse it slipping my mind like it did."

"I dare say," I answered.

"McDaniel, poor fellow, can't see it at all. Still he's not such a dull one considering his Ph.D. in Sociology."

"No. I dare say he would have been brighter, though, if he hadn't become enmeshed in Plebeian society before he met you."

"You're quite right. I am beginning to see the roots of real wisdom in the man—rotted a bit as you say by Plebeian society, but not immeasurably."

"You are interested, though, in some of the vulgar specimens of this society, aren't you? I mean a purely objective interest, of course."

"Yes. I take pleasure in dissecting the moral values of the insipid creatures. The more righteous they claim to be, the more vulgar I find them. It's really fun disillusioning the egotistical maniacs—a sort of perverted Hedonism in me I suppose. heh-heh." For a moment I hesitated. Was Tom really equal to this person? I thought I had better make sure, at any rate, that no physical violence would take place.

I asked, "You never feel inclined to murder—heh-heh—some of the more asperating of the breed, do you?"

"Never! Wouldn't soil my hands with them. I have but to realize that these stupid fools at least understand the necessity of liquidating themselves. They can't stand each other; so, I leave it to them."

I was partially reassured, but still it was with some misgivings that I asked Arnold to come with me and observe a

most unusual case of rural encephalathenia—a person with a vocabulary of only one word. Arnold was agreeable, assuring me that he had become bored with Einstein's simple stuff and had already discovered that Saroyan was merely another mad egotist.

I entered Tom's room first to prepare the scene. Al was in the process of packing. He said he was leaving, that he couldn't bear his room-mate. He glared at Tom who was sitting on his bed watching the proceedings with a timid, innocent look on his face.

I felt sure of my man. There could be no doubt as to the outcome I felt, but observing just how long the struggle would last would be interesting. Al left the room, bowing his head reverently to Arnold when he passed him in the hall.



"Tom, I want you to meet a friend of mine."

"Why?"

Ignoring this discourtesy I continued, "His name is Arnold Beecham."

"Why?"

The monster had no mercy. Though poor Arnold began with the full confidence of his superior intellect, he dashed from the room after a bitter four hours in search of some hemlock. He was going to make Tom drink it. I followed Arnold to the apothecary and dissuaded him from his purpose. I consoled him as best I could and carried him back to his den and his Oriental pipes. I left him there with his glazed eyes staring stupidly before him. The next time I saw Arnold was in the barber shop. He was getting his hair cut. •



# Where Men Are Put Together by Sylvan Meyer

**C**ALL HIM JIM. He wanted very much to fly, to fly high and wide in the air, zooming with freedom, conking Japs and Nazis—but most of all just to fly.

He became an aviation cadet. With his crew cut hidden under his helmet and his goggles resting on his forehead he looked like a magazine ad of the typical American boy. As an Air Corps cadet he was learning to fly, and the business of learning couldn't be too short to suit him.

Jim was riding in a car returning from leave. The car overturned and he was hurtled about its glistening, projecting insides like a piece of meat in a concrete mixer.

Jim was delivered to Stark General Hospital in Charleston near the Ashley river where the Spanish moss hangs and the marshes go down to Moultrie and run into the backwater. Jim had compound fractures of the jaw bone, a fractured shoulder blade, a fractured left leg, a severe laceration of the right leg which had developed into gas gangrene. Obviously, with the physical perfection demanded of fliers in wartime, Jim was grounded for a long while, maybe forever.

But the obvious is a challenge at Stark hospital. A year from the time of his accident, Jim was released from the hospital and returned to full, active duty—to the tremendous physical job of flying a super-plane for his country.

This sounds like a miracle, but Jim's cure was matter of course to Army medics. They fix up lads like Jim every day, building a new ear, shaping a new nose, keeping unused muscles trained and in tone—the Army looks after its own. Mothers and sweethearts of a serviceman know that if he is sick or hurt or wounded or just plain scared, the doctors have a treatment worked out for him that turns out a new fighting machine and a new man.

We were conducted through Stark hospital near Charleston a couple of weeks ago, and it is an inspiring sight . . . acres of wooden buildings housing wards for all sorts of afflictions, laboratories, latest X-ray equipment, recreational wards, everything.

To get a good picture of Jim's treatment and eventual cure, let's follow his progress through the hospital. Colonel W. W. Vaughan is commandant of the hospital and his explanations are the ones used in this article.

Jim was the topic of consultation by the officers in charge of septic, ortho-

pedic, and dental surgery and the chief of the surgical service. Since his gangrene was the most serious item, that was treated first in Septic Surgery, and his fractures were set at the same time.

The gangrene responded to treatment, but the wound was healing too tightly. The plastic surgeon grafted skin from Jim's back to cover the wound. The purpose of this was not only to improve the appearance of the injury, but also to aid healing, eliminate contraction of tissues and make normal junction possible.

Then the bone specialists saw to it that his fractures healed. The dental surgeon who operated on his jaw, which had been severely fractured, placed two metal pins in the bone to restore normal chewing action. Finally Jim was treated by Physical Therapists, moving to yet another ward and taxing yet another medical skill. Here he was massaged, given muscle exercises, whirlpool bath treatments in which warm water is swirled about injured limbs in a large electric washing machine affair. Jim took little exercises on machines in in the hospital gym, gradually indulging in more strenuous activities. He drank cokes in the hospital canteen and played chinese checkers in the hospital Red Cross center and read books from the hospital library. He took more exercises and they tightened the springs on the machines and added weights to the lifts and eventually, Jim had regained the normal function of his limbs and his

mind suffered not a bit from the strain of a year of confinement. It was a fast year, and Jim was grateful to the doctors. Now he is in the air once more.

The army doctor has a big field, and the general hospital is a big chunk in this field. Although the civilian and military medical man are primarily interested in the same thing, healing the sick and wounded, the army doctor deals in preventative medicine. He assumes a direct responsibility for the physical and mental well-being of the troops under his command. He is responsible for selection of camp grounds, sewage disposal, the water for drinking, the food and the locale. Army doctors are not made overnight and neither are they cadaceus bearing commission hunters who avoid the lines of action.

At Stark General Hospital, however, the primary purpose is to return service men to health and efficiency. A general hospital is organized to afford better facilities than can be provided at station and base hospitals for longer periods of observation and for treatment of obscure and complicated cases. The general hospital makes final disposition of the soldier and either returns him to the army completely fit for service or cures him as well as possible and returns him to civilian life.

Army doctors have added to mankind's culture as their fighting comrades battled to kill. It was medical officer of the U. S. Army that devised the method

(See STARK, page 21)



Drs. James C. Andrews and G. C. Kyker, of the Carolina Med School staff, are typical of the men of medicine in both army and civilian life who, in the midst of mass death, seek means to better protect the living.



WHEN I was seven years old my mother gave me a little printing press with seven candles on it. "Son," she said, "go out into the world and make a name for yourself. Make a lot of names for yourself. You can make money that way, you know." And she cackled with glee.

I curtsied low, assured the good mater that I would exercise the constitutional freedom of the press to the fullest, and was off in a swirl of India ink, rubber mats and 14-point italic type.

The first few years were the hardest. I established my business in southern Florida with an eye to gaining the tourist trade. At the same time I was conducting experiments with various citrus juices which I had previously found to be of use in the making of a special type ink needed to print \$10 bills.

It was on a raw March morning in 1929 that I received the news that was to disrupt my complete program of endeavor. As I recall, I was busy running off a batch of currency when my assistant, a native by the name of Stinkweed Stubwash, burst into the room and related in tangled phrases news of the Wall Street market crash.

I was so stunned by the announcement that I almost overturned a beaker of embalming fluid which I had been sipping at casual intervals as I worked.

"Gad, Stinkweed," I whistled, entwining my arms about the youth's frail form, "are you certain?" And I swished a 10-inch blade past his eyes to emphasize the fact that I would tolerate no foolishness.

The shy lad poked a trembling hand into the depths of his left pocket and extracted a still-wet newspaper. A 120-point streamer headline told the story: "Stock Exchange Crumbles." Victims of the catastrophe, the story said, were jumping from Wall Street windows in steady file.

"Nice job," I commented, examining the publication.

"No, boss," Stinkweed screamed, "it's on the level. I didn't have nothin' to do with it. I swiped it from the blind man's stand down on the corner. It's in all the gazettes."

"Stinkweed, my man," I said at length, "you will collect all of our equipment—all of the old cheques, bills of exchange, passports, public credit instruments, bonds, common currency and other documents of value about the shop. We must go at once to New York."

Six weeks later, we plodded into the confines of Greenwich Village. We lost no time in setting up shop and by nightfall of our second day in the locality, the little press that mama gave me was humming merrily and crisp \$10 bills were streaming from its mouth.

As I had expected, New Yorkers who had lost heavily in the stock stumble

# Bogus Boogie Boy

by H. C. Cranford

were in need of immediate currency, Morgenthau notwithstanding. Consequently they fell easy prey to the synthetic sawbucks which Stinkweed re-tailed at 60 cents a dozen, 10 cents above the market ceiling. I do not think it would be overstatement to say that the turnover was remarkable.

I suppose that I would still be in that modest basement annex to this day if my veterinarian, whom I respected for his good horse sense, had not commanded me to shift my business to a warmer climate. The fact that the local police also hinted that I would be wise to leave did not influence my decision in any way.

And so it was that Stinkweed and I moved again, this time to California and the Gold Coast. I was particularly attached to California, especially Alcatraz, which is just off the coast of the state. I was attached to Alcatraz for two years, as a matter of fact.

It was while in St. Louis, I believe, that I realized one day that my stretch of ill fortune could be assigned to the fact that I was without a college education. I wrote home to mama, seeking her counsel on the question.

"Son," she wrote back, "a college education is a great thing. Your father once knew a man who had one. I hate to see you give up your work, but I guess it's the best thing to do. So go to college, son. I know you'll do well."

It was quite by chance that I selected the University of North Carolina as my alma mater-to-be. It was quite by chance that I was admitted. It was quite by chance, too, that I married a coed at the end of my freshman year.

She was a jolly little witch, full of

pep, corn flakes and other cereals and as pretty as a fabricated picture. Nice frame, too. I often regret that I cut off her head and buried it under the Old Well. (She never was the same after it happened.) But it really wasn't my fault. I had warned her about walking on the grass.

One night in the second quarter of my sophomore year I was in my print shop in Souse Building running off some student copies of a final examination when a knock sounded on the door.

You can well imagine my surprise when I beheld a delegation of seven men, each of whom I immediately recognized as a leading campus politician. The men stood in solemn single file and whistled in unison as my daughter, who had been seated in the corner playing with some old ABC bottles, arose and slunk across the room to meet them.

The spokesman for the group, a blonde youth of some 20-odd years, extended his card to my daughter, and then motioned me to his side.

"Can a guy get a drink in here?" he questioned, casting furtive glances about the room.

Always a hospitable host, I produced 43 ration points of tomato juice which the gentleman polished off in quick order. This was followed by a round of lactic acid. We then buckled down to the business at hand.

"My good man," the spokesman spouted, lofting his opium pipe, "we of the committee in charge have decided that you shall have the distinct honor of carrying the party banner in the approaching race for the editorship of the campus magazine." And he burped

(See POGUS BOOGIE, page 23)



"Are you sure you contain vitamin B-1?"



# The Grey Sky and the Blue

by Ralph Jackson

I BENT towards the match cupped in his hands and touched the cigarette to the flame. The wind swept between his fingers and the flame disappeared in a bright swirl. Sparks torn from our cigarettes blew across the wet deck and under the rail into the water. Grey ashes, grey as the sky and sea, trailed after them.

We looked at our cigarettes to see if they were still lighted and then, leaning against the rail, watched again the sea and sky. The wind was steady against my body like a hand pushing me backwards. The waves were high, pushed forward by the wind. Long white-caps rode the crests until two or more collided and then they slid down the steep sides and foamed at the bottom.

The other passengers scattered along the rail watched them silently. Some of the men tapped their finger nails against the wooden bar. Most of them were smoking steadily—one cigarette lighted from another. A few paced nervously around the decks—their eyes always sea-ward.

One of the walking men accidentally bumped against another. Furiously, they started to fight, shouting childish profanities, and then suddenly they stopped, and shrugged their shoulders.

This was the last lap of the voyage to safety. The zone was almost past. The protection of land was almost in sight. Most of the ships were sunk out here.

I steadied my hand by pressing the cigarette more tightly between my index and middle fingers.

"How much longer before we reach port?" I asked, trying to see in the distance where the sky and sea were supposed to separate. Somewhere towards the west a strip of land should lay between them. "We should be near the capes now."

"Another two or three hours, even if we make good time." I knew that he had not slept any the whole trip except for brief naps. He had been on private watch the whole week, but he never spoke of his fear. Until today we had never exchanged over a dozen words. He had been a sea-captain for thirty years and then settled in Cuba on the sugar plantation next to mine. He never forgot his habit of watching the sea whenever he was on a boat. Gregory was short with a thick neck and square head.

In his bearing and words was the slightly pompous solemnity of the small. Even lighting a cigarette was serious and in comparison subs and torpedoes did not seem so bad. But when I looked away from his emotionless face and across the waves, my assurance dropped.

"We ought to have passed through the mine fields by now."

"Hardly."

"We're safe then unless a sub is trailing behind us. And then after the nets across the bay entrance, we're okay."

"Do you have your lifebelt on tight?"

"Yes." I fingered it slowly. "Does the

of made much difference if he had swam the other way."

Gregory flipped his cigarette into the water where a wave caught it, tossed it about for a moment and then swept it out to sea. We watched it disappear as if we were not watching anything else. When we thought the other wasn't noticing, we riveted our eyes again on the waves a hundred yards or more beyond the ship. A sea gull, screaming monotonously, swooped across the deck and over the waves, skimming over the crests in search of garbage. I followed its flight, wondering after it had flown over a hundred yards from the boat what it was flying above now, if it could see a slim grey vertical pipe riding just above the surface. I watched the bird's whirling flight until it merged with the grey sea and sky which did not join or separate at any one given point.

Gregory buttoned his coat around his chin. "The wind is getting colder. Raw and strong like off Newfoundland. Don't



crew wear them all the time?"

"Some do. Passengers have to all the time. The captain figures they can't take care of themselves so well."

The boat plunged against a wave and the spray stung my face like ice shot from a gun.

Gregory slowly wiped the water from his face. His hand trembled slightly. I noticed then the tense steadiness of his eyes. "Can you swim very far?"

"Where could I swim to? I know land's towards the west, but when the sun is hidden behind all these clouds, I don't know east from west."

"If you can keep up until a boat comes it don't matter which direction you head for. You wouldn't get there anyway by yourself. Heard of one man—a tough bird, I guess—who swam for about ten miles—just until he could see land good and then drowned. Just gave out of wind, I guess. A patrol boat picked him up just after he went under. Wouldn't

see it like this so often around the Virginia Capes. Sun will be setting soon."

I watched the water as I had been watching it for a week—the same depthless grey-green mass. I watched the waves and figured, as I had figured a thousand times before, how I would rise to the surface and swim through them if I were suddenly hurled from the deck. How I would hold my breath as I sank—however sudden the explosion and shock was, however suddenly I was blown from the deck, I would think and act calmly—how I would remember not to gasp or try to scream, how I would kick off my shoes and turn my hands and head upwards as if returning from a deep dive. When I reached the surface, I would wait until I was sure a breaking wave wouldn't fill my mouth with water, and then I would suck in a lung full of air. Then I would float on the waves, beating my arms to keep warm, until the

(See GREY SKY, page 22)



## The Sound of You

I live at night—  
and through the city's pulsing rhythm  
there comes to me  
the sound of you—

I live in light-flushed streets  
and crowded subways—  
My world is full of sexy women  
and virile men.

I live with many people,  
and I am part of them  
and they are part of me.  
My world is full of youth—  
and age—  
of silk—  
and tatters.

My world is full of breasts  
and hips  
and legs  
and lips that challenge moistly  
in the shaded corner  
underneath the stairs,  
or in the archlight's brilliant glare.

My world is full of blood  
and steaming bodies—  
screaming throats—  
But sometimes in the dark of night  
there is the moon  
behind the tower  
casting pastel rays  
through marble-lattice,  
cooling off the sizzling city  
and cooling me,  
pouring peace into the bowl of my skull.  
Pouring sweet and tender waters  
on the fire in my lap.

And through the city's jungle-sounds  
there comes to me  
a gentle note—  
the sound of you.

—Kai Heiberg-Jurgensen

## Leave off After Turmoil

Leave off awhile the turmoil  
The burning of lights bring our  
Tired eyes: By word of mouth; in  
Nightly broadcast we learn the  
Arithmetic of growing desolation;  
In newsreel photogenically pictured,  
We add ruin to ruin.

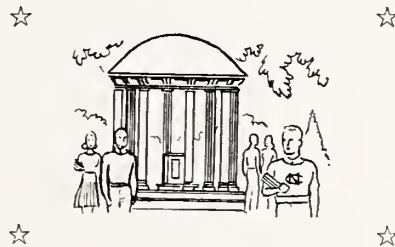
In our darkened cells on  
Solitary heights we find what  
Comfort deep silence brings to  
Deeper solace.

Oldsters early in being driven  
Against ruins to death we need few  
Symbols reminding us of our spirited  
Trusts; no cradled clamor, where we  
Turn heartedly to retrace our trusts  
Anew.

—Max Greenberg

# University

## Poets



## Mood's Delight

Firelight in the moon cast your shadows on me;  
And when, like withered leaves, the stars float down,  
The grass a brittle red grows spiny thin,  
Then let the porphory and ice within my soul  
Glisten amid the gaunt darkness of end.  
A silent motion, a vulture's swoop and then  
The world beyond the worlds will fall upward  
And disappear like fire turned to ash.  
Cold, gray, abysmal, stoney, deep, forgot,  
Forsaken, lost, a space within a space  
And space beyond, around, inside, confused,  
With space and space confounded dank and chill;  
A billion billion disembodied eyes,  
Each shooting off askance at bizarre tangents,  
Inhabit space in search of finite dust,  
Of minute tangibles to tether the  
Ever changing, ever unknown and misty vistas,

The avenues of accident.  
Green is no color; but greenery is color, and so is life.  
No somnolence is there contained—no sleep—  
Just life, in greenery, young and upward heaving.  
Now, there is no green by day, and night  
Is spent in wandering wondering, because I cannot see.  
By day the green is felled by red,  
And every night the red is turned to gray—  
To the gray of ashes, dead and fetid;  
Then gone to dust.

—Hayden Carruth.



## WE MOURN

(From page 10)

for his years, a steady provider for his large family, a believer of the catholic Christ . . . a man loved in the neighborhood for his many appetites. A despair to his family for his lack of neatness but loved by them because he kept a single room simple and clean as a shrine.

"Sam!" her hand touched his shoulder, "I want you to meet my brother . . . Rudy, this is Sam. He works at the store with me. You know, I told you about him."

The small, olive-tinted face of Tess was in the features of the brother: a thin face, but strong in its lines.

"Hello, Sam. Sorry I had to meet you here, but you know . . ." the young man gave a small shrug. Sam took the proffered hand. Even in the brother there was now that distracted sorrow.

He wandered away now smiling shyly at his sister with affection turning the corners of his lips. Sam came close to Tess and asked her,

"Tess, where can I see you alone for a minute."

Her eyes grew wide, but she didn't say a word. Quietly she took him by the hand and led him into the brightly-lit kitchen. He squinted at the brightness and something odd struck him. Around the kitchen walls he saw the men seated. In the living room he had felt the women in black were like sorrowing shadows that weaved and moved in their chairs. But here the males seemed stiff with grief. Some were quietly smoking. Others sat with open collars and some sat with arms folded. They nodded at the boy, at Tess, and turned to their neighbors. He could see the faces grizzled with beard and age, some smooth-faced but all unsmiling or talking softly in their mother tongue.

Out in the backyard she faced him.

"Sam, what's the matter? I can't stay long. Was it something you wanted to tell me?"

Sam could feel her urgency. The deep ache in him was almost painful.

"Tess," he began lamely, "how long have you been crying like this?"



"I'm sorry, sir, but you cannot bring firearms into this area."

—CLODBUSTER.

Her eyes immediately began to fill. She became confused and a little angry.

"Sam, I . . . I've got to go in now."

Sam held her for a moment at arm's length.

"Tess, before this happened, I had meant to ask you. Back at the store, in the stockroom last week . . . remember?"

She looked vaguely at him. Her mind seemed clouded. Sam brought her closer to him and cupped her chin.

"Tess!" he whispered.

It brought her back and her voice rose with her words.

"No, Sam, no. Don't ask me. Can't you see I'm so much older than you."

Sam began to protest.

She came away from him but still held the appeal in her voice, "You don't love . . . me. You have to give too much and you're not ready for that. Could you take my father's place in his household. My husband must do that. Could you live quietly and simply as he did. No, Sam, not yet. I loved my father and now, after this . . ."

Her eyes widened. There was some-

thing here he could never have. He searched her for some meaning, and she, sensing his difficulty spoke for him:

"A woman grows older with sorrow, much faster than a boy. Last night, as I sat in my father's room, I knew that I had changed. You saw his room. I wanted to be like that room. Poppa Loretto's room and do the things he did."

"Yes, but Tess, I . . . I've never had this . . . feeling . . . this wanting to have you so much . . ." Sam became confused.

Tess took in the smooth boyish features, and she shook her head quickly as though in disbelief.

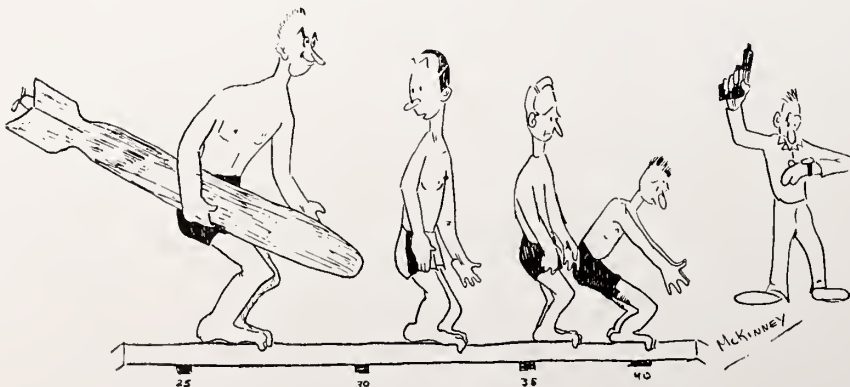
"Leave soon, Sam. Leave the store. Get away for a while. Believe me, I'm contented. And I do love you. Dearly. If I marry it must be someone like . . ."

Sam finished, ". . . like Poppa Loretto. Is that it?"

Her eyes took on that vagueness that sent that sickening nausea inside of him and again that mechanical courtesy yet with simplicity she turned and said,

"Would you like to see him now?"

And it seemed he could find no answer to give her. Quietly he followed her indoors. •



## Youth

I saw a swallow poised in flight,  
A graceful beauty, swift and sure;  
And as I looked he dropped from sight,  
Abashed before a beauty pure  
That undid all his graceful wing,  
A beauty more than he could sing.  
And then I looked around to see  
That you stood there and smiled at me.

—Hayden Carruth



# STARK

(From page 16)

of purifying water with chlorine; it was an Army doctor who made the outstanding investigation about yellow fever; it was an Army doctor who determined the cause and found the cure for beri-beri. His accomplishments are many, but his greatest integration of his knowledge and skill has come in the general hospital, of which Stark is a typical example.

Stark rambles through the woods, acre upon acre with a different ward in each building and all buildings connected with covered walks. Eighty-three buildings and miles of corridors twist through what was two years ago Carolina black water jungle. Stark receives patients from South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, and North Carolina and has approximately 1000 capacity right now.

Civilians are employed, too, and when you walk around the hospital, you get the idea that an entire city exists just for this hospital, which conclusion isn't exactly erroneous.

Four professional divisions outline the set-up of the hospital. Medical; gastro-enterology, cardio-vascular-renal, general medical, neuropsychiatric, officers medical and communicable diseases. Surgical; anaesthesia, eye, ear, nose and throat, general surgery, orthopedic surgery, physical therapy, roentgenology, septic surgery, urology and officers surgery. Laboratory; Bacteriology, pathology, serology, chemistry and basal metabolism sections. Dental; oral surgery, prosthetic dentistry, and operative dentistry.

They haven't missed a trick. With over 100,000 separate items on hospital stock, Stark is completely equipped with the ultra-latest in medical equipment and have not lost a single life in surgery to this date. With fever therapy Stark officers have had remarkable success with stubborn gonorrhea cases. Quoting Colonel Vaughan, "Stark is as well equipped and staffed as any hospital in the country."

University graduates among the enlisted men at Stark are plentiful as the cattails in the swamps around Charleston. They come from all over and treat their work with reverence. Many of these are applying for Officer Candidate Schools, others are getting technical medical educations. In our tour we saw one sergeant who graduated from a well-known southern college. He was an artist and drew detailed sketches "before" and "after" plastic surgery operations.

We saw ward after ward filled with earnest young men bending over microscopes, inspecting test tubes, working



"No, no, that's not what it's for."

—CLOUDBUSTER.

among rows of shining bottles, boiling flasks and twisted, mysterious apparatus.

From four messhalls throughout the hospitals chefs conjured up delectable meals from deep vats which simmered with tons and tons of vegetables. A mess sergeant was cutting drumsticks from chicken after chicken. The fowls were piled around him like sandbags outside the admiralty office, and when he sliced the legs off, he passed the chickens to a giant negro assistant who amputated the part that jumps over the fence last with a huge cleaver. The assistant said he had been removing chicken rumps for four hours and was just getting into the rhythm for some more hours of the work.

We strolled through recreation halls, classrooms, laundries, garages, libraries, a firehouse, saw tennis courts, volley ball courts and baseball diamonds where convalescents get plenty of outdoor exercise.

We passed through a ward where men wove baskets and worked on handicraft articles to teach healing muscles how to work again. We spoke to a man who was getting a new ear. Nine months in the hospital, he was preparing to undergo another operation but he showed real battlefront courage in facing his pain and seemed sort of a walking tribute to the humanitarian work going on at Stark.

But the work of the hospital is not sensational in itself. It is sensational only in that it goes on day after day healing and curing, tending to minds and bodies. Highly trained soldiers of health battle quietly and vigorously with medicine combating the enemies of Ally and Axis alike and improving the health and mind of the American soldier.

Again in the sincere, plain words of Colonel Vaughan: "It is the desire of the War Department and of the Sur-

# WOMEN

(From page 6)

2. It is undesirable for women to teach men students;

3. The employment of women makes for lower salaries in the department, thus making it impossible to get men.

4. The women don't want to work overtime;

5. Women do not have financial responsibilities comparable to men's;

6. "It's still a man's university."

7. "I don't believe in careers for women."

The reply to the first is so self evident that it scarcely needs voicing. Surely a well trained woman in any field has a wealth of heart, mind and spirit to give to her home and community and therefore to the civilization and culture of a commonwealth and nation which equals any contribution a professional man can make in any field of endeavor. The marked success of the young women who have taught or who are now teaching in mathematics, psychology, botany, and zoology adequately answers the objections that a woman can't teach men. Remember, too, that the men referred to are around seventeen or eighteen, and the young women in most cases would be in their middle or late twenties or early thirties. The third reason, given in a most genuine spirit speaks eloquently of the urgent need to face the matter squarely. The fourth reason is based on a total lack of comprehension

(See WOMEN, page 23)

geon General, and of those Medical officers of our service who have been in the Medical Corps long enough to know and dictate its policies that our men in the service will receive the best medical attention that is humanly possible."

In these words is the felling of the casual visitor to Stark's display expressed; "Jim is well again. Jim is flying again." •



## GREY SKY

(From page 18)

rescue. I would not let my body grow tense with terror.

"When the sun goes down, the water will be getting colder," I said.

"It's cold enough now to about freeze you. It'll be June or July before it's right pleasant."

I tried to think of the water as it would be in summer. "The subs don't work much after the sun goes down," I said hopefully.

"The sun ain't gone down yet."

Something thudded suddenly against the hull. We stood rigid—ready to jump the next instant. One man opened his mouth to yell but let his jaw flap without screaming. The thing bumped again against the thin steel sides. We stared at each other—waiting for the explosion as we tried to brace ourselves for it. There was the intolerable waiting intensified now in one long moment that we had endured for a week.

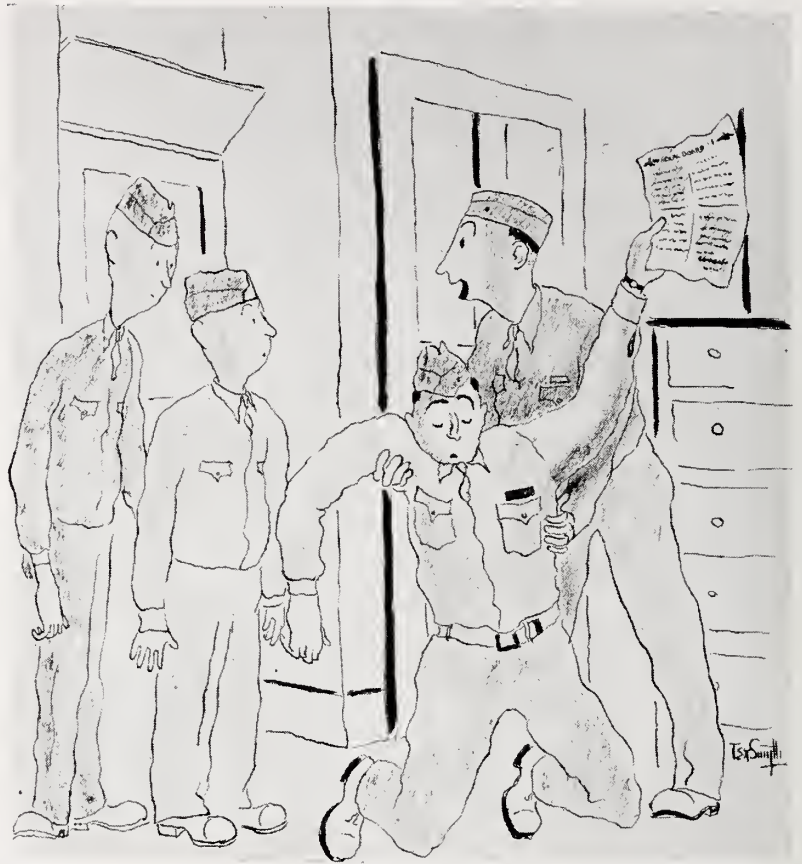
When, after minutes as we tried to jump into action, nothing happened, Gregory leaned over the rail, glanced down the side of the boat, and then straightened up. His eyes were hard. "Nothing but a piece of driftwood. Probably part of a boat on the bottom now."

We let our bodies and muscles relax, but our nerves remained taut.

After a while as the light slowly faded over the waves, I went below for dinner, feeling again the fear of being caught below decks, tried to read a magazine in the lounge, flung it aside, and returned to deck where Gregory still watched the sea.

About six o'clock we passed between the capes. The main mine fields were behind us, but we were still in the narrow channel bordered on each side by hidden mines. If the ship swung either to the right or left the bow or stern would crash against one of the charges. A light tap would be enough to explode it. In the distance the two boats guarding the middle entrance of the submarine net were slowly pulling away in opposite directions, making a path where we could slip through. I couldn't hear their motors, but I could see their lights, just blinking on. Except for the wind and the slap and slide of waves against the boat, it was quiet in the green-grey dusk. In the shelter of the bay it seemed quieter and even lonelier than out at sea. The wind had died down. There was still no land in sight. But it was waiting there for us, I knew. A mist that in the distance looked like fog was drifting around us. I looked behind me at the ocean as we passed through the net entrance as if I were gazing back at a chasing Indian as I fled within stockade

I looked back at the boats closing the nets. "We should be safe now."



"It's a notice from his Draft Board—he's in 4F!"

—CLOUDBUSTER.

Gregory rubbed his hands together. The dampness made the brown skin glisten. "Unless a sub slipped in after us—but not many are taking that chance. They couldn't get out again. Couldn't do much damage before they're spotted."

"It'd be sort of hard—slipping in—wouldn't it?"

"Yeah. They'd have to wait on the bottom right up against the net until it was open and then slip in. They'd have to be mighty careful while they were moving or their motors could be heard—even way under water."

I watched the cold water sliding past. "Even if we were sunk in the bay we could be picked up in no time."

"If you weren't blown to bits."

We saw the first ship of the convoy. The other passengers were crowding around the rails, silently watching it as we slid by. The men's faces were tired with the fatigue that comes from nervous exhaustion. The first three ships, spread in a V formation, were cruisers and between them were four tankers. In a long line, warships on the outside, merchants between, the convoy stretched across Hampton Roads. The ships were only a shade darker than the sea and sky. No lights gleamed in the dusk. Through the mist the details of their outlines were vague. Only dark grey shapes in the haze of mist and darkness around them.

I thought suddenly of a caravan waiting at the edge of the desert before a perilous crossing.

"They'll be leaving soon," I said.

"Yes. Maybe in an hour or two."

We saw a rowboat pulling slowly towards a cruiser. A launch with an officer sitting in the stern passed it. The gold braid on his cap gleamed faintly through the mist. The rowboat rocked steadily up and down the sides of the wake-waves. Nothing else but the water moved around the ships.

"Where are they going?"

"England, South America, Africa? Who knows?"

"It's very big, the convoy. I can't see the end of it." I thought, they're going into what we've just left—only they have many more thousands of miles and many more thousands of cold waves to dash into spray against the bows. "Will it take them very long?"

"Who knows? Maybe none of them will ever get there. Maybe some. Maybe all. Whatever happens they keep on going. They can't stop."

I wanted to say something. "I wish them good luck."

Gregory laughed bitterly. "Yeah. Wish them good luck. Maybe good luck will keep some of them off the bottom of the ocean." •



## BOGUS BOOGIE

(From page 17)

boldly to accent the importance of his statement.

I accepted with avarice and the men departed.

It was while reading a thesis on falsi crimen of Civil law one night that I hit upon an idea of such magnitude, such unlimited possibilities that I literally bolted from my chair and raced to my shop. The little press that mama gave me squatted in its usual place. Quickly I undraped the gleaming machine, flicked on the switch and stood back as it commenced to rumble and sigh.

My plan, although terrific, was simple enough. First I printed several styles of stationery, each bearing the name of a noted personality. Then I proceeded to write myself letters of endorsement, stating, in substance, that I was a qualified candidate for the mag post. Finally, with the assistance of Stinkweed, the final touch—that of forging the signatures—was completed. I do not deny that I surveyed the work with a good deal of pride and satisfaction.

I selected three specimens from the prize lot, which I place in simple black frames. These I suspended from a conspicuous pillar in the University YMCA building. I might add at this point, that it was not until the "Y" secretary had been massaged with a rubber hose beneath a 200-watt glow for an hour or so that he consented to the display.

The success of the exhibit was beyond that of my wildest expectations. An unidentified freshman was trampled to death two hours after the display was opened, and eight War College youths were mangled in a melee which developed when one of the group sought to enhance his view by introducing a step-ladder on the scene. Also a janitor, it is believed, was disemboweled when he attempted to sweep up the area.

But all was not so well. There was the gloomy aspect as well as the golden. The distasteful element came to a head on election day eve when the loyal opposition, motivated by evil brew, came forth to dispute the authenticity of the letters. It was stated, in effect, that dirty politics had transpired and that my hands were coated with the ink of ill play.

It is quite likely that I would now be back with the boys at Leavenworth Tech if Stinkweed had not saved the day by coming through at the zero hour with telegrams from New York signed by the personalities involved, and which attested the genuineness of the letters.

## DREAM

(from page 14)

distance across the valley had been longer than it seemed when I stood at the base of the opposite mountain. As I approached the door another light appeared at the window and somebody peered out at me. I must have been a queer spectacle for the morning, staggering as I was under the burden that I carried in my arms.

The door was opened for me, and I went in. In a few minutes the door opened again and I came out, this time without myself in my arms. I had left myself in the cottage. I turned for a moment as the door closed and said some word to the person inside. Then I walked away from the cottage and continued down the valley in the same direction that I had been walking before. I grew smaller in the distance and finally disappeared behind a turn in the valley.

Since then I have never seen myself. I have waited here on the mountain for a long time, hoping that I would come back, but I have almost given up. I think I shall leave soon. •

## AFTERMATH

(from page 14)

look, look a direct hit! The brick had landed squarely on the cindered head of one of the bodies, and a brownish fluid that once was blood came gently out of doors into the sunlight.

The man looked from side to side at the men digging—then at the corpses. That morning they had all arisen together. That afternoon they had all chowed together. This evening, the five were lined up together. Tomorrow the same procedure would take place in the late evening. Perhaps it would rain and the earth would be softer—easier to dig. It was too much for him to comprehend. One minute the heart beating, blood flowing red and hot through the body—then an instant later, limbs still the once bursting temples growing cold, thought processes gone.

Soon, soon, the hole would be deep enough and the men would march back to camp. •

How the lad managed the stunt is, of course, a trade secret. But even the opposition will, I believe, concede that it was a clever and timely piece of doing.

Oh, well, next time I'll use invisible ink. That ought to fox hell out of 'em—I'll have to write to mama and see what she thinks of the idea. . . . •

## WOMEN

(From page 21)

of the strain of eight full, regular hours every day, day in and day out, month in and month out, year in and year out; there are not a dozen men in the entire administration and faculty who maintain the rigid regularity of hours maintained by women.

The fifth objection is the only reason listed which has the ring of validity. It is true, of course, that the average woman's financial burden is not as heavy as the average man's. May I say here in deepest sincerity that the last thing any real woman wants to do is to see incomes of men lowered, thus working hardships on the children dependent upon them. However, there is also the well established principle of paying for the job done. The professional woman does have a right to expect an income which will enable her to take her place in the community along with the wife of the professional man; this is totally impossible under the present salary scale here for women. Moreover, there are very few employed single women who are not supporting at least one other person; employed married women are often supporting or contributing to the support of two or more persons. For example, you do not have to leave the first floor of South Building to find five young women who are partially or wholly responsible for the support of one other person. The sixth objection is answered by our own beloved president in his oft reiterated definition of the University as a "university of the people." The seventh is suggestive of emotion rather than reason and goes deep into "Southern psychology."

The University of North Carolina, the great liberal institution of higher education in all the region, has made real sacrifices to help solve the complicated problems of the Negro, the tenant farmer, the laborer, the underprivileged all along the line, as indeed it should. In regard to women as an important economically underprivileged group, now in position to render great service to the institution, the state and the nation, the University of North Carolina can no longer close its eyes and its heart. •

I once had a classmate named Guesser Whose knowledge got lesser and lesser,  
It at last grew so small  
He knew nothing at all—  
And now he's a college professor.

•  
"I just swatted five flies—two males and three females."

"How can you tell?"

"I got two on the card table and three on the mirror."



## Editorials - - -

SYLVAN MEYER ..... *Editor*  
HAYDEN CARRUTH ..... *Managing Editor*

### Behind the Lines

SOMETIMES it's put this way. Before you hit the army some of the boys will take you aside and tell you to take it easy. Go in and do your job well, and the war's won.

But, brother, this is not your war.

Before you tie up everything you talk to the dearly beloved about the Uncertainties of the Times and you're quite frank about a lot of things. We agree on that.

But it's still not your war.

You're up on the tides of affairs that change men's ways. You've planned months ahead for a good spot in the army set-up. Maybe you've got it. This, however, must be remembered.

It never was your war. The civilian population is in on it. The women across statelines to the four corners of the country are in on it. The man in uniform is a member of organized anger against the common enemy. All of us will be trained to answer back with anger.

Danger makes equals of us all. Those of us who are inclined to be phlegmatic about it all become unaware of this new equality. Organized groups, specialization courses, air-raid drills, civilian volunteers has brought a solidarity that brings home the point to us.

It is not a war for a few fighting for the many but a war that has an entity of purpose and action.

You *can* make this your war. All the steps are here for a healthy, sober morale. It isn't a few dates at the USO or writing home that army life is great. It's more than that. This special war is fought behind the lines! ●

### Come On, You Literati!

THE editors wish to inform the chaps that do things that they wish more students would submit stuff to the magazine. Fiction writers seem the most prolific, or at least the most energetic in the turning in of copy. Humorists, poets, and particularly writers of the good old human interest feature story must be assigned subjects and driven to their typewriters. Ditto cartoonists and artists.

The editors want to print as many different authors as possible. The editors want to get as wide a representation of campus creative ability as possible. And the editors are also running out of feature ideas. Feature ideas and feature copy should be turned in by the writers on their own initiative.

●

### Days Into Years

SO LITTLE time in which to get anything done—that is the standard complaint. We get up in the morning, go to classes, attend labs in the afternoon, and by the time we take care of our personal habits and attentions, the day is gone. What can we accomplish without going to sleep at dawn?

In the perspective of a day or a week or a month, it seems that nothing is done, nothing is finished . . . by the time an idea is discovered and evolved, the time for its pursuit and materialization is past. Our time is so short, our hours are limited, the day is done and we are no further along than we were the day before.

When we look back over four years of idea developing and pushing we see that the years not the days bring change and progress. In these four years different sets of editors published over 800 Daily Tar Heels, each one believing that when his term was complete he had published a "better" paper than his predecessor.

In these four years 32 issues of the Magazine and 20 issues of the Tar an' Feathers were published. The legislature grew from an infant to a gawky adolescent, seeking its own philosophy, growing, sometimes wandering, but ever growing in power, prestige and purpose.

In these four years people who were once children have grown to a realization of the duties of a social existence; these children have mysteriously and apparently overnight become adults in a mad race to grow up to the world as the world grows away from them.

In one-half of these four years, a select group, chosen from the fortunate skim of the commonweal, has risen to confront the greatest challenge the world has known. The CVTC, an organization of students drills itself regularly, practices, prepares, with faith in itself and its purpose. Others study and learn, seeking the truth, the solution to the tumultuous conflicts of living on a world fluid with fear. They are a lot closer to that truth than they were four years ago.

Out of four years of dissolving ourselves in this society has precipitated the consciousness that progress is social unity and the struggle for the achievement of the common good. The mightiest and the least of us, as we leave to face the frightening complexity that lies below the crest of our little hill, realizes vaguely that these past four years have been a journey forward and that the wasted days do not count for those that we thought wasted have suddenly exploded into years and the time between our introduction to the lower quad and our farewell to Kenan stadium was a brief moment of an old promise fulfilled and a new promise avowed. ●





# CONGRATULATIONS

to

## March Graduates

---

---

We have enjoyed your patronage while you have been  
at Carolina and now join in extending our best wishes  
to you upon this occasion.

---

---


*The Little Shop*  
*Marley's*  
*Carolina Barber & Beauty Shop*  
*Varsity*

*Graham Memorial Barber Shop*  
*Carolina Sport Shop*  
*Carolina Men's Shop*  
*Chapel Hill Flower Shop*

---

---





**WOMEN AT WORK**  
It is estimated 15,000,000 women  
are employed in U. S. Industry today  
**YOU MAY BE NEEDED NOW**  
Ask at your nearest United States  
Employment Service Office

# *It's* CHESTERFIELD

*for my taste*

When you're doing a bang-up job you want a bang-up smoke and for anybody's money you can't buy a better cigarette than Chesterfield.

Try them yourself...you'll find Chesterfields as Mild and Cool as the day is long...and Better-Tasting, too.

WHERE A CIGARETTE COUNTS MOST  
***It's Chesterfield***



# CAROLINA MAGAZINE



CENTENNIAL ISSUE



APRIL, 1943





Crash helmet, coveralls, Camels — they're "standard equipment" with this tank driver. That's a General behind him—a "General Lee."



Ski champion, U. S. Army model 1943. His cigarette is a flavor champion of many years' standing — Camel — the Army man's favorite.



"Tell it to the Marines!" And this Marine paratrooper, with his parachute pack, will tell you the favorite pack with Marines is Camel.



Dolphins on this sailor's right sleeve mean undersea service. "Pigboat" is his word for submarine—"Camel" for his favorite smoke.

# Standard Equipment

IN THE ARMY  
IN THE NAVY  
IN THE MARINES  
IN THE COAST  
GUARD

# Camel

FIRST IN THE SERVICE

With men in the Army, Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard, the favorite cigarette is CAMEL. (Based on actual sales records in Post Exchanges and Canteens.)



On the right sleeve of these men, above, there's a small white shield. That means Coast Guard. And with men in the Coast Guard, the favorite cigarette is Camel.



Take a jouncing Jeep, a Johnny Doughboy — an "I'd walk a mile" grin — add 'em all up and you get CAMEL — the fighting man's favorite.



On land—on sea—yes, and in the air, too, the favorite is Camel. As this high-altitude Army bomber pilot says: "Camels suit me to a 'T'!"



The "T Zone" where cigarettes are judged

The "T-ZONE"—Taste and Throat—is the proving ground for cigarettes. Only your taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you... and how it affects your throat. For your taste and throat are individual to you. Based on the experience of millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-ZONE" to a "T." Prove it for yourself!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina



Meanwhile, we present this cross-section of freedom of thought, criticism and expression in the moments between the Magazine's first page on the right, and this. On a local scale, this freedom of expression is the same for which we are fighting abroad.

ANNIVERSARY ISSUE THE 100th ANN  
THE 100th ANNIVERSARY ISSUE THE 10  
ANNIVERSARY ISSUE THE 100th ANN  
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**1844**

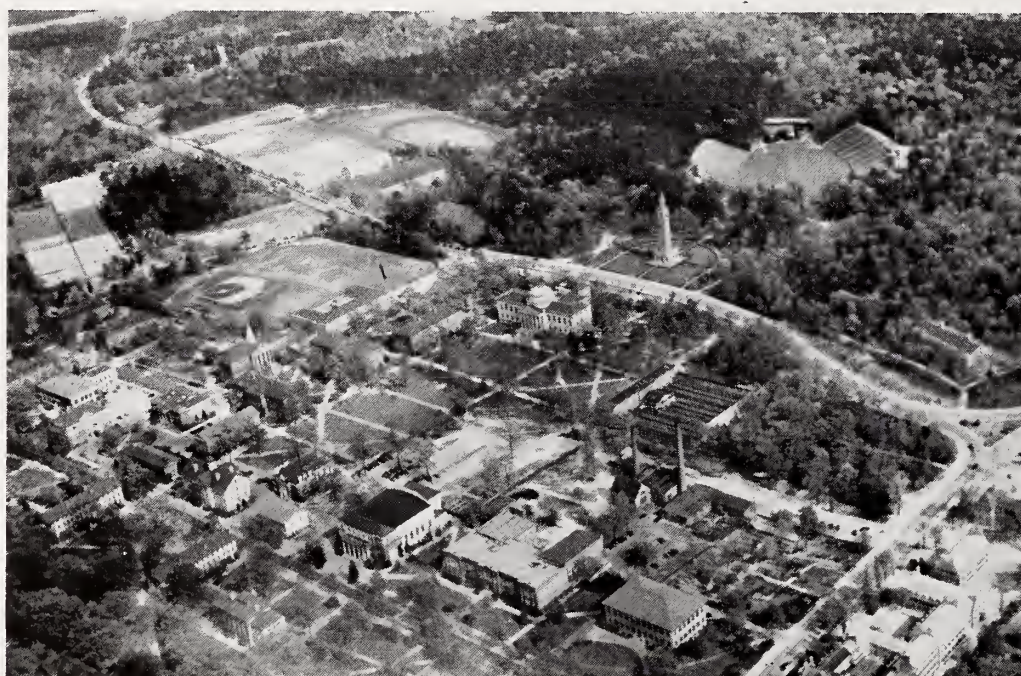
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At the beginning of your 100th year of publication we join in congratulating the 100 year young magazine with the hope that the next 100 years will see the same splendid progress.

---

**1943**

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***Varsity***

***Ledbetter  
Pickard***

***Foister's***

***University  
Barber Shop***

***Fowler's  
Food Store***

***Chapel Hill  
Flower Shop***

***Sutton's***

***Community  
Cleaners***

*Do your shopping in Chapel Hill*





**Congratulations  
and  
Best Wishes**

**on your**

**100th  
Birthday**

**EUBANKS  
DRUG  
CO.**

1892

1943



The lightning bug is a beautiful bird  
But he really has no mind  
He dashes through this world of ours  
With his headlight on behind. 1918

“Bill’s end is in sight.”  
“Flunked in his work?”  
“No, somebody stole his clothes!” 1923

Marriage is a public announcement of  
private intentions. 1929

Upon seeing a little girl lead a cow  
along a country road, the parish minister  
stopped her and asked, “Little girl, where  
are you taking the cow?”

“To the bull,” replied the young lassie.  
“Can’t your father do it?” questioned  
the clergyman.

“Nope,” answered the girl, “only the  
bull.” 1939

**Congratulations**

**on your**

**100th  
Anniversary**

**BUY WAR BONDS**

**JACK LIPMAN**

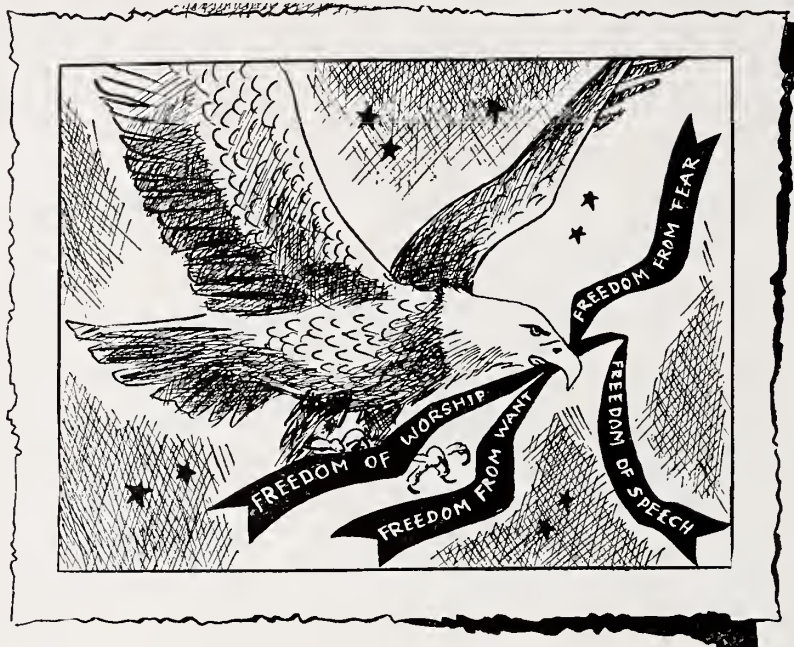
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More than 50 years in business . . . almost five years in Chapel Hill.  
DANZIGER'S with its Viennese atmosphere is the most popular rendez-  
vous for the young and old of Chapel Hill.





## Your Job and the War

**YOUR JOB AND THE WAR** is a new phrase; a strong phrase. It means that your **WOMANPOWER** is being directed specifically toward winning the war! Even if you have never held a job before, our retail stores need you. Even if you don't know the simplest first aid, you can become a nurse. Even if you feel you haven't had time to become well informed about the world's problems, you can learn to **FIGHT BY WORKING**, to safeguard the Four Freedoms!

## Our Job and the War

**OUR JOB** in the war is also important. . . . The people we serve look to us for their growing clothing needs. They expect us to bring them the best their money can buy . . . Qualities that wear to the utmost . . . Styles to uplift morale. . . . It's our job to serve the people who serve our country.

*Ellis Stone & Co*

Durham's Best Store Since 1886





## OUR COVER

The cover for the centennial issue was taken by Service-man Hugh Morton while on leave one week-end and visiting the campus. Given the assignment of finding a "cover" for the issue, Morton took many shots before he accidentally stumbled across the unposed boy engrossed before the magazine rack in Sutton's.

Morton points out that the subject is receiving enjoyment from the most American and simplest of literary forms, but that it was pertinent as a cover because from this we all develop interest in the more complex periodicals such as are on the shelves behind, or from which we develop the maturity for college, or for college publications.

For one hundred years now, the purpose of the Carolina Magazine has been to try and combine the various stages of intellectual interests, which in the melting pot of the student body, reflect what this boy will go through. An ideal college publication must contain a conglomeration of material to satisfy its reading public. If we can approach this to some degree and still save our literary self-respect, we shall feel satisfied.

*—the Editors*



*"—but mother—all he does is sit there and smoke his Sir Walter Raleigh!"*

Blended from choice Kentucky burleys, Sir Walter Raleigh is extra mild—burns cool—with a delightful aroma all its own. Try "the quality pipe tobacco of America."

### SIR WALTER RALEIGH

PIPE TOBACCO

*Smokes as sweet as it smells*



*pick your pique  
from summer's  
cotton crop*

*we call them  
June fashions  
summer formals from*

**Stewart's**





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to the

*Carolina  
Magazine*

on its

*100th  
Anniversary*

•  
**THE BANK  
OF  
CHAPEL HILL**

MEMBER  
FDIC

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### CO-EDITOR

Ben McKinnon

### MANAGING EDITOR

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**BEST  
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on the

**One  
Hundredth  
Anniversary**

of the

**Carolina  
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**GRAHAM  
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**Mack Snipes  
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**Spring**

**in**

**Sports**

**and**

**Evening**

**Clothes**

**The  
Little  
Shop**





*Students still gather on the steps of South Building. However, the attitude and dress is somewhat changed. Cameraman Bishopric has purposely grouped this picture to include a boy and girl student in civilian clothes, boy and girl C. V. T. C. Corpsmen, N. R. O. T. C. Student, and Meteorology soldier.*



# The South

**B**EGINNING at the Potomac and Ohio Rivers and stretching down to the Gulf of Mexico, then Westward to the borders of Oklahoma and Texas lies a great reach of land known as the South and usually spelled with a capital letter. Eleven states make up this area, comprising some half a million square miles within its boundaries and with more than twenty-five million souls inhabiting thereon, of whom about one-third are Negroes. Although the region is homogenous as to people—in spite of two distinct colors—there are many geographic, climatic, and geologic differences within it. The scholars and social scientists point to the Atlantic tidewater, the subtropic gulf coast, the coastal plain, the Piedmont, the Appalachian Highlands, the Mississippi flood-plain, the Ozark-Ouchita highlands and what not. Still others using the methods of research and taking their cue from what the people do, divide the region into the fishing section along the coast, the trucking, tobacco and cotton farming section on the northern coastal plain, the citrus fruit, rice and sugar section farther south, the great cotton delta up the Mississippi, the mineral, textile and power regions among the hills and mountains, and so on.

But such divisioning of the land by the scholars and the sociologists has little effect upon it, and it is still the South and being so is different from the rest of the United States. And no doubt it will remain so until the Negro has moved away and industrialization has come. Then with the weight of its tragic history forgot, the vision of ancient valor and glory dimmed by the smoke of factory chimneys, and the voice of the orator lost in the noise of great upbuilding cities it may become like the other sections of the country, part of the melting pot. Perhaps some far-off day will bring all that to pass. But until that time the South remains what it is—mainly a rural region whose ideologies and ethics of living are derived from the fields, the sky, the trees, and the hills—a region of contradiction like nature itself, of startling beauty and blinding ugliness, of hate and love, of wealth and degraded poverty, of fertile land and eroded land, of bountiful rainfall and parching drought, of passion and sloth, of soaring ambition and empty death.

This is the land of poor wages in the midst of plenty, of ignorance at the door of opportunity, of exquisite culture and lewd barbarism, of high birthrates and frightful mortality, of killing work and easy living, of thoughtlessness when thought is needed. This is the breeding place of exaggerated types and opposites, the home of the great statesman and the vacuous windbag compelling his thousands. Here is the home of the Negro liberator and the avenging lyncher, here the miscegenator and the racial purist, the philosopher and the holy roller, the man of common sense like Johnny Johnson and the blazing idiot; here the ambitious educator and those who spit on all his efforts, the florid aristocrat and his hungry hound dog, the musical and imaginative genius whipped back to his endless furrow; here the starveling sharecropper and the machinery plantation, the pure democrat and the blighted one gallus man; here the home of the first American dream upon this continent—a nation of liberty and free men and justice unto all.

In song and story, in history and criticism, in sociology and economics, in surveys and maps and tables and graphs, in thousands of books and pictures of every sort and name the writers of America have of recent years sought to interpret this mysterious section, to define its meaning to the world and prepare a cure for its many ills. Lately the President of the United States himself has joined the number. And out of all these enquiries the true nature of this strange region we call the South is to be found. And the evils that fly up out of it like the wheeling buzzards will be finally driven off, and the carrion of ignorance and poverty now corrupting the body politic will be cleansed away. Let us hope so. Let us work to bring it to pass.

But no matter what happens, whether the ragged sharecropper winds up with hardwood floors, frigidaires, a perennial cow, electric lights, and gold teeth from the dentist or not, human drama will go on. For there is no solution to life except death. And the only mysterious thing about the South is that it is so full of both. I don't know why this is so. Only those who understand the will of God and the principles of history can explain it. For me it is enough in the main to say that the material of songs, poems, stories, art, novels, and drama will remain here as long as men remain, in whatever condition of servitude or pride.

Paul Green





1943:

## Century in Review

### Changes in 100 years

H. C. Cranford

**B**UFFETED by strong and never-ceasing gales of criticism and impeded by a long chain of ill luck, the *Carolina Magazine* has run the full gamut of literary hardships since its shaky debut ninety-nine years ago.

And as the magazine moves into its 100th year with this issue, it seems fitting that attention be called to the continual struggle that has been associated with the publication down through the years.

The first issue of the *Carolina Magazine* (known then as the *University Magazine*) was distributed on a cold March morning in 1844 and was received by the 200 students at the University with mingled feelings of pride and disappointment.

Forty-eight pages had been promised in the first issue and when a last-minute check revealed insufficient copy, Printer Loring filled in with a number of news items "suitable for a weekly newspaper," but not, the mortified editors said later, "consistent with the dignity of a literary magazine."

Publication continued without hitch until July when the first board of editors took leave of their duties expressing fears for the future. A goal of 500 subscriptions had been only half realized, and few students made contributions.

During the next eight years, a bold and rugged period in American history, the *Magazine* slept. Gold was discovered in California and hardy adventurers pushed past the Mississippi River frontier, across sun-baked plains and through Indian-infested territory, on to California and fortunes of gold.

While the Union rocked along from one startling event to another, and the

*Carolina Magazine* dozed in temporary retirement, the University maintained a steady growth.

In February, 1852, one J. J. Slade, realizing that North Carolina had not a single sheet that "comes within the proper province of literature," suggested the re-establishment of the *University Magazine*. A mass meeting of students was held and a prospectus was sent out. On February 1, 1852, the first issue of the second series appeared.

There were 376 matriculates in 1860-61. Then came the Civil War and the following year scarcely a hundred returned. It was decided that continuance of the magazine during the war would be impracticable and publication was halted for a second time.

The death of the ante-bellum *Magazine* had notched the close of an important era in the life of the periodical. The sentiment at the time was that there would be no second resurrection. But in March, 1878, the knowing ones blushed and stepped aside to admit an anaemic sheet of 32 pages which listed the title "The North Carolina University Magazine."

Came the Gay Nineties. Women in bustles and ham-bone sleeves.

In March-April, 1894, the *Magazine* published its Golden Jubilee number, the largest and most attractive single issue published up until that time, and one of the best all-round numbers ever. As is this 100th anniversary effort, the Golden Jubilee issue was a "turning back" number.

Some 2,500 copies of the Golden Jubilee edition were printed and distributed. The editors were still basking in the praise

of the issue when, in 1895, President Winston let it be known that he was of the opinion that the *Magazine* had been sustained by the societies and supervised by the faculty to such an extent as to "destroy initiative and discourage literary emulation on the part of the student body."

And so it was in December of 1897 that a new and last series began its climb for a place in the life of the University.

Meanwhile, war drums were beating louder in Europe. In 1914 the Germans invaded Belgium.

The *University Magazine*, thanks to a dependable editor and an alert staff, managed to stay alive throughout the war. In fact, the issues of 1917-18 were all excellent ones.

Thomas Wolfe, later to become the University's most celebrated son, was "breaking in" on the *Magazine*, doing bits of verse and short stories.

With the armistice came a world-wide rush to "get back to normal." And the University and the *Magazine* could hardly be looked upon as exceptions. Both, it may be recorded, were successful.

In October, 1920, the *New Carolina Magazine* made its bow. Printed on slick paper and twice the size of its predecessors, the *New Magazine* was without question the best in the history of the publication up until that time.

Despite the general excellence of the *New Magazine*, from a literary objective, students seemed to derive fiendish pleasure in knocking and cursing the publication.

"The *Carolina Magazine* . . . is a literary magazine nad none of the students read it. Not enough pep in it."—Excerpt from Commerce School thesis, June, 1924.

Such was the comment of the campus. Editor W. T. Couch, fed up with such comment from an unappreciative student body and faculty, announced that he and his staff would bend every effort to put out the "best magazine possible."

(See CENTURY, page 44)



Through different student generations, staffs worked hard for Carolina publications. Above, for one of these, Tar Heel Managing Editor Hoke takes off the still-warm copy from the Printshop roller.



## DEDICATION



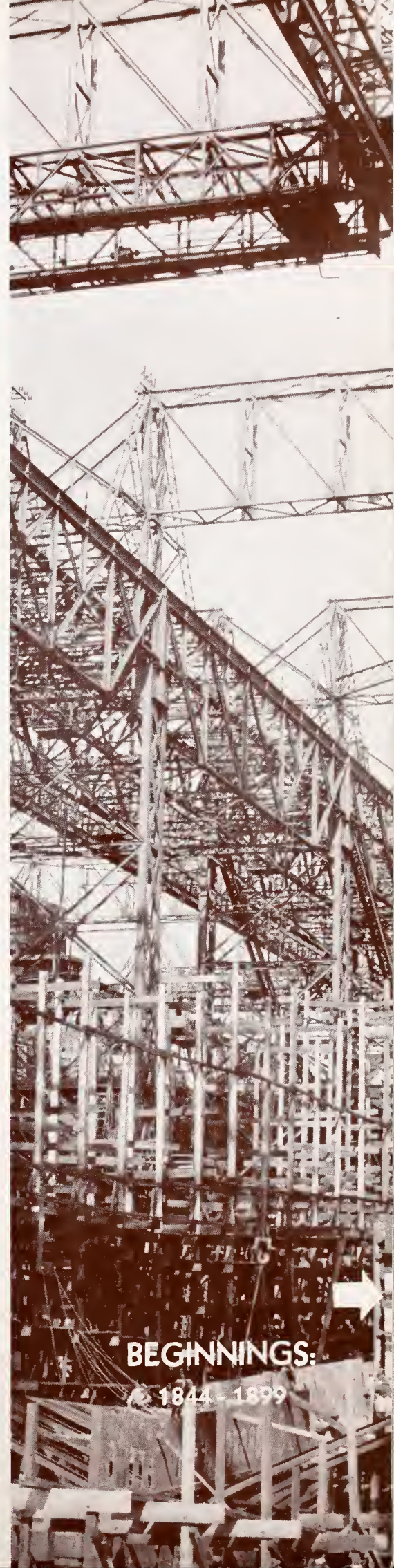
As a faculty member who could command dignity and respect and still understand us in our student habitats—whether they were the Campus Cafe, Graham Memorial, or frat meetings—this 100th Anniversary Issue is humbly dedicated to our own generation's closest friend, teacher and guide—"Pete," or Dean Roland B. Parker.

The use of the nickname, as is the use of the cartoon instead of a more serious photograph, was purposefully meant. It is to remind us, in our own lives, that an individual can be human and still inspire the feelings for the University editorially expressed below.

**W**E have an ideal for this University. Our desire would have it a place where there is always a breath of freedom in the air; where a sound and various living is taught heartily and without show or pretense; where the life and teachings of Jesus Christ furnish forth the ideal of right and true manhood; where all classes and conditions and beliefs are welcome and men may rise in earnest striving by the might of merit; where wealth is no prejudice and poverty no shame; where honorable labor, even labor of the hands, is glorified by high purpose and strenuous desire for the clearer air and the larger view; where there is a will to serve all the higher ends of a State struggling up out of ignorance into general power where men are trained to observe closely, to imagine vividly, to reason accurately, and to have about them some humility and some toleration; where finally, truth, shining patiently like a star, bids us advance, and we shall not turn aside.



This is the Framework . . . crude beginnings of a modern, more thoughtful and interdependent society. The naked steel network symbolizes an era in which was born the Capitalist system, divided in itself between goals of individualism and universal progress. And so, too, were developed the building-blocks of our present and more complex thought process and literature.







# 1800 Oddities and Edits

## Chemist's Love Song 1870

I love thee, Mary, and thou lovest me;  
Our mutual flame is like an affinity  
That doth exist between two simple  
bodies.

I am potassium to the oxygen;  
'Tis but that the holy marriage vow  
Shall shortly make us one. That unity  
Is, after all, but metaphysical.  
Oh! would that I, my Mary, were an  
acid—

A living acid; thou an alkali  
Endowed with human sense; that brought  
together

We might coalesce into salt,  
One homogeneous crystal. Oh, that thou  
Wert carbon, and myself hydrogen!

We would unite to form olefiant gas  
Of common coal, of naphtha. Would to  
heaven

That I were phosphorous and thou were  
lime,

And me, of lime composed a phosphuret!  
I'd be content to be sulphuric acid,  
So that thou might be soda. In that case  
We would be Glauber's salt. Wert thou  
magnesia

Instead, we'd form the salt that's named  
Epsom;

Couldst thou potassia be, I aquafortis,  
Our happy union should that compound  
form.

## Edits 1886

The Socialists of New York have met  
and denounced Henry George. Wonder  
what certain state newspapers will say  
to this? Denounce the Socialists, we  
suppose.

The expression "He's from one of the  
best families in the State" is much more  
common in North Carolina than he's an  
"F.F.V." in Virginia. Both expressions  
are equally contemptible, for they indi-  
cate that we have snobs and snobbery in  
our midst, and still worse, fools who are  
trying to make capital out of their  
family's name.



## Drink's Curse 1888

NO ONE denies that intemperate  
uses of alcoholic beverages pro-  
duce great evil. Even the most  
degraded disclaim any respect for  
drunkardness itself. No man ever be-  
lieved that when he took his first drink  
that he, too, would fill a drunkard's  
grave. Yet such has been the turning  
point in the lives of those that have  
become reckless, debased specimens of  
fallen humanity. This is patent to all  
observers. Still the mighty battalions  
march on to ruin and woe. Widows are  
made destitute, children orphans, and  
the basest crimes perpetrated as a re-  
sult of its use. O, God, is there no  
remedy for the evil? Is there no hand  
to stay the dread plague, worse by far  
than black cholera or the yellow demon?

The most prodigious efforts of organ-  
ized societies have failed in the laudable  
purpose of checking it. The strong arm  
of the law has shown itself weak in sup-  
pressing the evil. Writers have writ-  
ten against it and preachers have  
preached against it, but the deadly curse  
still has its sway. All conceivable means,  
save one, has been tested, and all alike  
proved fatal.

Let them rise in their might, for they  
are strong when roused to action, and  
something can be done. Let them ban-  
ish from their society, forever, those  
who so far forgot self-respect, the  
friendly counsel of wives, mothers and  
sisters and, indeed, common decency.

Just as long as the favor of those  
young men who are noted for their pro-  
fanity, love of drink and the card-  
table, and as fast young men, are  
courted and encouraged, especially by  
the young ladies of our day, just so  
long will the curse stalk abroad in the  
land.

## Reverie 1860

T WAS happy springtime, Floral  
May, an emblem of blushing,  
blooming youth, shone forth in  
beauty and splendor. I walked me-  
thought upon the strand of Time ever-  
and-anon looking forth upon the vast  
ocean, Eternity, which lay spread out  
before me, and sometimes glancing back-  
wards along the smooth pathway of my  
youth over which I was traveling. As up  
I toiled toward the proud Temple of  
Fame—the goal of my hopes—the acme  
of my aspirations—rugged steps loomed  
up before me, and gaping chasms threat-  
ened to engulf me. I was alone.

For although others journeyed that  
way, ALL, ALL, were grasping for self,  
each one striving for his own emolument.  
To a sanguine temperament like my  
own this loneliness afforded but little  
pleasure. Isolation through life would  
be death in its most hideous forms. I  
must have a confiding friend to cheer  
my toils, and share my triumphs. I  
looked around and saw just before me  
a form Angelic—black twinkling eyes,  
flowing ringlets, a fair neck, ruddy  
cheeks and ruby lips complete the pic-  
ture. She is a terrestrial angel, if such  
there be, a guardian per chance to my  
footsteps: a pilot to my frail bark where  
it shall launch upon Eternity.

## Mood 1890

The night settled slowly. Day had  
taken leave of me and with it, you had  
gone. As you drifted from my memory  
a gnawing overtook my innerds.

I remembered (blushingly) our fare-  
well kiss—our sweet goodbye. Each  
hour has passed since, heavy, laden with  
memories. The night is black now and  
my heart and soul are of ebony too.  
The stars seem awkwardly dull—per-  
haps they too mourn me. I am bitter.  
I curse the very fates that took you  
away from me.





*Today women are forming the bulk of labor's Home Guard, quite a contrast to the times written of in the article. Wives and sisters of men in the service have picked up many industrial trades. Here two women perform an intricate welding operation.*



1884:

## Women's Rights

Soon they'd be voting

anonymous

**D**AILY we boast of the civilization of the XIXth century. And it is right that we should thus boast, for it is, truly, the civilization of the ages. But who, in this busy age, stops to think of the causes that have led us up, step by step, to such a height? Little reckons man in his pride by what agency he has reached the proud station he occupied.

Men say that man by the aid of his massive strength, by long and unceasing toil of body and mind, has overcome the difficulties that beset him, and alone and

unaided has reached his present stage. But to a thinking man, one who ponders the deep mysteries of life, frequently there comes the thought of an assistant in man's field—one whose aid gains but little credence with the thoughtless multitude.

These men in looking back to see the causes which have led men out of barbarism into the brilliant light of the XIXth century civilization see everywhere bright pages in our history that tell the story of woman's hand and her hallowed influence. Whatever cause they discover

that has advanced the vanguard of this higher civilization they find woman urging on this cause. And these are not single isolated cases, but the universal story.

In rude and barbarous ages when might made right and the widow and the orphan could plead nothing but a righteous cause, heroic knights took it upon themselves to fight the battles of the widow and the orphan—but woman's hand buckled on the hero's sword; her colors shone on his helmet; her prayers averted the death-stroke and her eyes smiled out his highest earthly reward.

Do they find a country overrun by savage hordes of Goth and Vandal blotting out every trace of Science and Religion, or see the proud oppressors of a nation's rights meanly grinding down every high and noble impulse of chivalrous souls? 'Twas woman's soul that always caught  
(See WOMEN, page 39)

When this article was written in 1884, it was taken with as much credulity as was the prospect of man's being able to fly some day. Although the style is quite grandiose and on the whole, quite abstract, it is remarkable how the author foresaw the importance of the problem five years before the first women's suffrage movement was even considered.

The topic today of course is nothing

new or even particularly noteworthy, the best of the recent articles being Katherine Lackey's in the last issue of the magazine. In the last few years, our campus has shown the fruits of co-ed participation in the Student Legislature, Di and Phi Senate, CPU and IRC, the publications, and organizations like Sound and Fury. The importance of women outside of the home is most conclusively shown by women like Mrs.

Roosevelt and Clare Booth Luce and the vital groups of Red Cross nurses, WAACS, WAVES, WAAFS, and SPARS. Women in industry, although the butt of many jokes, are recognized universally as indispensable during wartime. As Miss Lackey said in regard to women as an important economically (and socially) underprivileged group, the nation can no longer close its eyes and its heart.





1894:

## Christmas for Two

A period melodrama

Elisha B. Lewis

Ye olde melodrama flourished in the creative America of the Nineties. This story, written in 1894, is typical in its weak (where any) characterization. Situations unfold with little subjectivity and introspection of the characters. Straight exposition marks the short story, stream-of-consciousness having not yet appeared in the realm of literature. With its many flaws, "Christmas for Two" is almost documental in its representation of the era.

**T**HE twenty-fifth of December comes as early and as surely on the frontier as on the eastern border of our country and bears the same import of peace and goodwill to the lonely rancher and weary miner, as to the prosperous merchant in his cheerful home in the city.

The little mining town in Placer Gulch was showing signs of the coming holidays. The little shop next the post office was festooned with fire-crackers and cheap china dolls; and an open-mouthed, silent

group of young Americans spent most of their time gazing at the wonderful treasures.

Down at the diggings the men worked and joked as usual, but there was a weary ring to their words when they spoke of the coming days. "Mebbe you kids won't have so much fun as ye expect, Jack," growled old Jake Budd to a knot of young men who, sitting on the edge of the flume, were eating their dinner and telling their plans for the holidays. "Ef ye don't leave camp this week, et's me 'pinion you won't leave a tall. Them red devils over at Pine Ridge and Wounded Knee has jest jumped the Reserv' agin and God knows what divilment they'll be up ter. Stid uv hustlin' off ter Miles City on a spree yer better stay home and chick up the women folks. And yer mout be needed fer sumthin' stronger, fer nothin' cep litenin' travels faster 'n a Ingun wid the devil in 'im."

In the evening while the miners were gathering up their tools, pans, etc., and after the worn, greasy buck-skin bags of "dust" had been entrusted with the day's

"clean-up" of gold, Jack Travers went over to Jake Budd's claim to ask if the danger was really as great as he had said.

"Thar's one thing sure, Jack, ef they do git loose we air gone up here at Placer. When Sitting Bull's band gits started et's hard luck on any place what's got government beef nigh it, and them cowboys out thar with that herd haint sich welcome neighbors ez they mout be. Take sumthin'?"

They had stopped before the "Blue Front" saloon, and, after Jack's refusal, Jake was disappearing through the door when a cowboy from the Government herd up the creek galloped up, to the door, threw himself off his broncho, and entered behind him. Jack saw in his hand a yellow envelope and followed him in. The cowboy swallowed a drink of whisky, turned to Jake Budd and handed him the paper. It was a dispatch, few in words but full of danger for Placer City: "Start herd for Fort Keogh at once. Sioux heading for them." Signed: "Lieut. Brooke, 5th Cav. U.S.A." He handed it back in silence. The cowboy gripped his hand and a second later was riding hard for his camp.

In an hour's time everybody knew of the trouble and everything was as secure as strong hands and willing hearts could make it. Thought is quick on the frontier and action always backs it up.

Next morning, or rather a few hours later, he was awakened by an unusual tramping in the saloon under him he heard Jake Budd's voice:

"Lieutenant, allow me the privilege uv introducing my friend Mr.—Gee—gosh—a-mighty, how in thunder did I know yer knew each other?" Jack was squeezing the hand of the Lieutenant with a grip like a vice and the Lieutenant's arm was around Jack's neck before Budd could finish. Both were silent for a few minutes. Jack was trying to swallow something very quickly and Brooke seems afraid to speak for fear Jack would vanish into smoke.

"You haven't said a word about the girls, have they alone forgotten me? Are they all married or dead?"

"Well, my boy, you see I have not been at home for two years except on short leave, and, of course, I can't tell you anything of the girls. One of your special friends, Agnes Hunt, is living in Richmond now. Page talks a great deal of her in his letters.

"Page did not say she was engaged to any one, did he?" he asks quite carelessly.

"No, quite the other way; she seems to be as yet not entangled in the least. Jack was silent a moment and then rose to his feet. "I must go down and see Jake Budd a few minutes, Brooke. I will come out to your camp and tell you good-bye this afternoon." "But I'm not going to leave to-

(See XMAS, page 41)



1899:

# The Governor's Bourbon

Long time between drinks

Zebulon B. Vance

Zeb Vance would doubtlessly have been quite incredulous had he known at the time he wrote this anecdote that he was poking fun at an office he himself would hold in the future. When Dr. Kemp P. Battle handed the manuscript to the editors of the magazine in 1899, he said that he had discovered it among the many old papers of his department. No one knew how it got there, but, said Dr. Battle, "Even where the signature was lacking, one could easily guess that it was written by Vance." Although the telling of this fable gives no hint of the potential United States Senator and outstanding governor of his state, Vance's tale is well-flavored with the colloquialism and light style of the period.

IN the olden times of our Statehood, before the steam engine bullied the earth with thunderous stroke and reduced space to a mere matter of time; when whisky and sugar was five cents a glass and all backs were turned when the glass was filled; and when a white man was considered as good as a negro, if he behaved himself, the Governor of North Carolina took it to his head one day to pay a long-promised visit to his neighbor, the Governor of South Carolina. So he put a clean shirt and a pair of socks in his saddle bags, mounted his horse and rode away through the pine forest to the South. Diligently following his nose in this direction, in due time he came to the home of his brother Governor, where he was received with all the honors of genuine Southern hospitality. When asked how he was, his characteristic reply was, "Thank you, Governor, I am tired, sleepy, hungry and sober." The host cordially assured him that he could remedy all of these.

Next day dinner was served at 12 o'clock

as the horn blew for the hands to come in, and after it was over the two Governors retired to the shade of the long back-porch, where corn-cob pipes, with long twists of home-grown tobacco, awaited them. There in the long soft afternoon, reclining in easy split-bottom rockers, they lolled and smoked and talked the hours away.

Betwixt the twain on the floor sat a brimming pitcher of apple toddy, with the mellow roasted fruit impudently floating on the surface of the divine tippie. From time to time this aided and livened the conversation.

They talked of the comparative excellencies and advantages of their respective States; of the price of cotton, of horse-racing, of runaway negroes; and as they talked they smoked, and as they smoked they drank. They speculated on the coming glories of the country; they pledged eternal friendship to each other personally, and vowed to preserve all neighborly courtesies between the two Carolinas, sisters forever and ever, amen!

Now and then they would doze in their easy chairs under the influence of their happy surroundings, and on waking up would indignantly deny having been asleep, and take another drink to prove their wakefulness. And thus things went on.

Now it happened that the Governor of South Carolina had a wife, as all good Governors should have, on the principle of the old maxim that he who aspires to govern should first learn to obey—and her name was Betsy Jane. She well knew the failing of her Governor, and she guessed that the visiting Governor was tarred with the same stick. Quietly watching the proceedings, she concluded that the two old cocks were about as full as they could be without slopping over, and it was time to stop.

Watching her opportunity, during a rather protracted doze, she slipped away the pitcher still half-full and inserted in its place a piggin of cool spring water, with a yellow gourd hanging on its side. But the instincts of nature are infallible.

Though sound asleep, the Governor of North Carolina felt that something was wrong—a lack of spirit as it were—every nerve in him cried out against the presence of a hostile element, and he awoke. His

(See GOVERNORS, page 38)



Here is a typical American father happy on his way to shop or fishing retreat. It was in this part of our century that he, like us now, was going to school and developing a mind which could lead his hands and body capably into a secure existence for his children in a world of his ideal.



OUR FATHERS:

1900 - 1920





Author Thomas Wolfe as he looked in 1938

1917:

## Streets of Durham

Wolfe without illusions

Thomas Wolfe

THE CHORUS...*The Durham Police Force*  
HISTORY.....*Himself*  
FATHER TIME.....*Ditto*  
NEMESIS.....*A Steam Shovel with an evil*  
*eye and devouring jaws*  
A SCHEMING CONTRACTOR...*Mr. John Q.*  
*Asphalt*

Supported by an all-star cast, including shopgirls, shoplifters, mill people, ill people, butchers, bakers and candlestick-makers, Trinity students dressed neatly but not gaudily in light pink shirts with green collars, together with the rest of the native population.

ACT I

SCENE I

THE curtain rises on a dreary prospect. Coming faintly through the driving rain one hears the mournful whistle of the Bull Durham factory.

Wolfe fans will doubtlessly be quite disappointed at this early attempt of their idol, but it serves as encouragement to the reader with literary ambitions by showing that "even the great" at early stages had a great way to go.

This play was one of the first selections in the new-born Tar Baby, and is definitely poor Wolfe with its obviousness in satire and sophomoric use of the Greek drama style. In it, however, can be seen the excellent characterization through true-to-life dialogue which later was so great a factor in establishing Wolfe's popularity.

Nemesis in the form of a steam shovel, stands by quietly with a cold sneer on his evil face. A few bleated ducks swim languidly around in some of the more shallow puddles; the others are too deep. En-

ter two members of the Durham police force, dressed in their native regalia, and heavily armed with rubber boots. One is a sergeant, the other a plain cop. On their respective bosoms are pinned the insignia of their order, viz., namely and to-wit:

A field of green embossed and cut diagonally by a streak of yellow, the whole surmounted by two beer bottles, rampant. The orchestra plays softly the opening strains of Danny Deever.

"What are the whistles tooting for?" said Sgt. McElrade.

"Another day of Durham Bull," the new policeman said.

"What makes you look so green, so green?" said Sgt. McElrade.

"I just fetched in from Appletree," the new policeman said. "For the frost was on the pumpkin and the cawn was in the bin, I hadn't had a bit of rest in Gawd alone knows when. So I joined the Durham force on Wednesday mornin'."

"What's that so pink against the sky?" said Sgt. McElrade.

"'Tis the students' shirts of Trinity," the new policeman said.

"Methinks I see a tinge of green," said Sgt. McElrade.

"'Tis the collars of the shirts you've seen," the new policeman said. "For their student body cometh in their winsome boyish way. They're done with registration and they're marching en masse. To the Malbourne and the Orpheum and goodly cabaret. Belike you'll need your foive before the mornin'."

Enter a group of Trinity students with a gleeful shout, singing the good old business college songs.

(See WOLFE, page 43)



Student actor Wolfe as he appeared in one of his own plays in 1917. He is wearing false beard and costume.





1916:

# Land of Shadow

Narrative in retrospect

Hatcher Hughes

IN COLLEGE we were known as The Inseparables. There were five of us and we roomed on the same floor and had our things in common. Holt and Allen were New Yorkers; Severn was a New Englander; while Hayne hailed from Charleston and I from Baltimore. We left Harvard with promises to meet again at the earliest possible date; but five years had elapsed and I had seen nothing of my four friends. At first we kept up a regular correspondence, but as new ties and associations were formed the letters came at longer intervals, and at the end of two or three years they ceased altogether.

I was working for a Philadelphia firm and had charge of a branch house in Havana, when, having unexpectedly obtained a leave of absence, I determined to look up my old friends. Accordingly I immediately dispatched a letter to Hayne notifying him of an intended visit, and a few days later took passage for Charleston. Hayne met me at the boat landing and, greeting me enthusiastically, said:

"Come, I have arranged a little surprise for you. We are going to have a sort of reunion." And he led me to a neighboring hotel and showed me Holt and Allen, who had just arrived by the New York boat. While we were all shaking hands, he added:

"We are all here now, so let's throw dull care to the winds and have a jolly time of it."

"No, not all," I said.

"Yes,—all," he answered, looking at me with a puzzled expression.

"But Severn? Where is he?"

At this question all three looked at me in surprise and Allen asked:

"Is it possible you have not heard of the fate of Severn?"

"I have heard nothing—not even his name pronounced—in three years," I replied.

This early story of Hughes' is as interesting in style as it is in plot. It unravels much in the fashion of the several decades predeceasing stories of Edgar Allen Poe and develops in psychological and sociological importance much like the works, decades later, of William Faulkner and Erskine Caldwell. Hughes' mastery was later realized when in 1924, he was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for his play, *Hell-Bent for Heaven*.

"Would to God we could all say as much," said Holt in a voice choked with emotion.

Then Hayne rose and said to me, "Come out here away from these people and Allen will tell you about it; he was there when it happened."

We walked down to the tranquil bay where, far out toward the Atlantic, the sun was sinking behind the bastions of Fort Sumter, and there in the soft Southern sunlight, Allen told his story:

\* \* \*

Two years ago I made a trip by rail from New York to Charleston. Fifty miles north of here my train was delayed by a slight accident. There was a station near and, as night was approaching, I went out in search of a place to dine. Up near the center of the little town my attention was attracted by a man approaching me from the opposite side of the street. His face

was almost hidden by the brim of the broad planter's hat he wore, but there was something about his gait and person that seemed familiar. Five steps before we should have passed each other, he stopped for a moment, then rushed forward and cried, "Allen!" It was Severn.

"What earthly business can have brought you to this place?" I asked as we were shaking hands.

"None earthly," he said laughing, "I came as a missionary."

I thought he was jesting, and nodding in the direction of the group of negroes near us, I answered lightly:

"You had better see to it that the objects of your charity are well fed or they may dine on you someday—some of them look as if they were pretty capable of it."

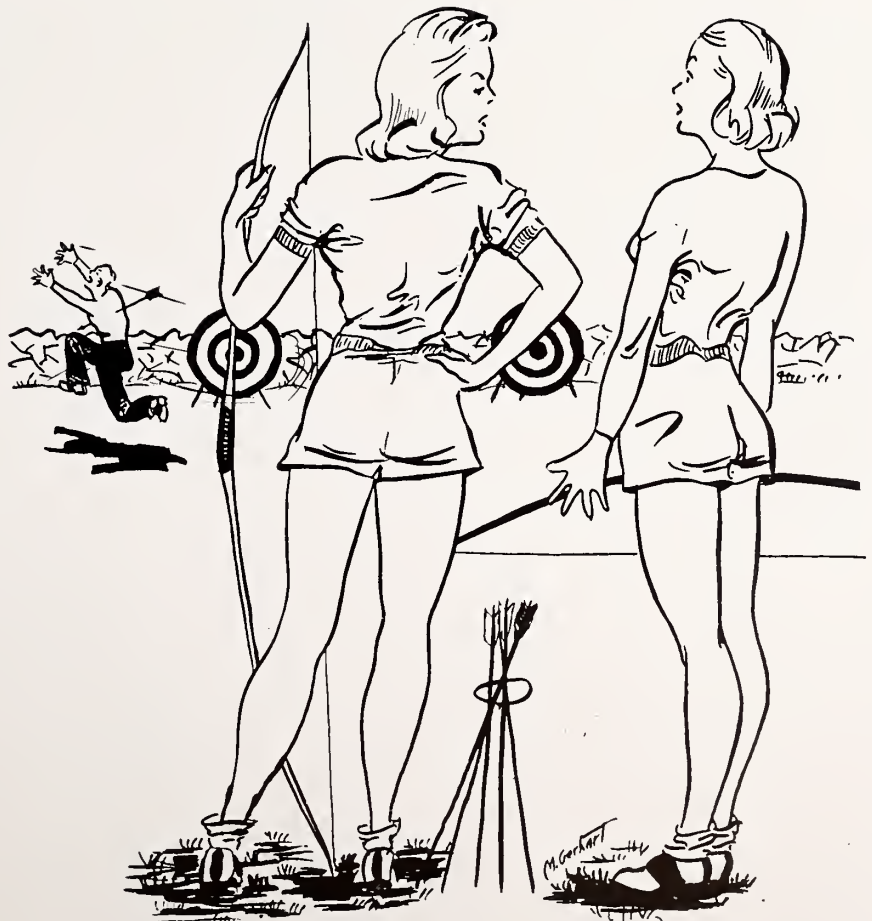
"No; they are almost hopeless, I admit—some of them—but not quite so bad as that," he replied gravely. And then perceiving that I had not taken his first remark seriously he added:

"But don't ask any more questions now. Come home with me and I will explain everything to your entire satisfaction."

"Home!" I said in amazement.

"Yes, I live twelve miles south of here."

(See SHADOW, page 41)



"Can I help it if my ration points ran out?"



**D**USK was creeping over Brush Hollow as old Samuel Baxter climbed painfully up the slope toward his cabin, situated a few hundred yards from the creek. Although it was past the middle of April, the last touch of winter had not left the mountains. There was a slow chill in the air that made the old man quicken his steps toward the light shining from the door. He carried a bundle of willow withes under one arm and a hatchet in his hand. As he neared the dwelling, a woman came out on the porch and called softly through the gloom:

"Samu'l! Samu'l, air ye a-comin' to supper?"

As he entered the room his wife rose quickly and took the supper from the coals. Her thin wrinkled face was stained with signs of recent weeping.

The inside of the building was like that of most homes among the poorest class in western North Carolina. There was but one room. In the center was the eating table, made of rough planks and without a covering. In the back part of the room were two low, rude beds, one in each corner. Here and there on nails driven into the logs hung whatever extra clothing the family possessed. Long strings of pepper, popcorn and beans dangled from the sooty rafters, and next to the huge fireplace were several unfinished willow baskets.

The old couple sat down to their supper of cornbread, sorghum molasses, and white Yankee beans in silence. The old man ate heartily; his wife scarcely tasted anything, but now and then would wipe a tear that had begun to slide down her cheek. She kept gazing at the vacant space at her right, where a chair and plate had been placed for another person.

While they were eating, the song of the first whippoorwill drifted from the nearby mountain side. Old Baxter laid down his knife and moved uneasily from the table. His wife burst out sobbing.

"Samu'l, d'ye remember how she loved to set o' evenin's an' heah 'em sing?" and her thin body shook with uncontrollable grief.

Her husband dropped into his chair with an oath.

"Ol' woman, there ain't nary bit of use a-doing that-a-way. What I'm thinkin' on is whethah we-uns'll ever see har er hide o' thet thar young Nort'ner agin," and an evil look came into his eyes. "I jest want to git one single, solitary crack at 'im wi'

**This selection is noteworthy as one of the first attempts at folk-lore. The author's particular carelessness in style has given way to his fervor for plot and realistic atmosphere, which when he mastered later made him one of America's outstanding dramatists.**



*Paul Green—Teacher, Philosopher, Playwright. He's a farmer too.*

1917:

## Other Judases

An early short story

Paul Green

cl' Bully," he added, glancing up at a long rifle that hung above the door. "He caused me to lose all o' my money and ruint—"

He did not finish the sentence, but fell to cursing violently. Up and down the room he strode, pouring forth a roar of profanity, while the old woman cowered in her seat. She had seen him act in such a way as this two days before, when he had first caught sight of the neighbors digging the grave in the garden. He had stayed on the mountains all that night. But his rage was of shorter duration this time, and soon he slumped back into his chair, and gazed silently at the floor, as one might do in the depths of despair.

After he had begun working on a basket, she took the old Bible from the shelf—it had been her only consolation for the last few days; but he turned upon her fiercely:

"Sally, put up that thar d—d book.

There ain't nary God—leastways thar ain't nary one fer we-uns. Ef they wuz He wouldn't 'a' let that thar Nort'ner 'a' been borned to come heah and cause us to lose our hard-earned money an' disgrace us. An' He wouldn't let people pass laws agin an honest man's makin' likker, an' robbin' him ev his livin', nuther. What' left fer us but the pore-house, I'd like to know. I'm too old to make baskets fer a livin'."

Little Joe suddenly set up a loud barking outside, and some one knocked at the door. As this was an undue formality in that section, the old basket-maker took down his gun. When he opened the door a stranger stepped back from the light. He was a tall man with a dark beard. He wore a plug hat pulled down over his face and a scarf tied loosely about his neck. In a deep, pleasant voice he explained that he had become lost while fishing up Brush

(See JUDASES, page 42)





# Christmas Dinner

Adventures of a social lion

Bill Stauber

*... for Christmas dinner. This is the last time I am going to invite you, and if you don't come, I'll think you don't love me, and you do love me, don't you?*

Love,  
HORTENSE.



WELL, you can imagine how I felt. I didn't even go to the show that day. My etchings in Economics class were terrible, and I forgot all about brushing my teeth that night.

You probably wonder what I did. I

went to Hortense's for dinner. Everything was just as I expected it to be. There were so many cars in front of her house, it looked like a used car lot. Some old man was out in the yard showing little Ernest, Hortense's brother, how to shoot his new air-rifle.

Out of breath, I knocked on the door. No one answered. I entered. The room was literally running over with people, and no one seemed to notice me. I tapped one lady on the shoulder: "Where is Hortense?"

Hortense came running. "I'm so glad you came," she said.

"Do you mind sitting in here? I must help mother with the dinner."

Hortense called me aside. "I hope you won't mind. You see, there isn't enough room for all of us, so you and I are

going to eat with the children."

"That's fine!" I assured her, and it was, too. Although I didn't get any turkey, the potatoes and peas were just as good as any I've ever had. It was easy to overlook these mishaps when Hortense persuaded her mother to go in and rest and let us wash the dishes. We finished two hours later and went back into the room where all the guests were.

I thought it about time to go, so I made the suggestion, "Well, I suppose I had better be going?"

"Going? Why, what do you mean?" they all shouted.

"Well, you know . . ."

"I know that you are going to stay here till my little niece wakes up," Hortense pleaded. About that time they brought her in. Hortense suggested I hold her. I took her in my arms. Of course, it wouldn't have made any difference if I had on a bathing suit, but one never wears a bathing suit to Christmas dinners . . . at Hortense's.

## FACULTY EDITS

They are teachers who many years ago stood for the same things we ask for. They were the student voices then—always attacked, always attacking.

... It was the sacred principle of democracy, my friends, that inspired Jesus of Nazareth as, bending beneath the weight of the cross, He faced the ignominious death upon Calvary. It was the principle of democracy that inspired Martin Luther at the Diet of Worms, when he dared to declare the sovereignty of the individual soul. It was democracy that inspired our forefathers at Valley Forge, fighting not for relief from a paltry tax, but for the recognition of the individuals who inhabited the American Colonies. And it is the vision of democratic civilization which inspires the modern hero in our industrial and political life, who, casting aside political fortune, grapples in a life and death struggle with organized greed and sordid selfishness. Democracy has been the dream of the past; it is destined to be the reality of the future. Wider and wider is to be its acceptance. Deeper and deeper is its principle to be applied. Baptized in the blood of martyrs and tried in the fire of persecution, it has survived for the regeneration of the world. The principle for which Christ suffered has been lifted up: it is drawing all men unto it.

J. J. PARKER, 1907

... Amid the general chorus of praise for the Magazine we have heard but one dissenting voice and this critic spoke as follows: "The Magazine is sorry as h—I; why don't you put sump'n' funny in it?"

Now we love "sump'n' funny" as much as any man, if not more and when the right kind of "sump'n' funny" is handed in we will publish it, but, lest the above sentiments be shared by others, we will try to explain our position. It seems to us that a college magazine should represent the institution's serious thought—not that its matter should be so solemn and weighty as to be wearisome but that what goes in it should be worth preservation; it is true we are not always able to get material of this sort, but we are doing the best we can. The Tar Heel—no disparagement being meant to that excellent publication—stands for the everyday thought and doings of the college—lectures, athletics, local happenings, etc.; but the Magazine should represent thought that is permanent, lasting, enduring and worth preservation. And this ideal we shall endeavor to keep in view.

EDITOR PHILLIPS RUSSELL,  
February 1903

The University is becoming less and less a place for the boy with faulty notions about work and conduct that clings to boyhood. "Boys will be boys" and references "to college life" are becoming more and more absurd as condoning explanations of laziness, immoral conduct, and disregard of the rights of others.

Fired with all the zeal of youth and enthusiasm, the University has yet to come to realize itself as a place where men come to live, work and hope—men guided by identical principles of good citizenship that prevail in the higher reaches of maturity. The campus with its dormitories is supposed to be the home of men at work and not the playground of children.

There is still an important university tradition to be upheld. Here at the "Hill" it is termed Carolina gentlemanhood. This should not remain a vague cliché but should be exhibited thoughtfully in every student action—at all times—at all costs. . . .

Rowdiness, waterfights, yelling and such reversions to the high school age appear more and more foreign to an environment where manhood is now evinced by more than the sprouting of a moustache.

EDITOR ROBERT B. HOUSE  
April, 1915





1915:

# Football Ramble

Our President at play

Frank Graham

**F**OOTBALL at the University had its beginning in the middle eighties in the form of a local color variation of soccer. Those interested in the game chipped in ten cents a man and bought a ball which was something like a basketball. Two sides under leaders chosen by direct election were alternately made up of the men as they came in the field. Before supper there would often be a hundred men on the field, practically the entire college—a sort of athletic democracy. The field occupied the present site of the gymnasium and the tennis courts.

In this “rough and tumble” football the ball could be advanced by running, kicking or batting with the fist. A score was made by throwing the ball between the goal posts but if an opponent caught the ball before it could touch the ground a score was prevented. The deportment of this democracy of the out-of-doors was regulated by one law which provided that if a fight arose the ball should be placed at the spot it occupied when the fight began. A ring was drawn for the fighters in which they settled fairly their own differences. Play was resumed at the exact point at which it was interrupted.

In the early fall of 1888 the Sophomore Class was expert enough to challenge the rest of the college. The game lasted three

days. On the third afternoon the college by heroic effort made one goal. In that remarkable three day contest were Dr. C. S. Mangum, Prof. A. H. Patterson and State Forester Jack Holmes, all now of Chapel Hill. The University Sophomores then challenged the Sophomores of Wake Forest College where the “rough and tumble” game was very popular. The two teams met at the Raleigh Fair. Wake Forest won by a score of 2 goals to 1. Dr. Mangum was carried off the field and a shower of cologne by the devoted girls of St. Mary’s failed to bring him to consciousness. On the Wake Forest team were men who are now known by the state for other qualities than their athletic prowess, Mr. Carey Dowd, Prof. E. W. Sikes, Rev. John E. White, Judge W. A. Devin, Dr. Hubert A. Royster, and Prof. E. V. Howell. The game at the Raleigh Fair was the first intercollegiate game in the state. Earlier in the week two Cherokees gave the first

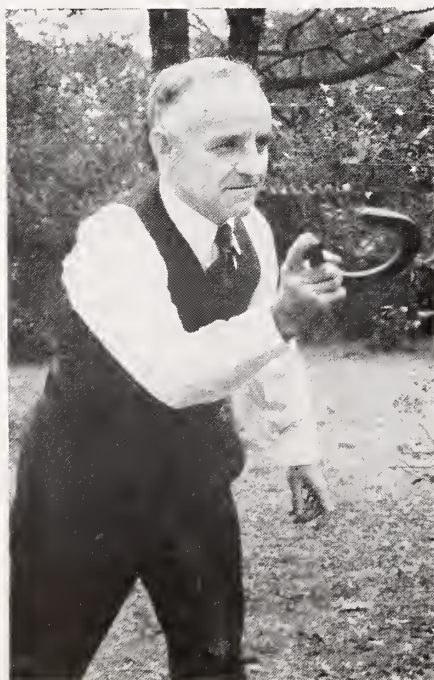
**Although completely innocuous for a future president of the University and nationally famous labor arbitrator, “Football Ramble” may be considered a good straight sports story. It is interesting to note that the versatile author himself added to the football history of his school in protesting against professional methods in collegiate sports with his characteristic idealism.**

public exhibition of football in a game that was a combination of Rugby and lacrosse.

The first Rugby football team in a North Carolina college was organized by President Crowell of Trinity College—O Temp! O Mo! Verb Sap—in the same fall of 1888. On this pioneer team were the two brothers, Robert L. Durham, author of “The Call of the South” and “Stoney” Durham, a veritable stonewall, (the third brother, Rev. Plato Durham) made the team later Rev. M. T. Plyler, the brilliant and lamented Isaac Erwin Avery, an Indian named Maytubby, and Tom Daniels, the backfield star of this splendid aggregation. More of him later.

At this time, Prof. Horace Williams, who later became chairman of the athletic committee and vice-president of the bicycle club, was the athletic progressive of the University faculty. He enlarged the move of Trinity by the inauguration of intercollegiate football between the University, Trinity and Wake Forest. R. L. Durham was captain of Trinity; W. C. Dowd, Wake Forest; and Stephen Bragaw, Carolina, rather I should say, the University. The term Carolina came later when the University’s athletics became interstate in character. “Chapel Hill” was the frequent name of the University’s team. The word University was across the front of the athletic jackets of the football players.

On this first University of Chapel Hill team were Walter Murphy, of Salisbury, “Pete” if you please; Rev. Lacy Little, now one of the linemen in American’s mission attack on China, Prof. A. H. Patterson, R. P. Johnston, Wm. Headen, George Graham Copenig, Blount, Rhem, Gillingham, and Captain Bragaw.



*The picture to the left, of Frank Graham is about his best known candid portrait. Entitled “Democracy in Shirtsleeves” by photographer Hugh Morton it received wide acclaim when first published for its personification of Graham’s “common touch.” The photograph on the right, taken much earlier, is of Dr. Frank in his Marine uniform in 1917, four days before he went overseas.*





1918:

# Invisible Empire

Y.M.C.A. in World War 1

Francis Bradshaw

Interesting also because of the position and widespread popularity of its creator is this early piece by our present War College Dean. The quality of this typical newspaper feature story about the activities of The YMCA in the last war is a further indication of Francis Bradshaw's versatility.

**A**MONG the numerous marvels of organization and expansion which our entry into the European war has called into being there is one which without any spectacular adjuncts, challenges investigation and then baffles the investigator by its instantaneous generation and its solidity of fibre.

In 1914 there was in every civilized country a small group of young men who termed themselves members of the Young Men's Christian Association. These groups were in some measure united by the common ideal of service and by a loose international organization. The movement varied in its strength and in its prestige. In some places it was regarded as a semi-religious social service organization which was worthy of moderate support. Elsewhere it was merely an anaemic sort of social and recreative center.

Today the Association has found a place in all military and naval forces save those of Turkey, and a still more important place in the heart of every soldier and sailor. The North American Y. M. C. A. has in the last six months trebled the number of those whom it serves of its own fellow-countrymen. In addition to this, five hundred expert American secretaries are requested for the service of four million French soldiers. The Russian Army of over seven millions in all the prisoner-of-war camps. The American Young Men's Christian Association, then, is endeavoring to serve as a War Work alone over thirteen million men.

The kind of men finding a place in the ranks of the Association are many. A Chicago business man "unfit" for service gives \$5,000 for a camp building and then finds a place in France driving an auto. The Association headquarters in France cable, "unless you send immediately strong secretaries of administrative experience and deep spiritual purpose, we cannot hold the field. The situation is most critical. Delay is fatal. Do not fail us." Among those that answer this call we find prominent ministers, a bishop, college professors, college presidents, the librarian of Harvard, the physical director of Columbia and the

president of Boston Theological Seminary.

What do these men do? The variety of their tasks may be seen from the nature of equipment being sent over with them. Among the contracts we find such items as 240 cases of athletic supplies, 4,000,000 note heads and envelopes, 27 motor cars and trucks, 75 motion picture machines, carload of "hot hogs" in pound cans, 60 tons of sweet chocolate, 125 talking machines with 6,000 records, 55 tons of sugar, 5 tons of coffee, 5 of cocoa, and 2 of tea, 114 Bible reading calendars, 10,000 song books, 5 tons of biscuits, 75 tons of flour, and 20 tons of soap.

Then for a still more vivid picture we may turn to the report of various associations: "Over 32,000 officers have signed the pledge originating in Fort Sheridan Army Association to keep free from hatred, immorality and to stand together for a clean life." "Within ten days after the battle of the Somme 37 centers were operating on the battlefield." "Gen. Pershing has placed the entire moving picture business in France under the Association's direction. The cost will be \$1,000 a day for the million feet of reels shown." "News of the death, from sunstroke, of T. H. Clarke who has been engaged in Army Association work for a year in Mesopotamia is received by cable." "At Camp Mills, the temporary embarkation point on Long Island, 15,000 letters were written on Sunday by the 12,000 men. Here 30 secretaries are working in six tents. The attendance of 12,000 men a day at religious meetings is not extraordinary."

"When," as we are constantly musing, "the history of this war comes to be written, there can be no more marvelous and admirable chapter than that which describes the way in which a few men with a vision of goodness and service built over chaotic clashing nations an invisible empire with millions of adherents, with matchless loyalty, and with almost supreme efficiency of administration; a most radiant portent of peace and good-will, a world-wide incarnation of "a cup of co'd water in my name."

Perhaps this organization shall instill some of its goodness in the war-seared hearts of those degenerates that stirred up this four year turmoil. Perhaps it shall act as cure-all to these destroyers of faith.



The Twenties caught the world moving too fast for itself—warehouses overloaded with goods people would never find much use for. Society was roaring and clamping down hypocritically and ineffectively on a rising Lost Generation. The screaming world with its useless expansion ended with a Crash.



**WASTELANDS:**

1920 - 1930



*Fiction:*

## In The Spring

Erma Green

FOR weeks the thing had been getting possession of him. He had to call a halt and it might as well be now. It had become unbearable. He had lain awake nights, hours after everything was quiet in the dormitory, feebly fighting the thing and yet strangely deriving from it a stimulation of the imagination which made him awaken in the morning after a short sleep with the feeling that he had been away to some entrancing Eden and had just returned to a suffocating reality.

Several times he had just been on the point of talking the matter over with his philosophy professor, but every time the idea came to him the thought of the expression of unbelief and incomprehension that would spread over Dr. White's face always decided him against it. Dr. White would never understand—and never could.

George could hear him say in his low deliberate voice, "Well, everybody feels that way when he is young. It is just stage, George, and of course must be treated as one. Five years from now when you're married and settled down you will look back on the time when you were a junior in college and think 'Well how foolish I was to think that life worked that way.'" But wasn't that just what he didn't believe—that life worked at all, that is to say, with any sort of order? Marriage! Humph! No, George knew that he would never be able to speak of the matter to Dr. White. It just couldn't be done, he told himself. And yet, why couldn't it? he pondered. He felt free enough to talk to the doctor about quantity and quality and the "big griff." Oh! Yes, Dr. White would stand

*Humor:*

## The Buzzard

Mack Hobson

Once upon a midnight skeery, when my eyes were red and bleary,  
Red and bleary from the smeary, beery stuff I'd drunk before—

With bottles my new floor bedecking suddenly I heard a pecking,

As of someone gently wrecking, wrecking my new chamber door.

"'Tis some scavenger," I muttered, "pecking at my chamber door—"

For I heard him as he fluttered—"only this, and nothing more."

Even though I was not sober, I remember 'twas October

That this uninvited prober came as from some distant shore.

Eagerly I wished November and, soon after that, December,

Because Christmas, you remember, the brings joys by the score.

I could hardly wait for joys to be brought to me by the score;

I was just like other boys—guess I will be evermore.

Then the curtains started shaking and my courage started breaking.

With my aching heartbeat, frightened as a sophomore,

I sat huddled, frightened, praying, while to myself I kept saying,

"'Tis somebody just a-playing, trying to break down my door—"

Only some sweet comrade joking, trying to break down my door."

But I wish this comrade choking—this wished, and nothing more.

*Feature:*

## The Other Side

C. J. Parker

THIS is of necessity a story of long ago. It is a story of the Hudson ferries and of the days when people crossed the river on these ugly distortionate hulks; for now, since the advent of the Tubes, no one any longer patronizes them, these faithful old river horses of Manhattan, and still may their deep-throated sirens, and jangling bells be heard, in welcome variation, above the perpetual din of the metropolis.

It was Christmas; and the day was cold, bitter cold. The spray from the churning paddles of the faithful ferries froze almost instantly to their already crystal sides, and the irregular, druidlike icicles gave to them the appearance of enormous frosty phantoms, battling ceaselessly in the icy waters.

But inside all was warm; the swarming crowds from Jersey clustered about the

steaming heaters, partaking fully of the life-giving heat, before facing, as soon as they must, the biting cold of lower Manhattan. The inevitable bootblack, a meek wisp of a Spaniard, worked feverishly making capital of one of the few really good days of the year. The spirit of Yuletide was in the air, and everyone would be cheerful before getting off into the city.

The last customer moved off, and the little Spaniard glanced up, expectantly. A smile lit his features as a young lady left her seat approaching the stand. A slight nod of recognition, and he set about his task: but his thoughts were far away.

The lady opened her purse, and, smiling, proffered him a half-dollar, for 'twas Christmas, and the spirit of giving had permeated even into the lowly ranks of the proletariat. With a hurt expression the



talking and miss his next class and not even know he was doing it, so engrossed would he become with the subjects. But he couldn't talk to the kind old man about this matter. It might mean the weakening of their friendship to no purpose.

The night before, after two or three hours of fruitless effort to concentrate upon chemistry formulas and French verbs, he gave up in despair and turned off his light, thinking that, since he was unable to study, he might get a little sleep. It was no use. The moonlight shining through the window wouldn't let him. The beauty of the light, the softness, the mystery got into his soul and set his heart pounding like an engine and his blood to flowing through his body like a mountain stream. How beautiful it was, the soft, pale light. He looked over at

his roommate who lay with the covers wrapped around him, sleeping soundly. He turned over, drew one arm from beneath the clothes and with it shut out the light of the moon from his eyes, he would sleep as his roommate was—if sleep was to be had for the wishing. But an hour later, he still lay awake, on the opposite wall. "What does it mean, what is it all about anyway?" No one could tell him and he lay there upon the bed, tugging at the thin thread of existence which he felt to be real, attempting to weave it into a pattern which would bring him at least temporary satisfaction, but it was of no use to try; the answer would not come. For the past month, the whole thing had been pressing down upon his mind like a leaden helmet until his thoughts could turn in no direction at all

without running into it. Although he never revealed the endless and inexplicable tortures through which his mind and soul travelled, he talked to those who seemed at all interested in such things. In fact he had come to the point where no conversation with his fellow students, no incident of the class room interested him more than momentarily unless it had some bearing upon the one subject that troubled him so.

Only this morning as he was coming out of Freeman Hall, he met Mr. Scott, the freshman English instructor, for whom he had formed a strong attachment during his first year in college. Falling into step with him, Scott had begun to chide him for deserting the English department for Philosophy. He had an-

(See SPRING, page 38)

Spoke politely to my caller, "Please my attitude ignore—

Because I was almost sleeping, and so softly you came creeping—

And besides, I had been weeping, wanting my long-lost Lenore.

I am almost broken-hearted, thinking of my lost Lenore.

Ever since we twosome parted, life has only been a bore."

Saying these words to the knocker, I upstaggered from my rocker,

Screaming aloud, "You fiend, you mocker! Stop your rapping at my door!

Quit your mad, eternal pecking on my door, which you are wrecking.

Then my terror growing smaller, I rose up

If I had your cursed neck in my two hands, you'd be no more."

Quoth he: "That would be nice work if you could get it! Nevermore."

Then I staggered, falling sprawling, in a manner most appalling, Sometimes walking, sometimes crawling, till I opened wide the door.

In there stepped a vulture birdy, on two legs all strong and sturdy, Wiping, as he walked, his dirty feet upon my chamber floor.

I said, "You are sure a heel for wiping mud upon my floor.

Don't you know that I *heel heel* you if you do it any more?"

Then upon a marble statue leaped the buzzard; I cried, "Scat, you!

Get off that before I bat you! leave that bust above my door!"

Quoth he: "You're a rabid drinker: you are certainly some stinker.

You should be put in the clinker, where you can't get any more."

Ah, but you all should have seen us; how we both did rave and roar!

He upon the bust of Venus! I upon the chamber floor.

Now I'm drinking, still am sinking, sitting here thinking, stinking,

While my red eyes stare unblinking toward some dark and distant shore.

And the buzzard still is sitting, and while sitting he is spitting,

For while sitting he is spitting, spitting on my chamber floor.

That is why he's sitting spitting, will be spitting evermore!

youth declined, and, glancing wistfully into her eyes, he stammered, "Laydee, I love thee, see I giva thee rosa," and hesitatingly, he drew from under the stand a single American Beauty, and handed it to her.

She smiled, not wishing to, accept the gift, and then some heartless bystander laughed. The color rushed from her face, and, as an infuriated tigress, she spat at him, "You impertinent little imp, how dare you insult me?" and brushing him aside she crossed in the salon in all the hauteur of one deeply injured.

The little Spaniard stood dazed and immobile, until a man mounting the stand impatiently rasped, "Aw, forget it, kid; there's a-plenty more, the world's full of them kind."

He paused before the window of a

gaudy little shop, bearing the three gilt balls, symbolic since the days of the Medici, and entered. Shortly he passed out, minus his overcoat, but it was noticeable that the pocket of his threadbare jacket sagged under the contained weight.

Fascinating article, this neat mechanism of nickel and steel, yet wicked in all its purports. The cold, gleaming automatic quivered in the hand of the Spaniard.

"Uno, dos, tre—," he counted, and hesitated, hesitated upon the brink of the greatest adventure. His eyes were closed, and he grasped tighter the butt of the automatic—the firm set lines of his features showed too plainly the embodied determination—but, he allowed the gun to fall to his side!

A limousine drew up through the falling snow, and a young lady, without the

aid of a chauffeur, opened the door and sprang out, rushing through the white flurry into the hallway.

"Why, hello, what's this; you poor dear, and you must be so cold." She stepped close to the dazed and half-frozen Spaniard, whom she had encountered in the passageway.

"And can't you speak; you—. O-o-oh, and you would do that? Come, let me have it." She advanced and grasped the piece, and the youth dazedly resisting.

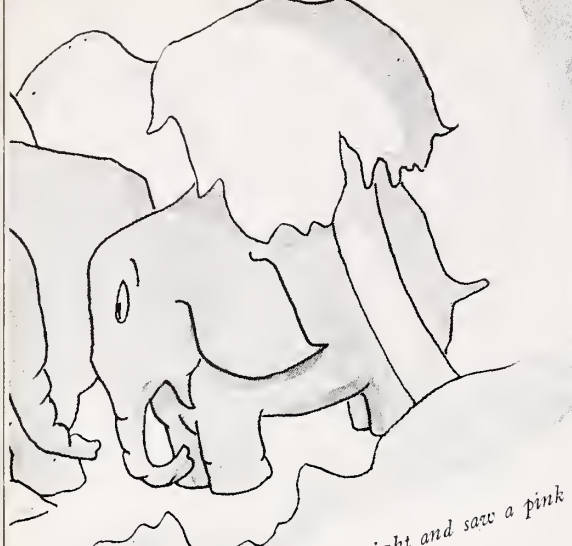
"No, no, senorita; no—," he muttered.

"But you must; come let me have it. I will return it." Reluctantly he surrendered the gun, and with a sigh of relief she dropped it into her bag.

"Now come with me; we shall go where it is warm," and she conducted the shiver-

(See SIDE, page 44)

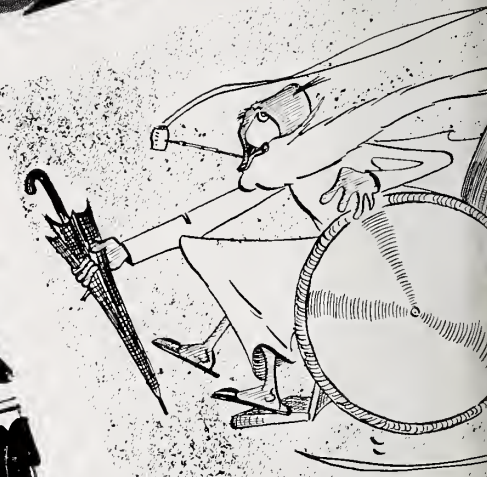
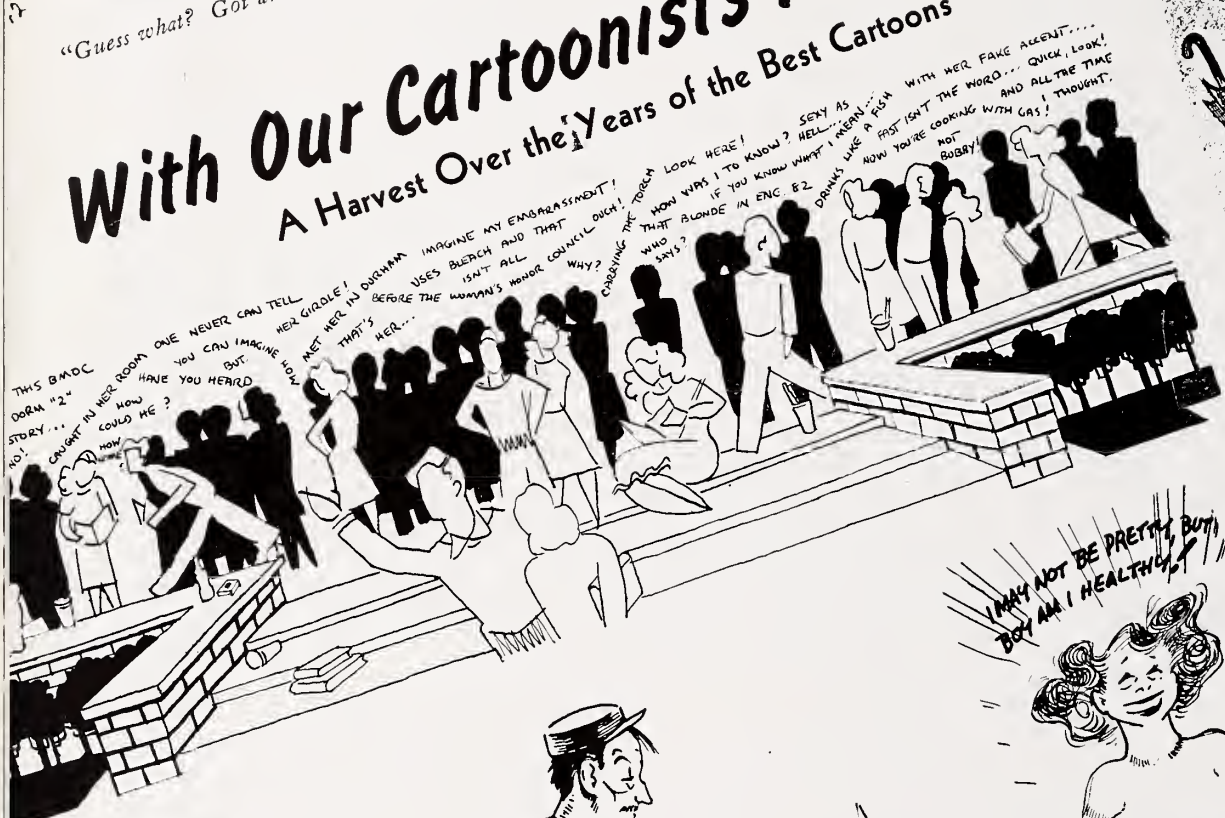




"Guess what? Got drunk last night and saw a pink man!"

"Been trying to make this all winter!"

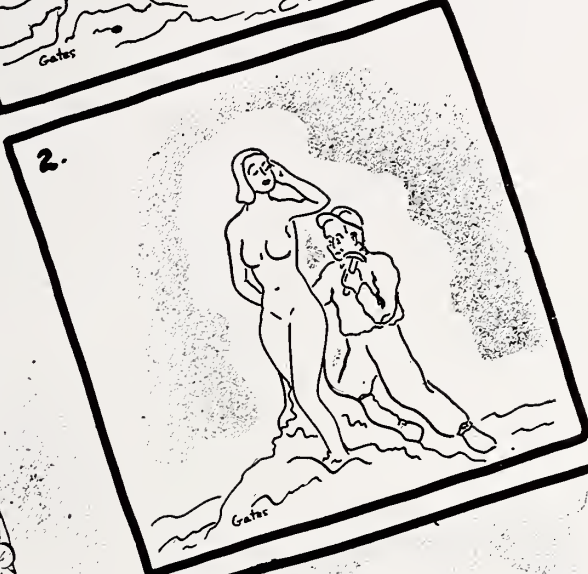
# With Our Cartoonists ... A Harvest Over the Years of the Best Cartoons



"Wouldn't think he could cause so much trouble ..."











**R**USSIA stands at the judgment bar of public opinion, condemned in the eyes of what we are pleased to call the civilized world. She has been tried by the court of the howling mob, and because she had attempted something new, because she tried to be different, because she sought freedom and self-government in her own way, Russia has been found wanting. The evidence arrayed against her is appalling. Propaganda, that great modern instrument of torture and falsehood, as well as of enlightenment and truth, has been called in to make sure that the verdict will be an uncompromising "Guilty!"

What is the accusation brought against this new Russian government? Does not the law say that the defendant is entitled to know the nature of the charge? What is the case against Russia?

*There is none!* Soviet Russia has not meddled with the affairs of the outside "civilized" world. If she has harmed anyone, it has been her own self in her efforts to find her bearings. She has merely attempted to set up a government to her own liking, and in her own way. She has aimed at neither less nor more than did the Americans in 1776, and the French in 1789.

Is this, then, the crime of which Russia stands accused, convicted, and condemned—that she aspired to liberty and self-government? Has the day come when Americans and Frenchmen hold self-government undemocratic, and liberty a crime? In the words of Patrick Henry, that great prophet of the American Revolution, "No! God forbid!"

Is the parallel objectionable to the modern mind? Is it an unnatural comparison,

this placing alongside these three dates of 1776, 1789, and 1917?

No! For each marks the birth of freedom of a nation, the emancipation of a people. Each ushers in a new period in the history of a race, driving out the old regime of autocracy and oppression. We have seen that each new birth has been accompanied by many pangs, by much suffering and travail. There has been great excess, useless violence, and lamentable use of license in the name of liberty. There is no attempt and no desire to hide these facts, shameful as they are, indicative as they are of the brute and the barbarian that still live in man.

The French Revolution made a world turn sick with horror. In the eyes of the world the French were a race gone mad, and the nations turned from her with fear and disgust. The Reign of Terror came and went, and left destruction in its wake—a destruction not only of the ex-

**This article was written in 1921—that is its most unusual characteristic. It came just after the beginning of The Great Experiment, before advancing writers were to visit Russia and become either disillusioned or converted. Many of Hodgkin's statements which were so dangerous at publication may not seem unusual to us because we are now looking with more respect and appreciation at our indomitable Russian ally. But consider the furor which arose at the last paragraph. Hodgkin's prophecy seems to be ringing true now as the United Nations look to the Russian fight as the essential factor in "the salvation of the world."**

teriors of civilization, but of hopes and ideals. And yet, there was the undercurrent; there was something that few saw—there was the voice of the people, speaking in a language which they themselves did not understand, but which was to acquire deeper and truer meaning with the coming age.

We see it all now. Now that the fire has consumed the dross, we see the pure gold that lay underneath. We see France, a martyr to the cause of freedom, redeemed. We now see in the proper perspective. We were too close then; we were blinded by the false realities, and could not see the coming truth.

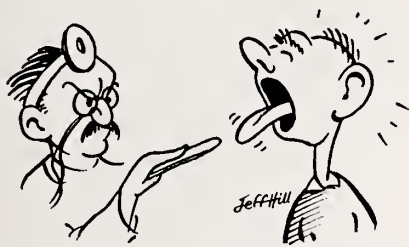
Who is there to say that Russia may not follow in the foot-steps of France and America? He who ventures to say either yes or no, can be but a false prophet; for he cannot know. Time, alone, the test of all experiments, all dreams, will tell.

But in the meantime, is there nothing for us to do? Yes! We may cease our Toryism and our Prussianism, and leave Russia to work out her own salvation. We cannot save her; she must do it alone. If there is truth and right in the Soviet system, it will be demonstrated; if it is wrong, the system will fail. If Russia is ripe for Anarchy, that, too, it is her privilege and her right to try. It is her problem.

Is it possible that the American people can look upon Russia with other than a feeling of love and sympathy? We, too, have known trying times. Russia has endured for centuries things that we tolerated only for a few decades. She endured for one hundred and fifty years longer than we. When she came to the breaking point,

(See RUSSIA, page 40)





# Infirmary Blues

What the doctor ordered

Jak Armstrong

**D**O you have falling arches, dandruff, gaposis? Do people get up and move when you sit down beside them? Do you wake up in the middle of the night (or do you ever go to bed before the middle?) with drawing spells? (Why not be a cartoonist?) Does your heart flutter at the slightest provocation (Physical, not visual?) Do the meals at Swain Hall give you the tummy ache? (How do you afford to eat there?) If you answered "yes" to any of the above questions . . . and who didn't? . . . why not try the infirmary . . . pronounced in-fo-mary for effect.

You may be a microbe hunter, whatever that is. Or you may be the dumb freshman who just doesn't know any better. Nevertheless, when you graciously pay the University those cold, filthy lukers once a quarter, you are contributing to the upkeep of this place and once inside its confiding walls you'll get a run for your money. Isn't this sickening?

Calmly, I stumbled in the door and took my seat alongside some dozen or more beat-down looking students, kicking a stiff from under my chair and making sure it wasn't my roommate or one of the Editors of T. and F. Some of the students were cleaning rocks from their saddle shoes, some were just coughing, some were inhaling their favorite brand of "reefers," while some just sat with that "where-in-the-hell-is-that-service-around-here" look on their faces—so prevalent "on the Hill," or followed nurses' legs down the corridors with a milelong glance denoting disgust at the translucent white hose.

Cautiously, I decided to do a little visiting on the upper floor and reluctantly giving up my soft seat and kicking the stiff back under it, to the tune of some half-dozen doctors calling student names Tarzan-fashion, I began the ascent up the spiral staircase accompanied by an intramural star on crutches.

On the second floor wide open doors gape at you and the unseeing eye stare at you from under the ragged sheets. A young nurse walks in softly humming, "I'll Be Glad When You're Dead, You Rascal You," accompanied by an orderly with an armful of sheets and

singing "There'll Be Some Changes Made."

Several doors down can be seen a group of boys, with their knee-length togas, seated on a bed, quite at home huddled over some cards, pennies, and cigarette butts. I walked toward this room, barely escaping being run down by a speeding food cart and a wheelchair race.

I made my way back down the stairs and again took my place with the select victims, when a doctor approached me and said, "You can come in now," and disappeared through a door . . . it was open, incidentally.

I stuck my head into his door and said, "But, Doc, . . . He had me by the neck and led me to a chair. Before I could protest, he had his hand and half his arm down my throat telling me to say 'ah,' breathe deeply, and swallow at the same time.

Dazed and slightly burning from the treatment I gave way to his probing and decided to give him full sway. He left the room for a moment and returned in the company of several more doctors. They sighed and mumbled to themselves and one finally said, "Take off your clothes, son."

They now placed me before a fluoroscope—a gadget which sees all, knows all, and smells all—and to my surprise and the Doctors' glee, I saw two tape-worms necking away in a dark, secluded corner of my big intestine; and my long-lost collar button lodged between my pancreas and one of the adrenal glands

. . . no more looking under the bureau.

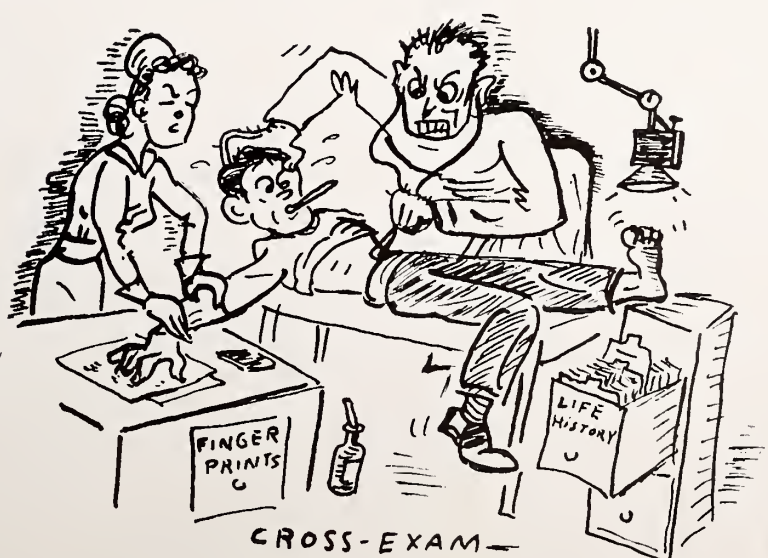
The doctors grouped around me looking at me as if I were a chorus girl. "My dear sir," one of the more Petty-looking ones said, "how long have you been in this condish?" . . . meaning condition.

"Why I . . ."

"Never mind, we'll do the talking. Do you know that you are near-sighted, you have streptococcus infection, your feet are flat and the hairs on the bottom of them are too long, your appendix and tonsils must come out, your tape-worm is undernourished, one of your lungs seems to have disappeared, and your general condition is none too good?"

There I innocently sat, at a loss for words . . . or at least for a chance to spill my thoughts. I knew that my appendix had been taken out fourteen years before, that I had never been sick a day in my life, and that the whole affair had the odor of a medical faux pas. But what could I do? With the greatest of care, I was placed in an ambulance and given another hypodermic (I was beginning to love the stuff).

So my advice . . . take it from one who knows . . . is that if you're feeling low, take in a good movie, go to Aggie's, commit suicide, read Tar an' Feathers (plug), but for the sake of all the good that's left in you (If you've been here more than two quarters, it's too late) don't go to the infirmary . . . You really have to have guts to go through it all . . . You won't have any left when you come out!







1924:

## The Second Storm

Came . . saw . . conquered . .

C. B. Colton

Wall Street's ticker was beating away and the Bull Market was on the run. The Nation was getting rich. The South was again on a cultural uphill climb. The Yanks invaded Dixie for a second time. C. B. Colton says in 1924 that there are, "approximately 34 Northerners at the University . . . It is doubtful if this number ever increases for Carolina is essentially for boys of the "Old North State." The records say that Colton was very wrong with boys from every state in the Union and many foreign countries, too. Incidentally, in normal times today the Yanks number close to 1,000.

**W**H Y did you come way down here to college when you have so many fine institutions in the north?" This pointed question has been repeatedly hurled at every Northerner at Carolina, and the various answers given reveal a jumble of causes for the seemingly mystifying desertion of the north. A few of the Yanks, bored with monotonous query, answer evasively or offer weird explanations, somewhat in this vein: "I came here to hide from the sing sing authorities," or "I came to Carolina to follow out the work of Lincoln and lift the South from its slough of stagnation." However, the real reasons for choosing Carolina are hardly less absurd.

One Northerner, bearing the name of a famous character who dared to take a chance, states that he was so impressed by the fighting spirit manifested by the Tar Heel eleven against the big Yale bull dog that he decided that if the institution represented by that scrapping had the same admirable qualities, it should be worthy of consideration. After an investigation, he emulated his noted ancestor, took a chance, and is now well established in the student activities here.

Another Northerner happened to be on a yachting cruise with his family destined

for Florida, when they were forced to land on the North Carolina shore for a few months. He rounded out his high school education in a small North Carolina high school where he learned the University's prestige, and the following year he entered Chapel Hill. Still another student, fresh from high school conceived the idea that he would like to receive his college training in the South. He poured over the catalogues of the leading universities, and finally narrowed his choice to three. Unable to make his ultimate decision, he flipped a coin which designated Carolina, and on he came. These pioneer Yankees in Chapel Hill on returning home advertised Carolina's advantages, and interested their friends to such an extent that many of them abandoned their plans to attend Northern institutions and selected Carolina to further their education.

The first impressions of the South and of the University, as described by the members of the northern club at their regular meetings, are interesting and reveal the distorted conception of the South held by many Northerners. In general, the average Northerner who has never been below the Mason and Dixon line and whose reading knowledge of the South has been limited to a few daily newspapers, thinks of it as a remote place, chiefly characterized by cotton, tobacco, and negroes; where white people are happy, prosperous and lazy, where hospitality and good cheer are paramount, where the unwritten law is strictly observed, where the black men are held in subjugation and are frequently lynched, and where "Dam Yankee" is spoken of as one word.

However, after a few weeks stay in Southland, he begins to realize the error of his vague conceptions. He finds cotton and tobacco in abundance, but learns that the South produces other products as well. It dawns upon him that the Southerners are not lazy and shiftless, but are blessed  
(See STORM, page 43)





**N**ORTH Carolinians are not Volsteadese. Though the reformers made the State dry in 1907, it is the wettest in the Union today. Rich and poor, black and white must have their toddy. A system of bootlegging has been established, second only to the Underground Railway of yore.

Every brand of liquor from bottled in bond to monkey rum (including the patent medicine list) is obtainable. The stranger does not learn this at once. The natives are suspicious of newcomers, fearing that they are prohibition officers. When their identity is established, this vast sub-rosa system is revealed to them. They fall for it, and hate to leave the "Old North State."

Many tales have originated as to the methods used in "getting a nip" down here. The common supposition of newcomers is that you walk out in a pine forest—place the money on a stump—sing like an ostrich—turn your head for five minutes—look around—and the booze is there. To a large extent this is not true. "Why be shady when there is no need of it," the bootlegger says, and sells his wares in a more open manner.

The outsider who enters within usually makes his first stop at one of the larger towns—the State boasts of no cities. A hotel porter is the first medium for obtaining liquor that the tired traveller thinks of. Herein he makes a mistake, for North Carolina porters ask an over-exorbitant price for hootch. That is because of their knowledge of human nature. After riding for hours on a Southern train, they know

"It is almost as easy to buy a drink as it is to buy a Coca-Cola . . ." says W. A. in a 1921 Carolina Magazine. Violating all reactionary law and convention, North Carolina stood at the top of the anti-prohibition ladder. People were tired of straight-lace inhibition. The jazz cymbals were clashing—a lusty, on the move fever stirred the people to profane depths. They were building a Leaning Tower of Babylon that would crumble in '29. Hootch had to be begot in the decadent 1920's.

that even the renowned "Pussyfoot" would give any amount for a drink. Rye is around \$18.00 a quart, home-made peach brandy (very good and full of kick) \$12.00 a quart, corn whiskey \$10.00 a quart, and monkey rum \$8.00 a quart, at most hotels. Rye is usually scarce except at the big winter resorts around Pinehurst. The others are always plentiful, but they are stiff drinks, and have to be mixed before taking. The kick is there, and it is a mean one. The after effects are felt the next day, as usual, and often for the next two days.



*"Just didn't have a thing to wear!"*

1921:

## How Hootch Was Begot

Prohibition at a loss

W. A.

But strangers, forbear from porters! If you have a friend in town look him up. He can take you to the source of supply, where it is from 25% to 50% cheaper, and unwatered. (Porters have acquired the habit of watering their stock.) If you haven't a friend in town, start a conversation with taxi drivers, or some drug store lounge lizards. One or the other will "put you wise." They have never failed to do so yet.

Cocktails are about as rare as fried humming bird's tongues. For the incoming clubman and "man about town," several brands of wines on sale at drug stores (on the quiet) will answer the purpose of dinner wines. They contain from 20% to

35% alcohol. Approach the clerk cordially, tell him you are far from being a prohibition officer, if you aren't one, and ask him about his best brands of wine. Tell him a friend who recently passed through that town recommended the store. Then slap him on the back, and you will accomplish your purpose—if his supply has not given out.

At chief stops on the through New York-Florida lines, rye is easily obtainable. In fact some trains literally swim in to the stations. An anxious and thirsty mob are waiting. After the passengers have alighted, they go up to the porters—talk for a few moments—and enter the pullmans with

(See HOOTCH, page 40)





## Robbins Fowler, 1926

CLAY CENTER, Virginia, was only the poor remnant of a town—a drab, straggling hamlet of some three hundred inhabitants. There had been a time when people of consequence resided there, when Clay Center had tasted its brief draught of prosperity. Before the war numerous plantation owners had made it their bartering place and point of contact with the social world. Well-filled tobacco warehouses and rolling acres of cornland had been the making of the community. There had been dancing and gaming, buying and selling in sufficient quantities to bring about mild affluence and complete contentment.

In many broken Southern towns a pathetic feeling of class superiority still clings like a cheap overfume. The penurious offspring of the old grandees take on the air of lords and ladies merely because their ancestors were once somebodies in a deplorable nowhere. But the spineless dwellers of Clay Center had failed to erect even a shaky scaffolding of pride. They were content to exist bleakly in a bleak present—with the one stern exception of old man Willoughby Cranford.

The Cranford home stood at the intersection of Main and Oak streets. It was a shabby, respectable barn which passed for a mansion in Clay Center, and indeed was, in comparison to the hovels that surrounded it. Its paint was peeling off, leaving great raw welts, its front steps sagged rottenly on the side by the dusty hydrangea bushes and two panes were cracked in the fan-shaped atrocity of green grass that spread over the door. Still, its vast, rambling size was impressive for the same reason that a mangy circus lion is impressive; it hinted at something better than itself and stirred a dormant realization of past power.

The comparative elevation of old man

Cranford's fortune was due partially to luck and partially to stinginess. His father's home had been providentially spared when the Yankees razed the town in the clashing days of war. An elderly aunt in Georgia died intestate and her moderate means reverted to him. Willoughby Cranford was an accomplished hoarder. No spark of the vaunted Southern generosity ever burned in the dry-kiln of his breast; when money came into his hands he clung to it tenaciously, reluctant even to spend it on himself. So when his aunt's meager thousands, vast wealth in the eyes of Clay Center, became his property he

**The furor caused by this story has gone down in Carolina publications' history as the greatest battle for freedom of the press. Called "indecent and immoral" by the Tar Heel, its author and Magazine editor were tried by the Student Council and later freed by a faculty committee who said apologetically, "The publishing of the story was bad editorial judgment but not personal misconduct." The defense retorted that literature is neither moral nor immoral—but amoral, and suggested that the council meet in the library to censure Boccaccio, Wilde, Chaucer, Rabelias and Walt Whitman.**

**"Slaves" must not be looked at as an important social document or as realistic literature according to our present standards. The maturity of its style and power of its surprise ending are a credit to the collegiate literature of its time.**

quit his profitless brokerage business and turned to a life of leisure. He fastened a cold clutch on the inheritance, guarding the exit of each separate dollar, meeting the bare needs of existence with an impatient whine. He sat idly on his porch with a dirty shawl around his shoulders while he meditated on his consummate grandeur. The people of Clay Center hated Willoughby Cranford and looked up to him. His miserly habits and the fact that he classed his neighbors as unworthy inferiors made him tremendously unpopular. However, the glamour of an independent income and an authentic ancestral mansion was not to be denied. Though in public they derided the old man and referred to him as "that stingy old son-of-a-bitch who thinks he's better than God Almighty," they grudgingly admitted to themselves that Willoughby Cranford was cast in a superior mould. Their treatment of him was a queer mixture of disgust and humility. As for old man Cranford, he simply ignored the whole crowd, not even deigning to grunt when some rash individual gave him a hesitant good evening.

He shared his voluntary seclusion with his niece, Jane—a shy, sensitive girl of nineteen. She was the child of an emotional younger brother whose wife had left in despair after a vain two years' effort to rationalize him. Relieved of this burden, young Cranford bestowed his tiny daughter on the sedate Willoughby and casually drank himself to death. Jane was old man Cranford's sole gesture of kindness, and even in her case the kindness was selfishly motivated. When he took her he looked into the future and saw his declining years lightened by the services of a girl with a heavy debt of gratitude to pay off. In some ways Jane had been a great disappointment to him; despite rigid dis-





cipline she still showed traces of her father's unbecoming temperament, and though she usually ministered to the old man's crabbed wants without complaint, she had her moments of rebellion. These attacks were quelled when old Willoughby faced her with the sorry fact that "his generosity and" . . . smouldering inwardly, the girl sank back into her role of unpaid servant. Clay Center folks pitied her, but did nothing to help her. To them she seemed beyond aid—a weak princess in the grip of an ogre.

This fallacy was due to Jane's introspective nature. Surface weakness spread like an opaque film over the turbulence of her thoughts. Her face was a dispassionate oval, meekly pretty—a precise duplicate of her mother's vapid countenance. Her mind was a seeth of emotion, intense to the point of hysteria. She was able to hate bitterly and equally able to conceal the angles of her attitude. She hated old Willoughby Cranford. At first, the realization of hatred shamed her, but as time passed and her uncle's actions became more contemptible she felt that her secret animosity was justified. Through the indulgence of hatred she had become so hypersensitive that the old man's most harmless remarks seemed to convey insults and his every inoffensive request was a stern command. She went about her duties, silent, unassertive—waiting for a chance to nullify her real and imagined wrongs. Her own distorted ideas and her uncle's stupidity had filled her with a subtle poison. Her one wish was to make Willoughby Cranford suffer—to tear something from him in return for the pleasures she had been denied.

In the rear of the Cranford home old Mammy Linda lived with her mulatto son, Joe; they occupied a small white-washed shack adjoining the main part of the house. Mammy Linda was a heritage—born a Cranford slave and philosophically willing to die one. Joe was a slim yellow negro, cringingly anxious to please. Their servile natures fitted admirably into Willoughby Cranford's scheme of things; he, the master—they, the creatures to crawl at his bidding. Given material of such plasticity the old man had shaped for himself a minute image of Southern serfdom. The days of slavery were over, but Mammy Linda and Joe were gratifying survivals. To Clay Center, the possession of living, breathing black slaves placed the stamp of dignity on old Cranford's mottled brow. It was seen as the supreme gesture of a man living in an alien age who refuses to break with tradition. "What's that old fool want to keep those niggers hanging around for?" they asked loudly. (Oh, God, wouldn't it be grand to have slaves of your own?) Oblivious to all comment, Willoughby Cranford ruled his household with vicious serenity.

One morning Jane was clearly away the breakfast dishes. A ring flashed on her finger; old man Cranford's eye grappled with it, uncomprehendingly.

"Where'd you get that ring, Jane?"

Jane started, pretending not to hear.

"Where'd you get that ring?"

"Ed Grant gave it to me; we're engaged." She wiped butter from her fingers on a soiled apron.

"You're what?"

"Engaged—to be married."

The old man struggled for speech. The boiling syllables within him refused to form words. Finally—"Joe." The mulatto hastened in. "Go down to the store and tell Mr. Grant I want to see his son Ed—right now."

Jane's pale lips moved rigidly. "What are you going to do, Uncle Will?"

"And I say you're not." They waited in silence. After several minutes Ed Grant entered quietly, a thick-set young man with hard eyes.

"You wanted me, Mr. Cranford?" His impersonal glance covered the overfurnished room.

Willoughby Cranford stared implacably. (He doesn't seem to be much impressed.) "My niece says she intends to marry you. The worthless, sniveling son of a grocer—a damned dirty merchant who says 'thank you, ma'm' to every nigger wench that buys a bar of soap! And you a filthy lout smelling of hog guts. You're common—you're nobody—you're not a damn bit better than a dirty field hand."

"Uncle Will—"

He flung more words forth, obscenely; they were like flecks of foam on his lips. Mad words. "And you want to mate with my niece. She's a Cranford, an aristocrat—and you the offspring of a country shopkeeper and a draggletailed Clay Center slut. Nobody in town fit to kiss her feet and you say you're going to marry her. Not while I live. And she willing to do it after all the sacrifices I've made for her—willing to give herself to a misbegotten bastard without a cent to his name."

"I suppose you want her money. Well, you won't get it. Now, get out of this house and never show your rotten face around here again."

A bowl slipped unnoticed from Jane's fingers. She stood stiff against the wall, her throat ragged with sobs. The young man came toward her. "Give me the ring, Jane." He wrenched it off, harshly.

"You're leaving me, Ed?"

"Yeah—I didn't know what the Cran-

(See SLAVES, page 39)



Until just recently, the New Generation tried to prevent recurrence of the errors of its progenitors by reluctance to delve into international affairs. Growing militarism was too powerful for passive idealism, so Youth once more began to form a fighting plan of freedom.



THIS GENERATION:

1930-1943



1938:

# Prometheus Bounced

Honor council satire

Lee Wiggins

Ever since student government was established at Carolina, the actual running of the Honor System has been under fire, which has blazed through many seasons of Carolina Magazines. This satirical playlet is by Lee Wiggins, the outstanding campus pre-war liberal. He was president of the national as well as local American Student Union and resigned, weakening the movement, because he came out strongly for Roosevelt in 1940 over the party-line policy. Clever rhymes save the effectiveness of the author's blunt attack. Wiggins objected to a Student Honor Council arising from strong politics that condemned many "vices" which they themselves practiced and showed that by not trusting the students they themselves did not believe in the system they had sworn to uphold.

*(Scene opens in the student council office of a college in North Carolina. Choose your own college; there isn't much difference between them. At any rate, the twelve distinguished students who hold in their hands the fate of every other student in the college are convoked in solemn session to consider a most serious underground movement, almost a rebellion. It seems that certain students are saying nasty things about the "Code d'Aristocrat," "Code d'Honneur," or "Code de Gentleman"—call it what you will—that governs their actions.)*

BIG.

I have called you here tonight for a most serious reason  
Offenses have been committed which almost amount to treason  
Close the window, lock the door  
We've got to see that this doesn't happen any more  
If we wait, it may be too late  
This disaffection is a running sore.

DIG.

You can cheat, steal and rape all you want on Monday  
But as long as you keep up church attendance on Sunday  
Come solve your problems the easy way  
From studies to sex with the Y.M.C.A.

BIG.

Now here's the situation, boys—  
I'll be brief—  
With no further observation, boys—  
The campus is really in grief.

In every dormitory  
They are telling the story—  
Some dangerous radical, probably with a bomb in his pocket  
Is going around trying to open the door as fast as we lock it.  
And boys, you know this as well as I—  
If they make us tell our secrets we're bound to die;  
If we lose our mystery, we'll lose our mastery;  
If we tell what we're going, we'll soon be ruining it.  
If we, like any public court, gave a report of what we saw,  
We wouldn't be a Five-Star Chamber, we'd become a court of law!

CIG.

Horribly true.

BIG.

Excellent! I see we are in substantial agreement.  
We shall proceed with our original plan.  
It is so simple as to require no argument—  
We'll try the whole campus down to the last man!

DIG.

I was shooting craps in Hayrick dorm  
When I saw some fellows shooting craps.  
Now, gentlemen, you know that's not up to form—  
It shows completely a moral collapse.

CIG.

I went one night to an open forum;  
The crowd that was there was exceedingly small.  
In fact there was hardly a respectable quorum,  
And they seemed not to agree with the speaker at all.  
Now understand me—I believe in free speech,  
But to ask uppish questions of a man trying to teach!  
They're "reds," radicals, and robbers, you know—  
Such people ask questions—and they've got to go!

BIG.

Well, boys, you've done a wonderful job,  
But there's been a very serious omission—  
The radical who started all this trouble—  
The bomb-man, the great-eyed visionary,  
The picket, philosopher, revolutionary,  
The man who thinks he can say what he thinks,

(See BOUNCED, page 43)



## SCOTCH AND SOFA

Dusty, battered, worn, the cut for the Buccaneer cover of the famed "sex" issue was found lying in a dark corner of Graham Memorial. The history of this issue was violent but short. It culminated a period of U. S. collegiate journalism that was later to pass at the maturity engendered by the war's start in Europe.

In this period's beginnings, the racoon coat and hip-flask age was over. But all over the country Joe College still held grimly to his high school conception of "college life." Not only in our own "humor" magazine, but in those of all U. S. campuses, the atavistic collegiate found the life of Packard convertible, houseparties, females of easy virtue, and bathtub gin. That he couldn't reconcile these with a life of realistic 8:30's, an insecure future, or difficult lab assignments didn't matter—then.

In essence, the technique of the humor magazine was simple and unimaginative. Where literary ingenuity or talent failed, pages of "dirty" jokes would easily fill space. Youth in college had not yet discovered the natural humor of Collier's or The New Yorker cartoon; and graphic art was represented by adolescent imitations of the Petty drawing and its disproportionate female figure, with stress sketched on either the buttocks or breasts. Unwritten between the lines of copy that filled the pages was an ever-present preoccupation with the sex act. This psychosis flavored the clumsy attempts with futile amusement, crude ribaldry, or unskillful inference.

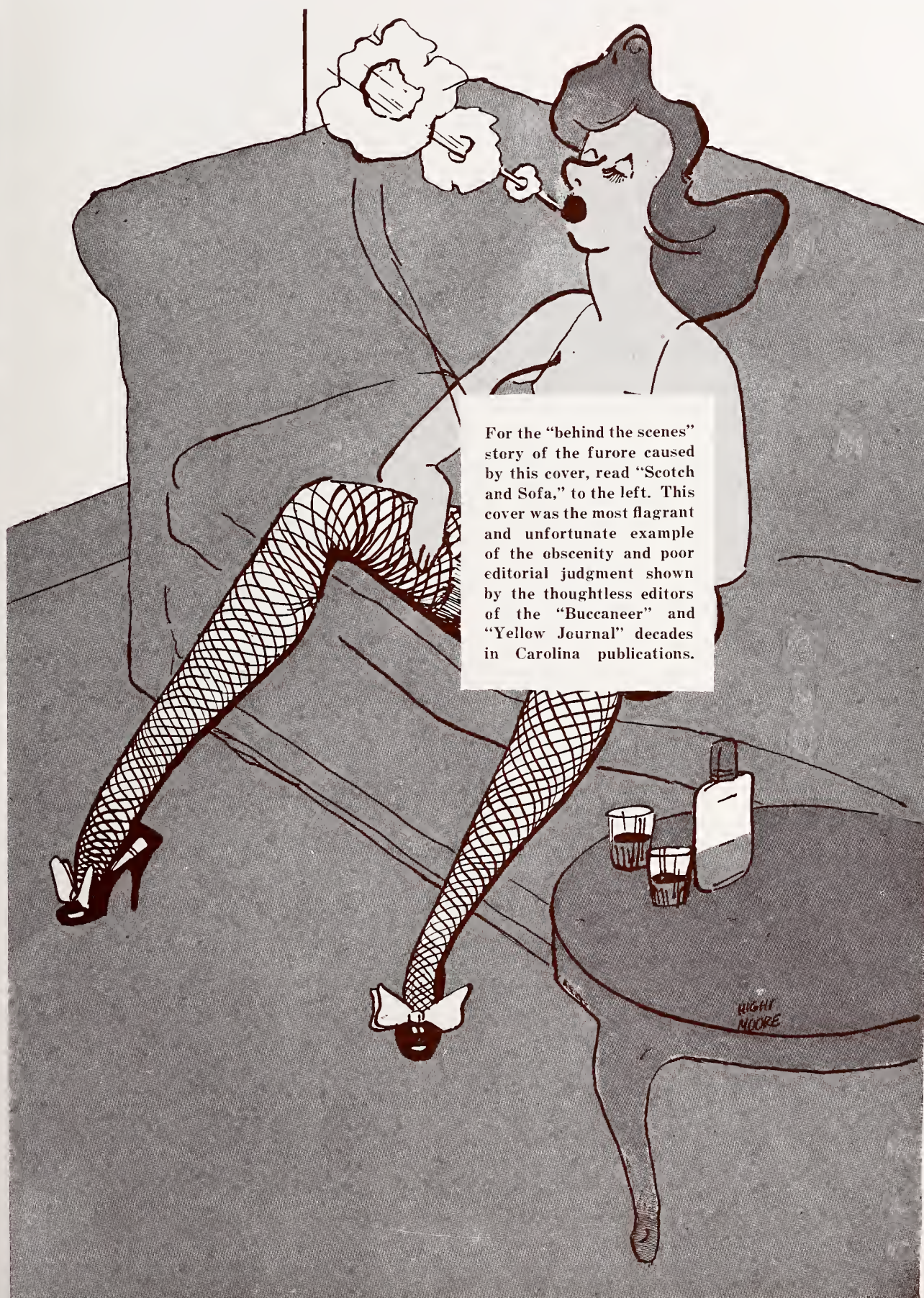
As a philosophy the editor of the publication found solace in believing that

(See BUCCANEER, page 44)





# BUCCANEER



For the "behind the scenes" story of the furore caused by this cover, read "Scotch and Sofa," to the left. This cover was the most flagrant and unfortunate example of the obscenity and poor editorial judgment shown by the thoughtless editors of the "Buccaneer" and "Yellow Journal" decades in Carolina publications.





1938:

## American in Spain

First tarheel to die

E. E. Ericson

**T**HOMAS Joseph O'Flaherty (1914-1938) was the only soldier in the Loyalist army from the University at Chapel Hill. He was and remained till his death, a Catholic Irishman—born in County Kerry, Ireland. I have thought of how he might have become a priest rather than a soldier, but I know that if he had, like Chaucer's parson, he would still have been the friend of the masses.

I saw him first in Graham Memorial. It was the year the freshman boxing squad was known as Killer's Row (Novich, Diehl and Medynski were his teammates), so deadly were their shower of fists. He was surrounded by a group of admirers, but they were doing all the talking. Tom was no blowhard; he was not noted for what is known as Irish blarney. You had to know him well before he spoke much, and then his speech was like his boxing, a satirical jab that had a sting in it or, on more rare occasions, a torrential diatribe that overwhelmed his opposition, like his famous left hook that so often gave an opponent what the boys called the "tweet-tweet." But on most occasions he was not inclined to say much, preferring to listen and to observe.

I came to know O'Flaherty through another boxer in one of my classes, a boy who like to describe his own mental status as "being aware of things" and that of Tom's as "coming." He liked Tom as a person and day by day built up an epic picture of the young fellow he wanted me to meet. Then one day I ran into him in Ab's book-shop—Ab, the Friar Bacon of Chapel Hill, alike misunderstood and feared, but whose bookshop, and the browsing done there, is an invaluable, though bar sinister, adjunct to our University. At this time Tom had been declared ineligible for boxing and, as is well known, alumni interest in "giving young men an education" rarely extends to inactive athletes. In Tom's case it was Fra Ab that extended his home and afterwards a job in his branch shop in Greensboro.

Tom became a teacher. Out in Carrboro the boys who read the *Daily Tar Heel* and saw the boxing matches were impressed by him. "Unleashing a perfect two-fisted attack, O'Flaherty took little more than a minute to flatten Brandon, the V. P. I. entry. Tom was not even breathing hard at the finish." This was illustrative of what the Carrboro boys read about him.

The events of the past four years have borne eloquent testimony to the justness of the cause for which Tom O'Flaherty gave his life.

Today even the State Department, in an official pronouncement, has conceded that the present war had its beginnings with the invasion of Manchuria in 1931 and the brutal series of fascist aggressions which followed. Today it is not difficult for anyone to understand that Spain's battle was really the first part of the struggle which we and our allies are waging today.

Tom O'Flaherty recognized this nearly four years before the attack on Pearl Harbor. He realized that peace was indivisible, and that we could not stand aloof and betray a gallant people to the fascist scourge without reaping a terrible crop. O'Flaherty, violating the dictates of the leaders of his faith, facing the wrath of the reactionary and the confused at home, fought and died for the cause which we have so belatedly taken up arms. One possessed of great courage and foresight, it may truly be said that O'Flaherty was the first Carolina man to give up his life in this war.

The forces of reaction and fascism against which O'Flaherty fought and died are still at large. Thousands of his brave comrades-in-arms are still rotting in concentration camps located in American-occupied North Africa. Our State Department still persists in its bolstering of the murderous Franco regime through shipments of gasoline and food. But all the betrayals and chicanery of reaction cannot now stop the forces of freedom of which Tom O'Flaherty stands as a lone and heroic precursor. The "young men who believe that what civilization has achieved through the centuries is worth fighting for," of whom Dr. Ericson spoke, are on the march. They will reach their goal when, following in the footsteps of Tom O'Flaherty, they drive on to the European continent and forever squelch fascism's threat to mankind's progress.

Imagine their joy when he offered to come out and teach them boxing. And then, with certain others in his group, they began to have bull sessions during the rest periods and after boxing was over.

Some half-dozen boys began to think. They could not answer Tom's socratic questions, Why are Orange county farmers poor? Why two closed mills in the town and people without adequate clothing? Tom gave them things to read. An emancipated young preacher helped. To this day the leaven is working in this odd little neighbour town. The boys have never

(See SPAIN, page 40)





1942:

# The Spare Room

Tale of Manhattan

Henry Moll

**P**AUL turned the page. How strange, he thought, Aeschylus in a subway, singing. Suddenly, shuttled sound drowned into the car as another train on the adjoining track shot past the windows. The flickered form of the Lenox express, in a gray film of volleying posts, shattered speed on the other rails with shaking, rivetal thunder. Then unexpectedly, the senses vibrated in the engulfing suck of empty and tunnelled darkness. In the wake, the thin humming of rails faded again to the even clack of the Local stroking in his mind. He turned once more to the King of Argos.

Therefore of all the lands of earth, on this most gladly stepped he forth. It fitted well for all of them, for the feeling they had had around the van. He saw it drawn up to the curb in Long Island, his mother and Dora in the hot September sun, watching the crates go in. The picture frames and books left behind by the moving-men had grown heavy since the suburbs so he had opened the thickest book and placed the others on the subway-seat beside him. It hadn't been the story that had held him, but rather the sweeping imagery. Paul read the book like a Baedeker into the remote metropolis, trusting to preludes at 5 o'clock and possible myths in drugstores or behind neon-lights. It was a land called Crete in the Midst of the wine-dark sea, a fair, rich land begirt with water surrounding the five city boroughs of which this was now Manhattan. (Change at West 96th). It seemed that the legend lost for eighteen years and an hour ago now flourished with promise in all the canyons, tunnels, and pavements. Paul heard the slender flutelings of spires across curving bodies of land, space, and water, calling to high intent and glory at the end. Seeing the Phrygian bark cut before the sun with Phaestus in sight, or

the Pacific's three-master with the figure high in the rigging, hands shading the eyes. He saw the Polack boy in the close, briny-smelling hold with his vision of towers against the sky, the kid from Idaho riding the rails to the big-city and staring ahead with the weary, cindered face, waiting for the Golden Age.

110th Street. The passing scene of the station became permanent outside the windows. He left the subway and passed through the turnstile realizing how fortunately near the city had always been. Now they had packed their last belongings, left the two story suburban house for the city apartment, and entered a new room in their lives simply by taking an hour subway ride into a new world. Paul stood on the corner of Broadway, feeling the slight coolness from the wealthy Drive, the glint in the afternoon

**"The Spare Room" marks a turning point in undergraduate fiction from the "sociological" story dealing with social protest which was found in the period of the late Thirties. As an example of a new trend, the sociological theme of economic disillusion is subtly submerged to that of the actual story. Noteworthy in its sensitivity and introspection, it uses the device of introducing the story with romantic and poetic exposition so that the lofty beginning can be more harshly demolished with the realistic ending—these two extremes being blended carefully.**

Henry Moll has the distinction of being one of the very few alumni to receive national recognition for a story printed in the *Carolina Magazine*. This story won the "Award of Exceptional Excellence" in the annual *Harper's Magazine* national contest for best writing done in college.

of the Hudson River. It was Friday and late afternoon. He stopped briefly by a moving-van in the middle of the block. Furniture littered the sidewalk and the men continued to empty some apartment in the huge building. The incongruity of the furniture on the sidewalk raised a small unrest in his chest, he saw the natural light of day revealing the threadbare upholstery, the chipping varnish on a small table. A little Irish woman with a worried frown wandered distractedly about the crates and chairs, making sure of all her possessions as they were taken into the dusty and cumbersome van. She looked for a moment, catching the gaze of the boy before she turned away. He looked up the street wondering about the address. And then walked rapidly up the street, looking at the numbers.

It seemed that the city was inhabited by outsiders, no one raised their birthcry in it. Foreigners, they reached their age, and decided to come seeking their success or failure, then strangely, moved out again years later. September was the city's moving month. It was the time when want-ads burgeoned with promises and rooms, it was the time of the "I just saw the cutest little apartment in Brooklyn, and only a dime fare to work" the time of beliefs and beginnings. It was the month when empty rooms opened new doors again.

His new address was a few doors further down, and standing near the sidewalk, he looked up toward the sky. The fifth floor, the window to the right of the fire-escape. Home. Paul went in and took the elevator. His sister opened the door.

"How is it, Dora?"

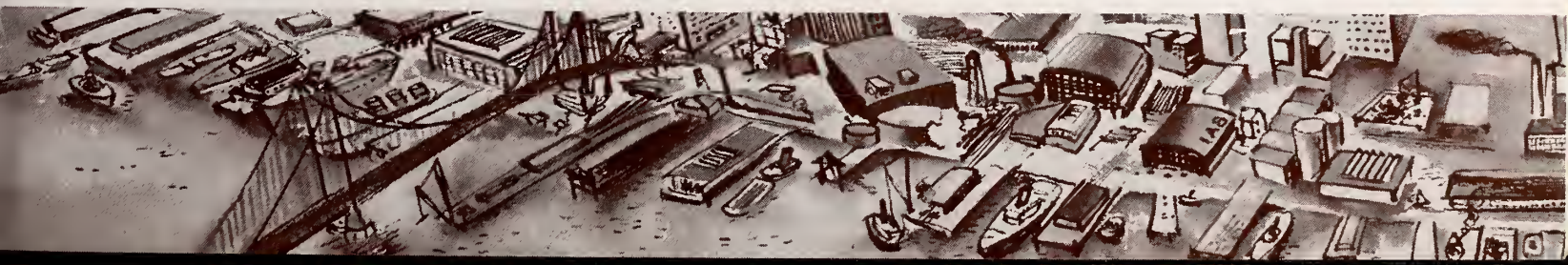
"Well . . . it's not all that it's cracked up to be. You know that Mama has a strong imagination—but don't let on—I think she already suspects I don't like it. Oh, but I'm unfair, it is a nice place, it's the best Mama can afford."

He closed the door behind him.

"How're the rooms?"

"Well, you can see how dark this hall is, the rooms on the street get some light; there's a little parlor on the ventilator

(See SPARE ROOM, page 36)





# With our poets....

## To France

By THOMAS WOLFE

When Huns came down with bloody hand,  
And left fair Belgium desolate,  
Up bravely from their peaceful land  
Rushed strong defenders of the state.

They fought until all hope seemed gone,  
Without a groan—without a sigh.  
And still brave France kept fighting on  
Until it seemed that France must die.

Oh France, to you who never feared,  
To you who nobly stood the test,  
With blazing eyes and plumes upreared,  
The eagle comes from out the West.

## Meadows

By ELIZABETH A. LAY

Earth had no hills in man's first happy life,  
The meadows stretched like flowering seas  
of peace

In happy bays between the folding woods.  
The sun shone ever on the even fields  
And all was quiet loveliness—with streams  
And meadows white with lillies, tint with bloom

Of blue and orange, rolling fresh and fair  
Into the peaceful shadow of the trees.

Earth had no hills and tranquil were its  
joys—

But now the hills! the hard slow pain—to  
climb,

To leave behind the valleys and the flowers,  
To climb and then to pause on some high  
rock

And catch the sharp swift joy, the vision  
spread

Of rolling hills, so far and blue with mist!  
To watch the birds wheel down into the  
clouds,

To hear the thunder echo in the storm—  
And know that ever from the peaceful  
fields

We may mount upwards to the hills again.



## 1918 Darkness

By STANLEY STEVENS

When these tired eyes forget their endless  
duty,  
And this gray curtain bids me look my last  
On birches, bending over mirrored pools  
In proud amaze at their own beauty,  
I need not fear the blackness—after—  
Nor weep too much for darkness falling,  
For I shall have the benison of children's  
Voices, and a woman's happy laughter.

## Mood

By JEAN BRABHAM

I shall not clamor for my rest  
On beds as soft as eider-down,  
Nor lull myself to dreamless sleep  
When moon and stars  
Hang o'er the town  
For all too soon  
Eternity  
Will hold an ample sleep for me.

## Mexican Serenade

By JOSEPHINA NIGGLI

Two o'clock and the evening star  
is hiding behind the moon.  
Two o'clock and my soft flung song  
Dies in the night too soon.

I haven't the words of the cavaliers  
to tell my love for you.  
I've naught to give save a rooster and a hen  
and perhaps a goat or two.

But beside my door grows a rose-bush tall  
where birds sing all day long,  
While inside the house I am waiting, dear,  
In my heart a song.

## Sonnet

By WILLIAM MICHAUX

We can impact upon ten million stars  
No loving image, though we frame them  
strait

(We, seekers of the unadulterate)  
With ancient fixity of stones and bars.  
Nor will the wordless night-cries penetrate  
Beyond the powers of our fate and fear,  
Nor will the blinding heart-beat of a tear  
Strike into burning, though we tend it late.  
(The forest . . . trees are silent now . . . and  
near)

But slowly as a rock is made a head,  
We yet will bravely wreak, in fury's stead,  
A permanence of hunger—restless, sheer  
(The lights of night and shadows of the  
day),—

And we will wreak it in a lonely way.

## INTRODUCTION:

WHAT was accomplished in the thirties will stand as a great chapter in American and political history.

Coolidge's credo of "the rich, the wise, and the good" and the *Laissez Faire*, notion that 18,000,000 people were unemployed because "they were too lazy to look for work" was swept aside. In came the New Deal with its insistence upon the "right to work" and its vast program of public works to ameliorate the sufferings of the unemployed. It was not a revolution in economics, but a revolution in ideas. It jolted out of its very foundations the outmoded notion of "rugged American individualism." In its place was substituted the notion of the greatest good for the greatest number through moderate means of social control within the fundamental frame work of the profit system.

This upheaval in ideas was far reaching. It stimulated political action on the part

## Out of

Against this panorama of progress may be placed John Creedy's *Magazine*. For under Creedy the *Magazine*, probably for the first time in many years, accurately reflected and even anticipated the directions which American life was taking.

Creedy was typical of the period. Neither a conservative nor a militant progressive, he was liberal, one who did not know exactly which path to choose but who was willing to try any one which might lead to better things. Born in England and reared in Canada prior to his coming to Chapel Hill, Creedy was rather reticent and reserved, yet he was capable of tremendous energy, an attribute often demonstrated.

Creedy's first issue came out in May '38. Aiding him as associate editor was William Michaux, an English Honors student and a sonnet writer of great skill and sensitivity. Margaret Munch served as art editor, being carried over from the previous regime. The issue was not particularly outstanding.

If Creedy's first issue was only average, if it reflected any signs of inexperience, certainly his second vindicated him. For this was the Thomas Wolfe memorial issue, a magazine which not only remains among the few really permanent volumes of the 100 years of the periodical, but one which



# The Meaning of the Period

of the people. It provided favorable grounds for the growth of powerful industrial unions in every nook and cranny of America. It reached into the Southland, into North Carolina. Here in 1936 the people revolted against the old-line political machine and backed a young college professor, Ralph MacDonald. Without organized financial backing, without a machine of docile political regulars, he almost captured the primaries in the gubernatorial race, one marked by the very peculiar counting of votes.

And literature was also deeply affected. The twenties had been known as the "brass age," the "age of the Golden Calf"—and the letters of the period reflected this decadence.

The battle cry of those who had not joined the pilgrimage to Paris and expatriation was "Beer, Sex, and Prosperity"! That group of writers, now quite unknown, toasted chorus queens at publishers' gin

parties and basked in a flickering light, atop a trembling prosperity bubble. With the coming of the new era they were swept aside to drink their beer, sneer at the new progress, and turn out nostalgic tomes which were seldom read. For now the spirit of Whitman, London, Lindsay was triumphant. Steinbeck aroused America with *Of Mice and Men* and *The Grapes of Wrath*. Paul Robeson thundered out with Earl Robinson's *Ballad for Americans*, reviving the glory of a magnificent past. The Federal Theatre and the Writers' Project brought new culture to masses who had for years dwelt in a poverty-stricken twilight. Ernest Hemingway and Tom Wolfe felt a new sense of social responsibility in *To Have and to Hold* and *The Web and the Rock*. Paul Green added a new dignity to the thirteen million Negro Americans in a series of powerful folk-dramas. MacLeish, Benet, Keymborg, Sandburg and a host of new voices rose in one great Whit-

manesque chorus in songs about the people. All this was a far cry from "the holloe men" of T. S. Eliot's *Waste Land*.

But this great revival did not take place unopposed. The more timid reactionaries admonished; the more vocal and vicious, taking their cue and often their support from the growing fascist power abroad, slandered and smeared. The Federal Theatre was decapitated by the reactionary "economy" bloc in Congress. Smug journals trotting out literary nonentities of a bygone era howled and heaped opprobrium upon the writers of the new spirit. But these forces and their counterparts in political and economic life could not break the spirit of the New Awakening. For what it accomplished will stand. It revitalized the very fibers of the American pattern, giving us the vitality and the tremendous strength which we are hurling into the present conflict.



## the Thirties

In the seven Carolina Mag issues of 1938, Editor John Creedy sounded a strong note of social protest. Harvey Segal sums up the change in this feature article.

in makeup and content stands its ground before any of its contemporaries, collegiate or otherwise.

The South issue was in the typical Creedy vein. The articles were well thought out and informative. The article on the Negro question was written by Janet Seville, one of Guy Johnson's graduate students. Carl Thompson, an excellent journalist with wide experience in all parts of the South, contributed a piece on Southern labor. These along with the Rhinehart-Creedy book review of Jonathan Daniels' *A Southerner Discovers the*

*South*, and Creedy's essay, "Tell Me What Sort of South You Want," formed the bulk of the issue. All were on a professional plane of excellence.

"Tell me what kind of society you want and I will tell you what resources you have." But planning, Creedy recognizes, is not enough. Who is to benefit by such planning? Creedy answers: "And let us here and forever more emphasize that 'plenty' does not mean a fat surplus for capitalists . . . Plenty means adequate opportunity for each man and woman, whether Negro or white; plenty means cul-

ture and leisure we can have it only if we will."

January's *Magazine* was highlighted by an editorial on intellectual freedom and an article by Creedy on Liberalism. The editorial entitled "We, the Hypocrites," attacked the student council for reprimanding a group of students who issued leaflets assailing one Mr. Derry, a pro-fascist speaker. Creedy penned these paragraphs. "The right to pamphleteer goes back almost to the invention of the printing press. Shakespeare lampooned his opponents in Elizabethan times, and in our revolutionary history we have Thomas Paine. The Student Council in reprimanding the students who were involved in circulating the pamphlets at the meeting of the anti-communist Derry should realize that they are limiting freedom of expression by thus applying the 'gentleman's code.'" That the council nourished its own prejudices is easily illustrated by its action in reprimanding the Derry pamphleteers and remaining significantly silent when a group of about forty students joined a lynch mob in Carrboro. . . .

"We are a conservative University with a little surface froth of liberal form to keep everyone fooled—even ourselves. Let's stop being hypocrites, let's come out and say we are conservative and let's do something about it."

(See CREEDY, page 38)

## To a Campus Radical

The Editors chose Creedy's year as the most representative for its period. In contrast to its sociological nature, we also publish the poem written in 1937 which concisely illustrates the student attitude to crusading editors on U. S. campuses through this period—this criticism being valid most of the time, but immature in sincere cases such as Creedy's.

Still damp behind the ears, you  
fiercely shout,  
Demand investigations everywhere,  
And seek to build your Soviets on air.  
Ah, four years' fool, you never stop  
to doubt  
The rightness of your fledgling self;

you flout  
Ideas and systems tried and tested  
when the hair  
On your soft head was fuzz, and  
your despair  
Was greatest when the nipple's milk  
gave out.  
Reforming youth, I praise your  
forceful ways,  
The steadfast purpose in your fear-  
less cry,  
Your lust for conquest—like a son  
of Rome;  
But in your quiet months, your  
thoughtful days,  
Investigate yourself with probing  
eye and learn  
That sanity begins at home.

FRANK DURHAM—1937

1937





# Changing Times

## On Harding: 1920

They were marching slowly with funeral tread—those grim A. E. F. men—and in their midst they bore a coffin which contained the body of a young comrade brought back to the states for a decent burial.

I could see him entering the service and setting forth to France, actuated by infinite passion, the like of which he had never known before. I could see him carried on, comforted, encouraged by his great hopes for the future, by the trust that his children and his children's children might escape the dread thing called war, and by his faith in a little body of men who entertained visions of a greater day which was to come, dreamers you might call them—Woodrow Wilson illustrates the type; his ideals symbolize the body.

I saw him dreaming of a day when shrapnel and muddy trenches would be removed forever. And then I saw him caught, entrapped, while dreaming his lofty dreams; saw him struck by the fatal shot, and smiling contentedly as his soul slipped out into the great uncharted sea. He died trusting, Mr. Harding. He's dead now, and we don't really have to pay any

attention to what he would say if—.

But somehow that boy though dead, still speaks and speaks in no uncertain voice. He commands with drawn face that we keep faith with those who sleep. Mr. Harding has stated that he approves of "an association of nations" and will attempt to bring about its realization. Our heartiest wishes go out to him for he has indeed a worthy aim and one for which he shall be held to strict account; shall be held to account not only by the politics of the opposition, but by voices which speak from France. On rainy nights with weary wind a mourning these voices will come to Mr. Harding and will speak in no uncertain terms. "And what, Mr. Harding, have you done towards the realization of that for which we fought and died? In 1917 and 1918 you were with us. Are you now?"

Mr. Harding will have to give answer, and lest he gives the one answer, there will come from every nook and cranny, always and everywhere, the one denouncing, vilifying interrogation, "Have you kept faith?" Mr. Harding will have to answer.

—M. C. G.—1920

## 1943: OUR GENERATION

## On Kibitzers: 1939

**A** GREAT many men of the world—and with all our freshmen writers upon the staff we are bound to meet a great many—say that you can learn almost anything about life from a good card game.

There is something completely revealing, they say, about the actions of people when the stakes are down before them. When bluff is no caprice and a poor decision is paid off in gold. We have long ago come to accept the council of men of the world. And when they tell us that kibitzers (undefined in Webster but mean-

ing one that sits in on a game with free advice) are always drawn into the game, we believe it. The war in Europe has set up an articulate army of American kibitzers. Government officials have come to know more about the British than Winston Churchill. More, even than the *New Republic*—and that is a feat. Newspaper editors and managing editors have been covering their blow-by-blow descriptions of the struggle with neat little bits of descriptive analysis that show touching concern for "our war."

College professors who haven't stuck out their heads for twenty years are again speaking of the democracy they have let lie fallow at home. This would be a very pleasant and inexpensive past-time if it were not for the advice from our men of the world. And if our own good kibitzers don't find a good domestic problem—of which there is an abundance—to worry about they shall have all of us playing with life stakes in a game that none of us want. But if they insist upon a game that resembles the war, we suggest Monopoly.

—A. S.—1939

## On Mag Merging: 1942

What is the purpose of a literary magazine? Born 98 years ago and long since failing in the performance for which it was intended, the *Carolina Magazine* has been a slow freight which we have derailed and scrapped. In its place we offer a new version that we hope fulfills its function more efficiently while it takes its place on the campus as a possible force with undiscovered possibilities.

There is one point that our "purists" and "intellectuals" seemed to overlook. Of what purpose is it to produce a magazine of the type they desire if its ultimate fate

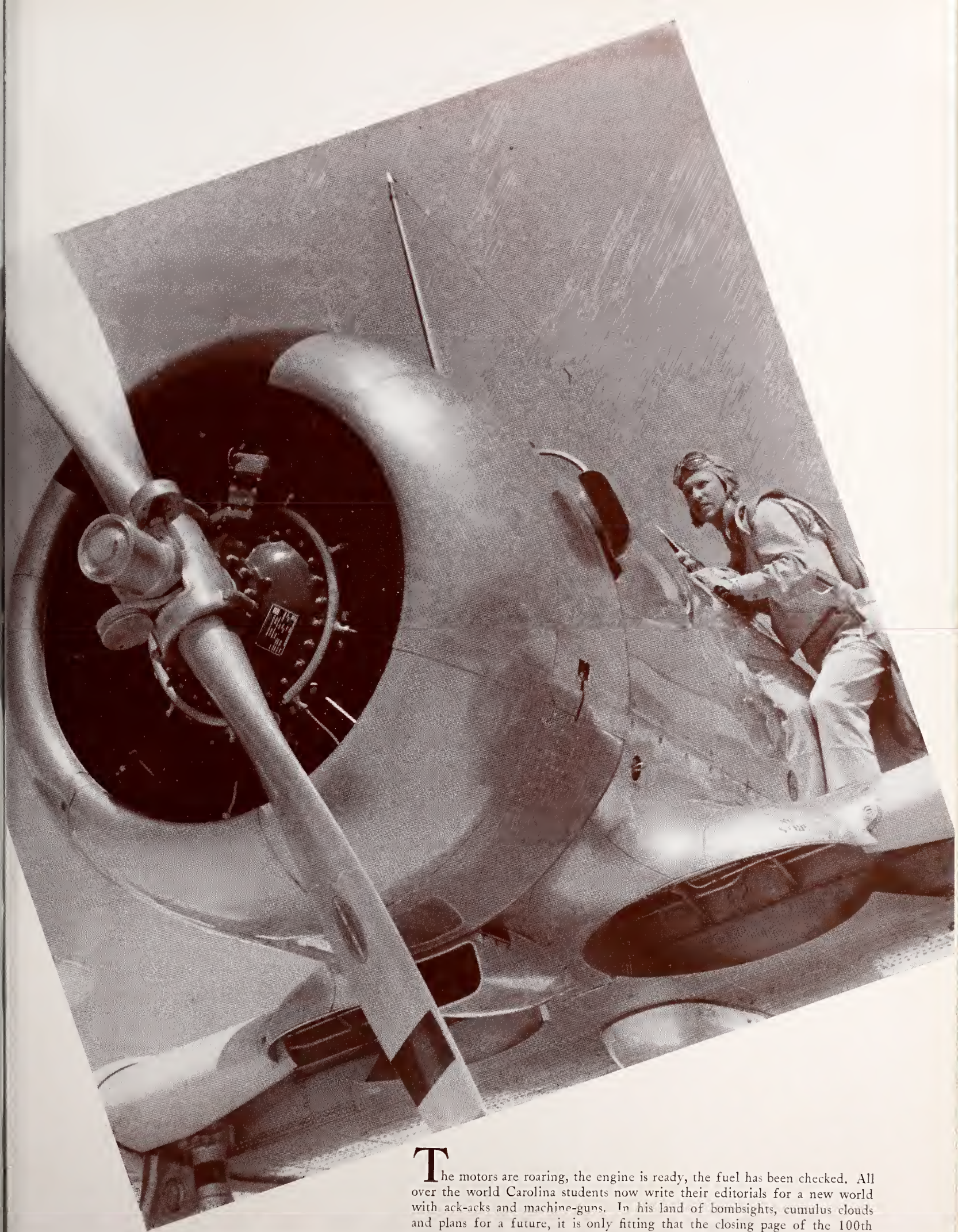
is to gather dust on dorm radiators and then to be swept out, unread, by the janitors. The answer was that the magazine was made for the 75 to 100 more "intellectual" readers: it wasn't designed for the average student. It then appeared to us that the only purpose it filled supplying ten members of an editorial board with a creative hobby and supplying an outlet for readers who would not be read.

We spoke earlier of "inducements." This is the side of the magazine that our "intellectuals" find so hard to accept, yet

paradoxically the one that best serves their aims. These inducements include anything from a picture of a beauty queen to light columns. Also, included, and for the first time, are factors trying to represent and cover the campus. The use of light articles has been attacked and labeled "sugar-coat" work, yet we defend their use for this type of writing must also find that type of outlet. Not being a "one man" magazine any longer, we must turn over to them most of the credit for our little revolution.

—H. M.—1942





**T**he motors are roaring, the engine is ready, the fuel has been checked. All over the world Carolina students now write their editorials for a new world with ack-acks and machine-guns. In his land of bombsights, cumulus clouds and plans for a future, it is only fitting that the closing page of the 100th Anniversary Issue be devoted to the Carolina students in the Service and away from the campus . . .



## SPARE ROOM

(From page 31)

shaft that'll be my room. Your room is big enough for all your junk."

"Where's Mama?"

"Oh, she's all excited about the place, goes about smiling at every room, planning where the chairs go, or where you have to hang up the pictures."

(I know. The creativeness of empty rooms and their deceptive space.) The boy and girl walked up the hall. She stopped him at the end.

"This is the parlor. She did it all herself."

He was struck silent. It was the only settled room in the entire house and it had a friendly air of being occupied. The mark of their mother was on everything.

"She got those cushions down at Woolworth—"

"Pan!"

"That's Mama, she needs me, let's go tell her you're here."

Dora and her brother walked into the smaller parlor that their mother was re-making into a bedroom. His mother smiled at him secretly, nodding her head shortly.

"Did you see the parlor?"

"Yes, Mama, it's nice—begins to feel like home already."

She smiled broadly, pleased. As long as they liked it, that's all that matters. She dismissed the pleasure of thinking about her handiwork.

"Pan, go down to the corner and get some sandwich bread and liverwurst—we've got some milk from this afternoon. The house is too upset to make any supper."

"Mama, tell Paul about the table he's going to make for my room. Tell Paul—"

"Oh hurry off—get the bread. I'll tell him." The girl hurried off with the money.

"What table's this Dora's talking about, Mama?"

"Nothing—she just thinks she's going to have this room—she was planning a little book table for you to build."

"Do you mean she's not going to have this room?"

"No."

"Mama . . ."

"I know, I know—she's planning on it. I've figured it out but Pan can't have her own room."

"Mama—everyone's got to have a room of one's own, it's the first important thing even if you haven't got anything else. She's fifteen now, she needs the privacy—"

His mother's voice was very small.

"What can I do—I *know* what it means to her, but she'll have to sleep with me. This will be the spare room. We'll rent

it to some nice girl from the Columbia University. We need it for the rent."

"Well give her my room."

"There are two of us, Pan and me, you're just one. You're the only one that can have a room to yourself."

He was silent a moment, frustrated.

"Have you told Dora yet?"

"No. You're older so I can tell you. But I have to take her aside when she gets back and explain to her. Make her understand. Son, you don't blame me?"

"No, Mama." They began unpacking silently.

She stopped.

"I'm going to fix up our room so Pan and I have somewhere to sleep tonight. Send her to me when she comes in, will you?"

"Yes, Mama."

He walked over to the desk. It was a writing desk but Dora kept her personal belongings in the bottom four drawers. He opened the top one. It contained a dress, a housecoat, and some other things. Thinking that he could help his sister, Paul pulled an empty crate over and began to empty the drawers so that it would be easier to transfer Pan's clothes to her mother's room. When he got to the third drawer, he began to vaguely regret his good intentions. Everything was folded carefully to her set personal sense of order. Then there were the intimacy of the underclothes. The pink gauziness of lingerie and the privacy of other sets of clothing. He overcame his feeling and finally finished, closing the cover of the crate to hide his sister's belongings.

Shortly after while he was working on some of the larger crates, his sister came in. She was full of packages and smiling sunnily.

"Paul—the *funniest* thing happened to me in the store. There was a little old man and he kep—"

Her eye had caught the open desk drawer. Dora dropped her bags on a chair, then was looking at the empty drawer.

" . . . Dora, I have to tell you that Mam—"

"My clothes, my clothes—" She had

looked swiftly through all the drawers. Dora looked resentfully and indignantly at him.

"Did Mama—"

"No, I did it. . . ."

"You!" Her face flushed. Betrayal from the brother.

"Yes, you see—"

"Where, where are they?"

"Right there in the crate."

She swung back the wooden cover of the box, furious, then let it fall back as she emitted a low wail. She lowered herself to the floor of the empty room, slowly shaking her head. He knelt beside her.

"Dora, I didn't mean it, it's just that—"

He explained about the spare room, how they were going to live. Towards the end she began weeping softly, trying to speak.

" . . . Paul, you don't think I care . . . why I don't care where I sleep . . . it's just that my drawers are personal . . . why, I know what Mama thought . . . but she could have told me, I don't care where she puts me . . . I really don't care . . ."

Dora began crying softly again.

"Don't cry, don't cry, Dora." He was furtive and ashamed, feeling as if he were knifing into the grief of the young girl that honorably demanded an outlet, yet fearful whether they should be heard.

"Dora, don't go on—suppose Mother should hear us—she mustn't know, please stop . . ."

They were suddenly conscious of a third person in the room and they both stopped automatically. Guilty. Their mother was framed in the silent doorway and they stared uncomprehendingly at the empty threshold. The split second of the everyday face suddenly caught inside their heads, but their eyes lying. The known, and humorously stupid blank face, the quizzical uncomprehension of an animal at something it couldn't put together. The doorway was empty. Just seen, ago, right now, this minute. Past and present. Their mother hadn't been there.

An afternoon of guilt snapped through them.

Time conveniently stopped and speed exploded in him. The white face of the sister was no longer before him. He had lurched from the room into the strange, empty house, not remembering going down the first dark hall. There was a little frenzied fear pushing itself up through his stomach. Search. Search before it was too late, knowing it was. The living room. He looked in quickly, watching it slowly turn into an empty bedroom—empty too, there had been no one in the living room. He saw both rooms before him, the double image superimposed like a bad camera negative. Memory of the empty first, the silly curtains blowing in the breeze, the orderly room with the Chinese cushions on the sofa.







Both rooms yesterday, yet one movement ago. The head tricked him. Nothing in the rooms except that they were empty.

With absent surprise, Paul realized he had traveled the long length of the hall, had now reached the end. Then it hit him, and he was all lassitude, knowing. The kitchen. The focus of her life. He took the remaining two steps wearily and leaned without strength against the doorway. Thirty seconds had passed since the moment and now on the kitchen threshold, time began slowly again. Remorse was absent in his resignation, he knew without augury the future event and events that would hold the three of them to the city. It seemed he had seen it in another time, yet it had never existed within him up to the moment. All reduced to a waste and finality. The dim kitchen seemed to become a church, diminishing in proportions. Following the meagre light that entered through the dirty, paint-speckled panes, he saw the clotheslines of sheets hanging reverently in the still air of the ventilator shaft. He entered slowly with sacrilegious tread. Suddenly, his face contorted in a grimace. There was a little girl crying in the kitchen.

She had hidden herself in the darkest corner of the kitchen, behind the greasy stove. Like children who, at sorrow, instinctively turn to the mother's lap, the

shoulder of security of the father, this child with a woman's face had blindly and instinctively sought the bleak protection and privacy of stove and kitchen. Back bent over, muffling the broken sobs, it was a figure that tried, by silence and obscurity, to conceal its grief from the house. It huddles itself in the dark corner, propped up like a shapeless sack, without strength, against the support of the edge of the stove. The back and shoulders hid the misery, both arms to the face, one hiding the flooded eyes, and a fist deadening the catching cries in the throat.

An enormous pity stitched him at the sight of the ignominious and controlled silence of the grief, the torn paroxysms of sobs. The low and bruised head, and the glory struck therefrom. Never, never, never.

"Mama—"

The back of the head and shoulders recoiled as if struck, then choking, buried itself against the wall, with the added shame of ignoble discovery.

The boy took her shoulders, but they were filled with sudden and unbelievable strength. And now as he held her figure, it still concealed its face, the glugged, choking sobs gently jerking both of them. He made inadequate reassuring explanations, incoherent words of falsely-sounding condolences, but nothing could assuage the de-

struction and grief that shook the foundations and life of the creature in his arms. He realized suddenly that nothing he could say or do would touch her, an invincible wall shut him out completely and made him a stranger. And realizing this he held her closer trying physically to bring them together and make the grief their own, but there was still something between. With a gray, hopeless despair in him, he let the dead weight of the figure slip from him slowly to the linoleum floor of the kitchen. The last thing in his head was the sprawled out black dress, the meaningless and immodest puppet's leg revealed, the heavily veined and blue varicosed dead white flesh of a formless naked leg. He was all fear hearing the strangulating sounds of the choking sobs. Dora, he thought.

"Help me, help me—I can't stop her, can't do anythin—"

They were back in the kitchen, he watching Dora beside his mother on the floor, his sister making little whimpering sounds and whispers, her face continuous with a warm stream of tears. What he had been unable to do, was possible for the younger girl. Bound by their own sex, the two women clung together in their grief, the young girl talking softly to the older woman whose sobs began to abate.

"I can't alone—"

"I know Mama, I know—don't talk . . ."



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A fresh convulsion shook the woman and subsided in hiccoughs of caught breath.

"I try to do the best I can for you . . . can't help if—"

"I know Mama—don't talk, don't talk . . ."

He looked away, trying not to hear.

A silence filled the kitchen, they had stopped. His mother and sister were still on the floor and Dora was helping the older woman to rise. The mother caught the empty and serious gaze of her son momentarily, then looked down with shame. No more my children now.

As she stood upright, leaning for support on Dora, a low sigh of weariness escaped her. She had suddenly grown old and the boy wondered how he hadn't noticed that many gray hairs before. The weariness of a lifetime filled her face and at this, it seemed that Paul lost one of the experiences of childhood. Patience left him, the patience of youth, the patience of the long years. And with this came the fear of Death, and particularly of death without readiness, death before time, and purpose too late. It seemed that he would thereafter be haunted by the swift passage of months and the certainty of success, but on the day after.

She leaned against the sink, her eyes filled with the sad wisdom of experience and living. She looked ahead at nothing.

"Oh my Mama . . ." the woman murmured, more as a prayer than the silent whispered phrase it was.

Yes, he thought, you too a child. We all seek for fathers, even the long dead and forgotten ones. Was she always there when the trouble came, was there a shoulder, a roof and walls? Now I know how it is without fathers and I have lost mine here in this kitchen. We were never born till now.

He stumbled out of the kitchen and looked down the narrow, dark vestibule.

His mother was speaking to Dora and he heard.

" . . . Paul must be feeling badly . . ."

The boy walked into the living room and switched on the light. It was night. He sat there alone, feeling the minutes eddy around him. The book was still on the sofa where he had dropped it when he had come in.

The imagery of Aeschylus? The high-sounding bombast of an un-understanding mortal talking with Gods? Homer and his "wine-dark" sea? No. He began to value the close-to-home Euripides and his power.

Dora was at the door.

"I'm taking Mama for a walk to get some air."

"Is she all right?"

"Yes, she's all right."

"Can I do anything?"

"No, everything's O. K. now, Paul."

She turned to go.

"Paul—"

He looked at her.

"Put out the light when you're through—I think they have the same rates in the city. You know how Mother feels when she finds lights burning."

"Goodbye."

The door slammed down the hall. Paul turned out the lamp. Now all the lights in the house are out, he thought. He sat there in the dark. A faint breeze rippled the curtains in the window, and he saw it gently stir the tassels of the Chinese cushion on the sofa.

## SPRING

(From page 19)

swered something about seeking the truth . . . seeking the truth being the supposed goal of the philosopher. Mr. Scott had made a brief reply that the truth was too elusive a thing to be found in a Philosophy class. Then, as though the subject interested him no longer, Scott turned to one side and got into a shining new sedan parked beside the curb. It was a Ford. George had walked on then with a mingled sensation of bitterness and disgust. Even Scott thought he had the answer. He suddenly remembered Scott had a baby now and he concluded that such things as baby food and teddy bears had become more interesting to Scott than the truth.

Such were his thoughts as he walked earlier in the afternoon far from the campus. He had at last reached and climbed up the brown stubble side of the great hill known as Black's. Black's Hill stood almost in the center of a trough-like valley, the sides of which were other hills, nearly as high.

"It's going to rain," he thought as he stood on the top of the hill.

Voices! Voices, clear and reverberating, sounded from the opposite side of the hill. A man laughed free, hearty, and loud. Someone was coming up the hill along the plowed field. He could hear two voices. George raised himself on one elbow. They were coming toward him. No, they were going toward an apple tree that stood in all its Spring glory, a dozen yards from where he lay, and he could watch them clearly as they strolled along. They came nearer to him and passed by without seeing him. The girl's face was flushed and a smile was on her lips. The boy was eager, happy and carefree in every movement.

George turned away from the couple and lay resting for a moment upon his other elbow. A sudden, unaccountable happiness took possession of him. He stumbled to his feet and strode back the way he had come.

"I swear to God!" he exclaimed, "I swear."

## GOVERNORS

(From page 11)

perturbed soul had not deceived him; the pitcher of toddy was gone!

He immediately awakened his host who cautiously inquired, "What is the matter?"

"Don't you see what is the matter?" said the guest looking indignantly at the piggin and the gourd.

"Indeed, I see nothing wrong," said the now distressed host. "Please tell me what is the matter, my dear Governor."

"The devil you say! Nothing wrong indeed! I go to sleep with a pitcher of toddy before me; I wake up and find a piggin of spring water and the Governor of South Carolina tells me that in his own house he sees nothing wrong with that! Well, well! All I have to say, sir," said the Governor of North Carolina rising to his feet with a very great but unsteady dignity, "is that it is a d—d long time between drinks."

"Oh," said the Governor of South Carolina as the situation flashed on him, "I see. That's Betsy Jane. She means stop and we're done for today. I am sorry I can't bring that pitcher back. I humbly beg your pardon, Governor; but maybe you know how it is yourself."

And that's how it came about. Through-out all that Southland tradition has wickedly kept alive the saying of the Governor of North Carolina as a convenient mode of jogging the memory or of stimulating the lagging hospitality of a host, but has failed to embalm in human memory the righteous providence and wifely virtue of Betsy Jane, the spouse of the Governor of South Carolina.

For nigh on into a hundred years the saying has been a faithful one and worthy of all acceptance in our country; that is to say, it has been faithfully repeated all that time and everything offered in response thereto has been universally accepted, either straight or with sugar.

## CREEDY

(From page 33)

February '39, saw a return to the theme issue, this time on the Negro. Creedy stated: "*The problem is still to be solved. And it is to the South . . . that the nation may look for a solution to this long-time phenomenon of race—a solution not built along the substantial lines of Adolph Hitler and his fellow maniacs.*"

Allen J. Greene who succeeded Creedy in the April issue quoted a student, who upon hearing that Creedy had resigned, remarked, "*No matter what you say about John Creedy, he certainly brought the Magazine out of the dormitory stores.*"

Actually it was the student body and not the magazine which Creedy brought out of the stores.





## SLAVES

(From page 27)

fords was. He's old—I won't kill him." Ed Grant was gone.

Old Willoughby Cranford closed his eyes and rubbed his hand across them. (Lost my temper. Anyhow, that's settled.) Jane stooped over like a rusty automaton and picked the broken china from the floor.

The old man was vaguely embarrassed by her grief. "Don't worry over that, Jane. You'll soon see that I did right. There's nobody in this town fit for a Cranford to take up with."

The girl crouched as if beaten. An unctuous clearing of the throat. "After all, my dear, you owe me something. I gladly took you in and treated you like a daughter, gave you a good home—so shouldn't you have some respect for my wishes? Just think, you might have had a child by him and destroyed the purity of the Cranford blood. I acted for the best. Now go to your room and try to get over this foolishness."

"Yes—"

Jane parted the frilled curtains of her window. Her tears were gone now, her face an expressionless mask. She could see the zigzag burnt-orange ruttness of Oak street, the squat shape of a Ford standing at the curb, the projecting eaves of the store on the corner. (Ed's store—but he's gone. He'll pass me on the street, not speaking. It hurts, God.) She could see a splayed, quicksilver puddle on the pavement, two children gravely sailing twig boats. (I might have had a child by him. He bruised me—my uncle. What can I do to bruise him worse?) Mammy Linda was washing clothes in the back yard; Joe stood waiting to hang them, his lithe body drooping languidly. She sang "washed in the blood of the lamb." (Mammy Linda, Jane and me—slaves. I'm no better. I belong there.)

With the passing of minutes Mammy Linda left and Joe lazily pegged up the clothes. Jane watched him—her fellow slave. The larva of an idea squirmed in her mind. (Hurt Uncle Will; twist his soul. That damn Cranford pride.) She pushed the heavy blinds apart.

By now, it is apparent what author Fowler means by "the larva of an idea"—it is the theme of miscegenation on which the whole story rests and which the author interjects, too forcibly for the plot, into the character Jane's mind. As literary motivation for the miscegenation theme, Fowler supplies the girl's bitter stream-of-consciousness toward her uncle and her device of "destroying" the "purity of the Cranford blood."

The final rudiments of plot are a skeleton on which Fowler throws his theme. In synopsis, the character calls the negro

and with the incentive of a "job in Richmond, escape and money" drives her bargain of vengeance, although he is at first terrified. Critics say that the plot of the story is too powerful for the structure, another way of saying that this ending (where the offense was given) is totally unprepared for. In this they are correct. The ending is obviously added to give the reader a surprise-shock. If the author and editor succeeded in their intention, we hardly see why they should have run to cover behind the skirts of freedom of the press.

Actually it has very little to do with freedom of the press and contains nothing to disturb the person of understanding. Paul Green's "White Dresses" in 1924 had a double suggestion of miscegenation, inoffensively, but plainly given. No one was tried before the student council.

"Slaves" ends with the following lines of understatement so common to the "slice-

of-life" and New Yorker school of writing:

She cautiously reclosed the blinds. (Goodbye, Ed. Slaves—together.) Her feet dragged through the bristling carpet.

## WOMEN

(From page 9)

forth the holy flame from Freedom's fires and urged on husband, brother, son and lover to dare and die for freedom.

We know that it was essential for the civilization of the XIXth century that mankind should gain knowledge, should pour deep into the hidden mysteries of nature and science. What cheered the lonely midnight hours when with the lamp's last flickering glimmer the weary student pored over his dusty tomes with eager knowledge for the knowledge therein? The sister's hand, the mute appeal from a loved one's eye, the wife's caress and the mother's blessing have been to the student of other ages the same incentives to high and noble exertion that they are to us.

Woman has ever been ready to lend her aid to whatever would advance the progress of knowledge, whether 'twas the queen pawning her jewels to fit out an expedition for the needy Columbus to sail the unknown Western Seas and mark the road for coming ages; or whether in lower life 'twas the daughter's loving hand that gave to the world the sublime strains of "Paradise Lost," or measured with a Herschell the "Midnight suns that circle through limitless space."

In whatever field we look, on whatever page of history we gaze, whatever story we hear of man's bravery and daring, goodness or glory—there we see, brilliantly shining, the beauteous star of woman's influence making bright the spot where man's good deeds are wrought, and giving a new and glorious incentive to the forward march of a complete and universal civilization.

Let us no longer then cease to give woman her just meed of praise when we boast of our civilization. Her hand has borne a fair share of the toil. Her brain has planned many of the successful campaigns against ignorance and vice. Her example has ever been the noblest, and her own sweet self, as she has made herself, is the grandest result of this grand civilization. And may we each one find, in future life, that priceless treasure, a wife in whom the vast knowledge of the XIXth century can find no flaw. One who will aid us in making ourselves ready for the higher developments of what another grander century will bring—one which when time shall be no more, will be ready with us to seek the higher, purer, nobler civilization that Eternity brings.

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## RUSSIA

(From page 22)

it was inevitable that she should become hysterical, mad, insane with the joy of her new-found freedom. It is a natural law of heredity that the child of unhappiness and disease should be deformed. Would you blame the child? No! There is no blame but the ignorance which man has not yet outgrown. The Old Regime dies hard. Always, in the history of a people, it has been attacked, slowly torn down, and cast into the fire. The Russian people are in the crucible. The good must come out; the ill will be consumed. This is a law which has never failed. Will it fail now?

And yet, Russia is not as black, or, to use the new expression, as *red*, as she is painted. Russian Bolshevism is not anarchy. The Soviet government conducts neither an inquisition nor an orgy of murdering. We are fed with lies. The "Truth About Russia" that we see in our newspapers is true only of certain sections, for which the government is not directly responsible. There have been riots in the United States also.

The Chief of the American Expeditionary Force, which recently evacuated Siberia, says:

"Bolshevism is a word that is sadly misconstrued in the United States. At the mention of a Bolshevik, the people instantly conjure up a mental picture of a frowzy anarchist, with a bomb in one hand and a torch in the other. But the Bolsheviks in Russia are working for peace and the good of the country. In my belief they are trying to be eminently fair and just to the people. They have deplored the murder and bloodshed which took place before they first came into power, and are doing everything possible to stamp this out."

Without explanation or apology, this is offered as yet another version of the "Truth About Russia."

The Soviet system is the laughing-stock of the world. So was democracy in the eighteenth century. It is new, different, therefore, wrong, says the old regime. But enlightened thought does not thus jump at conclusions. Maybe; but wait says intelligence, and draw conclusions after all the facts have been presented. If we are content with our democracy; if we have found the perfect government, let us keep it. If Russia finds the Soviet best suited to her needs, let us congratulate her.

Who knows what the future holds in store? Out of Russia, poor, starved, barren, war-riddled Russia may yet come the salvation of the world. Her illiterate, lowly people have a vision. The path they pursue may lead to chaos; there is a chance that it leads to the Promised Land.

## SPAIN

(From page 30)

forgotten Tom, and their keen interest in social problems is an enduring monument to him.

In 1937 Tom left Chapel Hill and spent his time in various cities studying the labor movement and taking part in it, always, as was his habit, working unobtrusively, content to pass the glory if the work got done. The C. I. O. picked him as a good man for the National Maritime Union—seamen despise sissies—and his last job in America, before leaving for Spain, was with that organization.

\* \* \*

The Abraham Lincoln, or the Fifth International Brigade, as it was formally called, left New York in January, 1938. Congressman Dies resented the use of Abraham Lincoln as a designation, but that was because Dies had forgotten the Gettysburg address with its "government of the people, for the people, and by the people." Tom was in the scrap from the beginning. During the summer his name was mentioned as one of those fighting along the Ebro River. When his outfit was bested by superior numbers, he was one of the half-dozen who got back by swimming the river under fire. It was at about that time that he wrote a friend of mine, telling him of how he and a pal had discussed interpretative dancing and the new theatre, punctuating their remarks with firing at the enemy.

\* \* \*

"No doubt you've read about our great victory in crossing the river and plowing deep through Fascist territory. It was quite a job and executed beautifully—we experienced little difficulty. I say little, now, because I am becoming an old-timer; possibly if it was my first time I would have reason to think it was tough. . . . Our battalion did a swell job—you know Americans! What the hell do we wait for; let's go on and take the damned thing! . . . We are now in reserve position, and don't know what's what. It looks as if diplomacy abroad suffered a blow. We read the foreign news as anxiously and eagerly as the war news. All day I have been watching dog-fights in the air; so far I have seen three planes come down in flames. All the occupants were of German nationality."

Occasionally he thought of home and his letters struck a nostalgic note: "The last time I saw your face was November 14, 1936, right at the N.C.-Duke game, almost two years ago."

He would even kid me about professors: ". . . a few professors wormed their way into the Lincoln battalion and, by god, turned out to be good soldiers, although they were a decided pain in the beginning;

they just couldn't see a lot of things. I remember in training, when I was editor of our company "Wall Paper," two of them offered their services, but their ideas and mine just didn't click. They wanted articles, literary, 'well-written,' according to those silly rules we all learn in school. . . ."

In his last letter he wrote some impressive things: "The war is quite different from what I have seen in the Hollywood movies; it takes a guy a few days to get used to things. The worst from the point of breaking a guy's morale is the aviation. Before they drop their load, they circle overhead for quite a while, and everyone goes nuts from the suspense. Then, when the—flies, it is hell. Plenty die from concussion. The only sensible thing to do is to lie flat on the ground, with the mouth open and the body relaxed; it helps if it isn't a direct hit. Their artillery is wicked; all Nazis run it and they can lay down a barrage a hundred square feet at a time in less than ten seconds—four guns barking; always shooting in squares."

"May see you when the war is over," were the words which ended his last letter, "unless my name is on some bullet. *Salud.*"

His name was on a bullet. The lines in the hometown paper tell the story: "*Official notification of the death of Thomas Joseph O'Flaherty while fighting for the Loyalist forces at the defence of Madrid, September 12, 1938, reached here today. Survivors of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade reported that he died in action.*"

He died at Sierra Caballa when struck by a raking machine-gun fire. The incident occurred within four days of the withdrawal of the Brigade from that sector. Eye-witnesses reported that O'Flaherty volunteered, in his capacity as scout, to stage a foray on a machine-gun nest which was harrassing the line. He blew up the nest, but lost his life in the effort.

## HOOTCH

(From page 25)

them. Soon they come out with bulging pockets, and that exotic, blissful, and contented look on their faces that spells cheer. This rye is shipped from Cuba, and is only \$12.00 a quart.

We will not turn our attention to the "sticks," where cruder forms of handling liquor are used. This is the famous moonshine district, so celebrated in prose and poetry. The far-famed home of men who drink a quart for an "eye opener" every morning. In the eastern part of the State these rural districts present a peaceful scene. The stills are located in marshes and thickets, off the beaten paths. Usually they run in the night, and the news is spread around the vicinity. Next day those

(See HOOTCH, page 44)



## XMAS

(From page 10)

day," said Brooke in amazement. "I know it, Jim, but I am," was his answer.

When he reached Richmond and drove down Main Street to the old Exchange Hotel, it was Christmas Eve, and his past three years of exile seemed a dream. In the office there were several familiar faces but no one knew him. Surely he knew that tall slim figure standing at the window. Yes, it must be Page, and he walked up to him with outstretched hand. "Jack Traverse! Is it really you, Jack?" and they sit down to talk.

Page will not hear of Jack's leaving him and remembers a dance he must attend. Miss Hunt, the belle of the season, was to be there. Did Jack remember Agnes Hunt? Oh, yes! slightly. Will he go? Yes, if he will meet any of his old friends.

They arrived while the dance is at its height and Jack is immediately surrounded by a delighted crown of friends. In a few minutes Page exclaims: "There is Miss Hunt at last my boy, and now come right on and speak to her. You used to know her and I'm sure she will recognize you." Yes, there she stands across the room; fairer than ever, but it was the same sweet face that dwelt with him in all his wandering, and which made his bare lodgings in Placer City gleam like a palace.

He follows Page without a word and in a few moments his eyes are looking into hers. Page makes a few useless remarks and then leaves them. "I came East only to see you, Agnes," says Jack, "It was dangerous, I know, but I couldn't help it. God knows I have endured enough pain to merit one short hour of happiness. Then I was a boy without a cent and without character. Now it is different. I have worked for independence and I have won it. I am not ashamed of my new life where honor and courage pass for their true value. I know I am not worthy of the happiness I seek but I am getting weary and faint-hearted with the struggle against fate. I could not then ask for your love but now I may. Will you take me?"

A week later Dutch Bill had again jumped Jack's claim in Placer City but the latest reports say that Jack is holding his new claim in the East against all comers.

## SHADOW

(From page 13)

On the road Severn told me the story of his life since the correspondence ceased. Two years after leaving Harvard he had begun to prepare himself for the ministry.

But during the summer of the following year he made a visit to an uncle who lived in South Carolina. While here through mere curiosity he rode out into the country one night, in the company of a party of young people, to witness a revival of the negroes in the neighborhood. The experience was a revelation for him. Under the leadership of the native preacher what was intended for a religious service became an orgy, and the excited negroes leaped and danced about the church in a frenzy of madness, just as their ancestors had done hundreds of years before in the jungles of Africa. The other members of the party laughed at the affair, which was a common occurrence to them and treated it as a good jest. But with Severn it was different. To him, with his Puritan ideas of decency and orthodoxy, the scene was revolting in the extreme. For a week he pondered over the matter; at the end of that time his mind was made up—he would become a missionary to the savages of America.

In the course of his work he became acquainted with a wealthy planter whose daughter had just graduated from a New York college. He met the girl at dinner and was very impressed by her. She had been a gay belle and was unaccustomed to the society of persons with a real purpose in life. The deep earnestness of the young missionary piqued her curiosity.

He visited her frequently and treated her tenderly—with kindness and respect. In a short time he learned to love her.

A half year later the wedding took place, and Severn and his wife moved to a cottage near his plantation. It was to this cottage that we were now going.

We had completed perhaps ten miles of our journey, and were descending a slight declivity, seemingly toward some water course, when Severn called my attention to some small structure standing back from the road in the forest.

"There," said he, "that is one of my churches."

I turned and examined it more closely. It was an unpretentious log building without paint or ornament of any kind.

"I should think you would have no need to exhort your congregation to humility in such a structure," I said, and we passed on.

He had scarce uttered the words when a cry, hoarse and deep, as of some tortured beast, smote the air and caused a little shudder of fear to pass over our horses. We paused to listen. For thirty seconds all

was silent, and we could hear the low murmur of the river. Then again, like the rage of an infuriated beast, came that awful cry. Severn paused till it was repeated again and then, without a word, dashed away toward the light, the direction from which it had proceeded. I followed as fast as I could and came upon the most revolting scene of my life.

A mob of about fifty persons were gathered in a circle about an open space in the forest. In the center of the circle was a fire made of dry twigs and limbs, and removed by a few inches from the fire was a stake to which was chained a most brutal and savage looking negro whose naked skin was slowly creeping from the action of the fire. Every few minutes one of the mob dipped oil from a vessel which sat near and poured it on the burning body, and as the flames leaped and curled upward over the black hide the miserable wretch uttered the hideous cries that had startled us at the bridge.

Before I had time to grasp the meaning of the horrible scene before me, Severn forced his way through the circle and began pleading for the negro's life. A low murmur passed through the mob at first. Then they heard him in deep silence; but the firm determined faces bore no evidence of mercy or of pity. Severn saw this and became almost frantic in his appeal. Again the murmur passed from lip to lip, and a muscular man stepped out from the circle and laid a hand on Severn's arm.

"Have you been home tonight?" he enquired.

"No; why do you ask?" said Severn quickly.

"You had better go,—this is your business, he said, indicating the burning negro with a gesture, "but we will finish it."

"My God,—Eva! it can't be!" Severn looked at the man imploringly.

For reply, he led him to his horse, and said once more: "Go; we will finish it for you."

The words went to Severn's heart like a knife. He sat like marble in his saddle for a moment as if dazed by the shock; then dashed away up the road. I followed him and we rode furiously until we came to a vine-covered cottage. Then Severn dismounted and passed inside. I remained behind to secure the horses, and then followed him.

A lamp burned dimly in the center of the room; in one corner a group of women conversed in low whispers; in another lay Severn's wife. The doctor rose from the bed and came forward, and Severn looked his question without asking it.

"No hope—the shock has killed her. May God help you!" The doctor wrung his hand and passed out of the room.

I went forward to offer some word of sympathy, but Severn waved me back, and





went and bent over his wife.

He turned to me with perfect calmness and answered: "It was a fine lynching—I would go miles to see such another."

I followed and tried to engage him in conversation; but he remained dumb to all my advances, and without a word from him we passed through the swamp, crossed the river, and began the ascent of the slope to the other side. At the little church near the top we dismounted, and we went in and began to ring the bell.

Soon the negroes who lived near began to assemble. Then they came breathless and half-dressed, their eyes bulging from their sockets with wonder and excitement. Severn greeted each one by his name; his voice was calm and he betrayed not the slightest emotion. In half an hour there were twenty or thirty of them there, conversing in excited whispers.

Severn mounted the rough board pulpit on which a lamp and a Bible were placed. He lighted the lamp and laid his hand on the Bible.

"I have called you here," he began, "to tell you that I have deceived you. I have taught you that in this book you have the word of eternal life, that there is a God in Heaven who judges your actions, who will reward the good and punish the wicked. But I have deceived you. There is no God, and no hell except that of this earth."

He left the church amid a chorus of exclamations from the horrified negroes, and mounting his horse rode once more toward the river. I rode by his side, but neither of us spoke till we came to the bridge. Here he turned to me abruptly,—and extending his arm, said:

"Feel my pulse,—am I feverish?"

I counted his heart action; it was perfectly normal.

"You seem to be in the best of health," I replied.

"Do I look like a madman?" he asked quietly.

"Certainly not," I answered wonderingly, and he continued:

"I am glad that you can bear witness to my health and sanity, for I am determined on a course that might well cause you to doubt both. You were perhaps surprised and shocked by my statement just now, but I made it with the utmost deliberation, and I repeat it here: There is no God, no heaven, no hell except of this earth, and the chief end of man is this:—"

Before I could stop him he had cast his feet loose from the stirrups and was standing on the rail of the bridge.

"Severn, in God's name, don't!" I cried.

But he only laughed a little bitter laugh, and dropped into the foul water below.

\* \* \*

Allan was silent. A black form shuffles by, jostling me with his elbow and passed on with a muttered apology. It was only one of the thousands of such that nightly

walk the streets of Charleston; but my three companions stood looking at him till he was swallowed up in the darkness—and the look on their faces was not too good.

## JUDASES

(From page 14)

Creek and wanted someone to show him down to Shelton Laurel. Old Baxter got his hat and went with him.

"Stranger," he suddenly inquired, "hev you evah been in Brush Hollow afore?"

"No, never before," was the quick answer.

"I think I can find the way now," said the stranger. "But before I go, there is something I'd like to say to you, "pulling his hat down lower. "I have learned that there was a young man in this neighborhood a few months ago who did your family a great wrong."

The old man grasped his arm in a grip of steel.

"Ef you know whareabouts he is, you'd better tell."

"He's gone away—across the sea," nervously. "But he told me to give you this if I should ever see you. He regretted what he'd done and wanted to make amends to you." With that he drew a small bag from beneath his coat. "Here, he sent you this."

"No! No! I'll take nothing but that thar d—d skunk's life, an' that thar I'm gonna have, ef—"

"But look you. It's enough to make you rich for life."

He ran his hand into the bag and took out a few pieces of gold. They glittered in the moonlight, and old Baxter gazed at them fascinated. The bag was pushed suddenly into his trembling hands, and the stranger disappeared down the mountain. In a ravine he stopped and took off his false beard, laughing sadly to himself.

His wife was still in bed when he reached the cabin, her face drawn and haggard with pain. He must have noticed it, for he asked her if there was anything he could do.

"Nothin', Samu'l," she answered, turning over with a groan.

"Samu'l! Samu'l!"

"What d'ye want?"

"I must have a doctor, or—or—," her voice died away in a moan.

He got up quickly and struck a light.

"Now, Sally, they ain't nary bit o' use fer a doctor. Ye'll be lots better in the mornin'. An', besides, they ain't nary cent to pay him with."

"Yes, yes, I forgot."

He arose at dawn and went up the mountain to the laurel bush. Near night he returned. The cabin was cold and cheerless. As he entered old Sally called weakly:

"Samu'l, I must hev a doctor. I'll pay 'im somehow."

He was impatient.

"They ain't a cent o' money, I tell you, Sally. An' he won't come, a-knowin' he won't git no pay. Ye'll be well in a leetle while. The spell in Janiwery wuz jest as bad, an' ye come around all right."

While he was preparing supper, she asked for the Bible. Although he had forbade her reading it, the look on her face was so appalling that he could not refuse her. Propping her up in bed, he put the book in her hands and went back to his cooking.

"Hit sez as how a camel kin go through a needle's eye easier'n a rich man kin git into heaven. I tell you, Samu'l, they's many a man what loves his money in this here world better'n anything else iz a-goin' to wish he'd a-never a-seen hit in thuther. God's got his fire an' brimstine savin' up fer 'em."

"Well, we'uns ain't rich, air we, Sally?" he burst out.

In a low, halting voice she read the last hours of the Master—the story of his agony in the garden, His betrayal by Judas, and the end on the cross. He listened breathlessly. The whole scene rose up before him as vividly as if he had been looking at it. He saw the tears of Jesus, the sleeping disciples, the figure of the traitor Judas as he stole along, leading the soldiers to the garden. He saw him a big, bearded cruel man. And as he went before the soldiers he clutched a bag of money in his hand, a hand big and knotty like his own. Thirty pieces of money.

With a cry the old basket-maker stumbled into the night. Little Joe rose up from the path to follow, but he whirled upon him with a kick that sent him whimpering away into the darkness. Then he set off up the hollow like a madman.

The moon gave but dim light through the fringe of clouds that had begun to overspread the sky. A low rumble of thunder boomed in the west and soon it began to rain. He paid no attention to the oncoming storm, but lashed on through the bushes without slackening his pace. A Judas! A Judas! He could not get away from it. The tree-toads began to sing.

"Judas! Judas! Judas!" they called mockingly.

The door of the cabin was open, just as he had left it in his flight. The soft gray of the morning filled the room with a half-twilight. His wife was still sleeping, the Bible in her arms. With a sob in his throat, he bent over her:

"Sally, I bin a Judas! I—"

As he moved the pillow she sagged forward to the floor.

She had been dead for many hours.

After a search that lasted several days, they found him at the foot of a precipice beside the creek. In one mangled hand he clasped a bag of gold. As they drew near the body, a little emaciated dog stood up on three legs and whined piteously.





## STORM

(From page 24)

with plenty of energy, and their apparent care-free air is the result of a more rational view point. He discovers that the negroes are kindly and wisely handled, are contented with their position for the most part, and rarely give trouble.

Practically all the Northerners who have come to Carolina agree that their first impressions of Chapel Hill, and the University were very discouraging, and that they were so disgruntled with everything in general that they longed to pack up and leave for home. To begin with, the last leg of the journey of the Carrboro-University line seemed to be taking the weary Yank to the end of the earth, and scenery along that route was none too inspiring. The town of Carrboro with its mud, "niggers," shabby stores and dwellings, and general unwholesome atmosphere further depressed him to the nth degree. He found Chapel Hill to be more pleasant, but hopelessly small and remote from civilization.

There are at present approximately thirty-four Northerners at the University. It is doubtful if this number ever increases to any great extent, for Carolina is essentially for the boys of the "Old North State."

## BOUNCED

(From page 28)

The man who says he must think what he says,

The man who says all our secrecy stinks,

Don't worry, we'll get him, and no denial;

I move we convict him without any trial.

Hear! Hear!

(Suddenly BILL McBIECE, the lad who's causing all the trouble, bursts into the room.)

I demand the right to be heard!  
You can't throw me out without a word!

Such insolence!

Please, don't let's have a scene!

Quiet! Let's be generous, and forgive him this rout;  
Since he's already here, let's hear him out.

Thanks a lot. You are too kind  
Maybe in a minute or so you'll change your mind.

The first thing I want to say  
Is this: you may be honest as night and day  
You may be impartial, unbiased, and fair,

But if you keep it a secret, how do we know you're on the square?

You say you want to protect each student—

Well that's all right; that's very prudent,  
But only in an obvious case.

Whenever it's at all doubtful, the students should be brought face to face

With all the facts in a complete report  
Where no spectators or reporters could go!

Now here's my only other complaint—  
Are you fellows ruling without any restraint?

You say you rule by the "gentlemen's code,"

The students are taking their government back.

And everything from personal retribution to prostitution.

I mean it! We want to know where we stand!

Can we stand on our heads? Can we drink? Can we smoke? Can we play in a band?

Do we have any freedom? Can we talk during class?

Which of these things can a "gentleman" do?

Or what does a gentleman mean to you?  
What makes you think you know what a gentleman is?

Does cheap politicking and vote-getting get you this?

(BILL is hustled out of the room. Then a host of choiring angels come down and light on the shoulders of each of the apostles of sweetness and light and begin to play their Alma Mater.)

And yet he wasn't altogether wrong . . .  
Didn't you say Dig, you were shooting craps . . .

When you saw that student shooting craps?

Well . . . but . . .

You said it all right as well you know;  
You're a gambler all right and you've got to go!

Well . . . but . . .

So honest yourself . . . Scotch on your shelf?

Well maybe it was, but you Fig there—  
I saw you cheating at solitaire

And you, Mr. Hig. What were you doing in the arboretum? What's your reply?  
You scoundrels are not a bit purer than I!  
I'm not a single bit blacker than you—  
If I get thrown out you'll go too.

Out you go! You're expelled!  
Through the window! Go to hell!  
Not a cent! Broke a rule!  
Not a gent! Out of school!

## WOLFE

(From page 12)

### ACT II

#### SCENE I

Same as before. Enter three Durham belles who we shall call Mary, Kate, and Minnie, mainly because those are their names.

Minnie (in consternation)—O Gawd, girls, look at the mud!

Kate—It's really quite obtuse of the authorities to permit these intolerable conditions.

Mary—I should worry; mine are silk.

### ACT III

Same as before. Enter John Q. Asphalt, a scheming contractor and his co-conspirator, Nemesis, the steam shovel. Asphalt is a man with a fat, hog-like face, a derby hat and prematurely grey eyes. No self-respecting playwright ever describes Nemesis.

Nemesis—When shall we two meet again. In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

Asphalt—Preferably in rain.

#### SCENE II

Enter chorus of natives singing the native song of lamentation. Chorus:

We never get to see the neighbors,  
Since they ripped up all our streets, be-jabbers,

And it's us that's telling yo' we're sorry.

(In the distance can be heard the hoarse, grating chuckle of Nemesis, followed by the high falsetto cackle of Asphalt.)

#### SCENE III

Forty-seven years have elapsed. During this time the audience gets tired of waiting and goes out. History and Father Time make their first appearance; they come in together and converse.

Father Time—I'm gittin' tired of waitin'.

History—It took me twenty-seven years to write a history of the war.

Father Time (fiercely)—I'm an old man an' I deserve some consideration. It's all the fault of that young scoundrel there (he shakes his fist at Nemesis whose back is turned).

History—Let's fix him.

Time—Don (he pulls his trusty Smith and Wesson from his pocket. His gun coughs and spits fire.

Chorus—  
From the muddy lands with which our feet were shackled,  
To this freedom, with hope's brightest lamp imbued,

Is the farthest cry that ever crewed.  
Yea, since the corkscrew's lost its pull  
Let's open up a can of Bull.

(The natives scream with delight. They are still screaming as)

THE CURTAIN FALLS





## BUCCANEER

(From page 28)

he was giving his own individual campus the type of publication "that it wanted." The campuses, torn between purist forms of completely literary and completely "humor" publications, found it easy to believe the same for lack of a mature and really diverting entertainment medium.

In retrospect, we find the cover of the ill-fated issue not nearly so shocking as it must have been to contemporary student leaders who ordered, with the melodramatics of a Salem tribunal, that the 4000 issues be burned. All the symbols of the "humor" publication are present—illicit love represented by the person of the prostitute and attendant dissipation by the conveniently close liquor bottle on the table. The contents followed the same worn pattern of smut, occasionally gifted humor, and a general lack of imagination.

As a sample of cartooning art or humor, the *Buccaneer* cover is a poor one. As a period-piece representing a phase of collegiate journalism and slant-on-life, it portrays accurately a few year-rings in the cross-section of 100 years of publications.

## SIDE

(From page 19)

ing form to the car. The chauffeur admitted them. His great coat collar hid the smile that lurked upon his features, and the din of the city drowned the sound as he muttered cynically, "Another."

The car rolled before a handsome mansion, and the Spaniard, scarcely comprehending, followed the lady into the house. Mutely he stared, until prompted by the lady he followed her into the rear of the mansion. A servant came in response to her summons, and soon the lad was fitted out with warm clothes, and was sitting down to a table loaded with strange and delicious dishes.

Back across town he wended his way, full of the joy of living, carrying before him the conscious memory of his heaven-sent angel. He had run off without thanking her, but choked with emotion as he was, she would understand. Anyway, he would go back to the ferries, and make his way, and someday perhaps become a great man, and then he could thank her; thank her for this great gift of happiness at Yuletide, and perhaps—He took a deep breath; how well he felt—how good it was to be alive on this Christmas Day. The whole world was happy and he the happiest in it.

## HOOCH

(From page 40)

who wish to "pull a party" get a few gallons. The rest of the night's vintage is taken to the nearest town. Here the stranger, forced to lay over all night for a train, can get his first taste of real old corn, or "Rotgut" as the natives call it. Men loafing on the street, in barber shops, and drug-stores can "lead you to it."

In the western part of the State, among the mountains, lives a race of men who have been distilling liquor illicitly for the past five generations, in fact ever since they have lived there. They consider it their duty. The prohibition officers are repulsed at every point. Strangers are warned when they approach too near a still. If they don't clear out—AMEN. Often from a mountain top many columns of smoke may be seen arising from the surrounding stills. Very few of these stills are captured. Very few bootleggers are arrested. Very few drunkards are caught. But the whole outfit pull parties now and then that are reminders of the '49 days. Even in Asheville, the metropolis of the mountain section, such outbursts occasionally occur.

This sums up the kinds of booze obtainable in the Tar Heel State, and the better known places of sale. From the organized

methods in handling the business, we would say that liquor is here for good. An anecdote has it that the Governor of North Carolina once said to the Governor of South Carolina, "It is a long time between drinks." That is not the case today.

## CENTURY

(From page 6)

Editorials were strong, biting. Discussing the reduced size of the *Magazine* in 1925, a writer declared that the action could be assigned to the "literary barrenness and mental stagnation of the student body at this so-called institution of higher learning."

When in 1929 the bottom dropped out of the stock exchange and the nation was plunged into total depression, the *University* and the *Magazine* were both hard hit. But somehow both managed to survive.

The years slipped past and the *Carolina Magazine* slipped along with them. Each new editor made many changes, some good, some not so good.

Events moved swift and in dizzy sequence. Dunkirk. The fall of France. Russia. Lease-lend legislation. Selective Service. December 7, 1941. Global war.

Rotund Adrian Spies was elected editor for 1940-41 and proceeded to tell the world of its faults through his "Moving Finger" column.

Most profound change in the history of the *Magazine* came with new editor Henry Moll's "College Aviation Issue." The stream-lined issue presented new type-face, organization, appearance, and even policy. Tradition had seemingly been discarded as illustrated sports articles and pieces dealing with light non-intellectual topics ran throughout the issue.

The "intellectuals" and the "old guard" of the former *Magazine*, feeling usurped, declared that Moll's brainchild would crumble, that he was biting off more than he could chew.

But such was not the case. Students began to read the "mag," to look forward to each new issue, and to ask questions when an issue failed to appear on schedule, as was often the case with "Moll, The Unpredictable."

Came the elections in the Spring and Sylvan Meyer, who had served as managing editor of the Tar Heel, was the student's choice to edit the now-popular "mag." Meyer, a newspaperman, admitted he knew nothing about putting out a magazine. He told the campus he would do his best.

That was good enough.

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# B A L D W I N S



(BISHOPRIC)

## Spring Song

Ruth Hollowell and Emily Irby have gone all out for cottons in the bright, singing colors of spring . . . the palest of yellows, and the lighthearted greens, reds, lavendars. All to be found in the hit parade of new cottons in BALDWIN'S Young Modern Shop.



**MAKING HOME PORT**

The men of the American Merchant Marine are doing the greatest ocean transport job in history

ON THE LONG VOYAGE OUT  
AND THE LONG VOYAGE HOME . . .

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***It's CHESTERFIELD***

. . . and Chesterfields count *plenty* these days . . . they give pleasure where other pleasures can't be had.

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**TRY CHESTERFIELDS TODAY — YOU CAN'T BUY A BETTER CIGARETTE**





# CAROLINA MAGAZINE



MAY, 1943





### It's all fighting talk with the "Walkie-Talkie"!

• "Company D to Battalion HQ — tanks maneuvering half a mile ahead!" That's a sample of what you'd hear if you listened in on this "Walkie-Talkie" signalman in action at his portable 2-way radio at the left. Listen in on him in one of his off-duty moments (*below*) and you'll get a pretty good idea why Camels are the favorite cigarette with men in the Marines...and in the Army, the Navy, and the Coast Guard, too.

## First in the Service

The favorite cigarette with men in the Army, Navy, Marines, and the Coast Guard is Camel.

(Based on actual sales records in Post Exchanges and Canteens.)

CAMELS  
HAVE GOT WHAT IT  
TAKES IN **TASTE**  
AND EXTRA **MILDNESS**.  
GUESS THAT'S WHY  
THEY'RE FIRST  
IN THE SERVICE!

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**W**HY do Camels win with men in the services? Every smoker has his own reasons—but this, perhaps, is most important:

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Try Camels yourself. Put them to the "T-Zone" test (*see far right*).



**WAR WORKER VIRGINIA DONNELLY**, Westinghouse Electric and Mfg. Co., makes special radio tubes for communication sets. And, like the men in the service, *her* favorite cigarette is Camel.

CAMELS  
DON'T TIRE MY TASTE—  
THEY'RE ALWAYS EASY  
ON MY THROAT—  
IN FACT THEY  
SUIT ME TO A  
'T'



## The "T-Zone"

...where  
cigarettes  
are judged



The "T-ZONE"—Taste and Throat—is the proving ground for cigarettes. Only *your* taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you...and how it affects your throat. Based on the experience of millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-ZONE" to a "T."



# CAMEL

COSTLIER  
TOBACCOS



*shifting sands . . .*

CONSISTING of a couple desks, three typewriters (one sans ribbon), a filing cabinet and a flock of pigeon holes, the mag office on the second floor of Mr. Graham's Memorial is a homey little place where the weary women and the mad men of campus publications collect in the afternoon to smoke the pipe of criticism and bounce the ball of gossip.

We of the May issue were initiated into the evil inner circle of this unique society some weeks ago, moving into office amid a chorus of caustic comment, cat calls and applause a la bronx. The back stabbing and attempts at assassination followed.

The fact that we still have the energy left to knock this out does not mean that the blood has ceased to spill. But at least the flow has been halted for the time being.

Since mounting the editor's greasy chair, we've managed, between volleys, to weld a few friendships, to annex a couple names to our mounting black list, to flunk two subjects, and, surprisingly enough, to get out this magazine.

We've enjoyed it, too. All of it. The coffee and copy at 2 in the morning, the all-night mayhem of make-up, and the dizzy sessions with the dummy. It was an education.

• • •

Someone asked us the other day what the theme of this issue would be. We said something like "new talent" and let it go at that. Then we got to thinking about the question.

To be quite honest, the issue has no theme. We did toy with the prospect of a "new talent" issue and even called a meeting of such "new talent" as might be on the campus. One coed, two squirrels, Mack's bootblack and Dan showed up.

So we chunked the "new talent" plan, and weighed many possibilities, including an all-sex issue, an issue devoted to the cause of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, a "walk on the grass" plan, and an edition on the revolutionary aspects of the Peruvian pickle industry.

But obstacles developed in the path of each plan and we finally decided to abandon the theme idea and place full emphasis on an issue designed simply to appeal to the campus mind.

The upshot is that in the 24 pages that follow you will find a bit of this and a bit of that, with little or no continuity and complete disregard for the aesthetic element.

• • •

We'd like to make special mention of the contributions of a few people. If you like this issue the credit goes to kids like Lois Ribelin, who did almost all of the typing and essential office work; Al Mitchell, who spent half a night drawing a swell cartoon that we couldn't use because of a depleted engraving budget; Dave Hanig, who polished up the poetry; and Martha Coble and Joanne Edson, of the News Bureau staff, who helped out in the pinches.

Also to Pvt. Hugh Morton, master lensman, who spent an afternoon of his valuable furlough time making the beauty pix of Joan and Rosamond; Walter Johnson, a Baltimore boy who got out of bed with a temperature of 100, to do the cartoon and centerpiece strip you'll find; last year's Jim Pace, now in the army, who sent us the clever "grass" cartoon on the back page, and Hank Moll, the make-up genius.

And we want to thank, too, all of you who have been kind enough to ask about the issue, to say that you were looking forward to seeing it. That helped a lot, a helluva lot, and we only hope that you won't be disappointed.

This, we imagine, is the first, last and only edition we'll have the pleasure of working on, since the Marines have a definite priority on our service for the next century or so.

Which leads to the inevitable business of good-bye and good-luck. We wish all of you a generous helping of both. So long and stay happy.

—HCC

# The CAROLINA MAGAZINE

The University of North Carolina  
Periodical of Campus Life

MAY, 1943

H. C. CRANFORD, Editor

OLIVE PRICE CHARTERS, Business Manager

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Appreciation to *Duke and Duchess* for cartoon, page 20.

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# CAROLINA THEATRE A

MAY 28th-29th

ALAN LADD...SCREEN'S  
ACE KILLER...GOES  
AFTER THE  
JAPS!



starring LORETTA

ALAN

## YOUNG-LADD

with WILLIAM BENDIX  
A Paramount Picture

CAROLINA  
MAGAZINE



### Cover Girl —

The sweater on today's cover is worn by Miss Joan Reynolds Hill, late of Tulsa, Oklahoma, Camden, S. C., Peekskill, N. Y., and Greensboro, N. C., and currently of 313 Alderman Hall, telephone 3071.

We picked Miss Hill because, quote, we think she is a typical Carolina coed, unquote. (Now, will you take that gun out of my back, Mrs. Stacy.)

Having been in our midst some eight months, Joan thinks the average Carolina man is still a gentleman, that Chapel Hill has a "genuine atmosphere that sort of knocks you out," that people are the most impressive things she's met here, and that fraternity men and non-frat boys are "equally enjoyable and interesting."

Not pinned up, Joan's plans for the future have to do with gaining an AB in Political Science and a position in a foreign consulate. Matrimony, she says, can wait—but not indefinitely.

Joan enjoys moderate brew guzzling, adores champagne and hard liquor, smokes the coed minimum (a carton a day), gets a kick out of an original date, and loves to walk in the rain.

To balance things, she detests carbonated drinks (cokes excepted), boys who get stinko on dates, lengthy games, cats and centipedes, all vegetables save peas and spinach, and people who punch small babies in the eyes.

And although she is now happy that "things turned out like they did," Joan admits that she is a Carolina coed quite by chance.

"I had planned to study in Europe," she explains, "and along came Hitler and spoiled my plans. So I wound up at UNC."

Thanks, Adolph.

## Enjoy DELICIOUS FOOD

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Mellowed Atmosphere  
of an  
Old English Tavern



WHEN IN DURHAM . . .

Visit the

### Washington-Duke Tavern

## ATTENTION MEN!

Get Your

### "Graduation" Haircut

From Expert Barbers

at

### Graham Memorial Barber Shop

Basement of Graham  
Memorial

Buy  
WAR BONDS  
AND  
STAMPS



## boogie beat...

By ARTIE SOYBEL



**M**OST exciting platter news of the month is the Decca announcement of five new albums of hot jazz. Four of the sets are now on the stands and the fifth is expected soon. The new collection includes two albums by Duke Ellington, a set by Pinetop Smith, who gave birth to boogie woogie; a jacket of Red Nichols and his famous "Pennies," and a second volume in a series by the quintet of the Hot Club of France, with Django Reinhardt and Stephan Grappelly being featured.

Best advice to all jazz enthusiasts is to stock up pronto on the new stuff as the wax outlook is none too rosy. It is safe to say that the new albums will move fast and late comers may meet empty shelves.

Victory Recording Company has also announced a new volume of Duke Ellington matter, including such established material as Mood Indigo, Ring Dem Bells, Dusk, Warm Valley, Stumpy Jones, East St. Louis Toodle-oo, and Delta Serenade. If you dig the Duke, you'll love all this.

While in New York we had an opportunity to bend an ear to some of the better combos about town, and to talk shop with many of the band boys. At the State theatre Joe Marsala and his outfit hold forth and the tempo is terrific. Eddie Condon, Chicago's celebrated guitarist, is playing for Joe. We liked the many juicy arrangements the outfit had, and predict a fabulous future for the unit.

Cafe Society downtown is featuring Franky Newton and his flashy combo of six men. This sextet is truly alive and is finding many addicts. Albert Ammons and Pete Johnson, boogie boys of the old school, are also on the deck at the spot. The duetting of Ammons and Johnson is out of this world and if you hit the big town, don't miss the treat.

Les Brown and Co., simply solid, hold down the stage at the Paramount. Les, we think, will soon have one of the top bands in the business. He is underestimated and needs only some smart publicity to touch the top.

Nick's place in the Village is still the leading house of Dixieland stuff. The spot now has such personalities as Peewee Russell, clarinet artist; Brad Gowans, valve trombonist; Eddie Condon, who sits in with his guitar after he finishes at the State; Chelsy Quality, master trumpeter; Drummerman Danny Alvin and Dick Carry, on the old 88.

Ellington is back on the main stem after an absence of almost eight years, or too long. Fans gave the sepia artist a big welcome when he opened at the Hurricane.



*"We aren't going anywhere. We just came along to enjoy your Sir Walter Raleigh"*

Blended from choice Kentucky burleys, Sir Walter Raleigh is extra mild—burns cool—with a delightful aroma all its own. Try "the quality pipe tobacco of America."

**SIR WALTER  
RALEIGH**

PIPE TOBACCO

*Smokes as sweet as it smells*



*The roadster skidded around the corner, jumped into the air, knocked down a lamp post, smacked three cars, ran against a stone wall and stopped. A girl climbed out of the wreck. "Darling," she exclaimed, "That's what I call a kiss."*

*Frat brother: That girl you had out last night looked like she had a lot of good stuff in her.*

*2nd frat brother: She should have; it cost me \$4 a quart.*

*Anyone can play bridge, but it takes a cannibal to throw up a hand.*

"Paper, lady?"

"No. I'm just resting."

Stude: Is that ice cream pure?

Waiter: As pure as the girl of your dreams, my friend.

Stude: Give me a ham sandwich.

Bus Conductor (calling from upper deck): "Is there a mackintosh down there big enough to keep two young ladies warm?"

Voice from below: "No, but there's a MacTavish that's willing to try."

Let's pitch a drunk this week-end."

"Can't make it. I'm saving my money."

"How come?"

"I'm putting my mother through welding school."

"Stand behind your lover," said the Scotchman to his unfaithful wife. "I'm going to shoot you both."

*We imagine you've heard about the three little pigs who left home. Their old man was an awful bore.*

A tall Texan walked into a saloon with his wife and three-year-old son. He called for two straight whiskies.

"Hey, paw," said the kid, "ain't the old lady a-drinkin'?"

*First little baby in maternity ward: "I'm a little boy baby."*

*Second of the same: "How can you tell?"*

*First: "My name is Henry."*

... THREE



Path-maker





MRS. BETTY SMITH

*(Uncle Willie Flittman, the failure of the family, spent years practicing to be a one-man band. One night, he won first prize of ten dollars on amateur night at a local movie house and left his wife and children. No one knew what had become of him.)*

THE FAMILY heard about him now and then. It seemed that he was roaming the streets of Brooklyn as a band and living on the pennies that he collected. And there was a strange thing. No one had actually *seen* him on the streets but lots of people knew someone who *said* they had seen him. There was a persistent rumor that he had been seen in the Arlington section of Brooklyn.

One sunny summer afternoon, Francie Nolan went over to that part of the city. She got off the El at the Norwood Avenue station and found her way over towards Richmond Street. It was not a wealthy neighborhood; neither was it a tenement district. The houses for the most part were two-family, high-stooped buildings. They were made of gray stone blocks and many were partially covered with ivy. The sidewalks were wide and large old maple trees lined the curb. She looked for the familiar Tree of Heaven but it was not to be found in that district.

She came out on a street called Force-tube Avenue. She read the sign and stopped to ponder on the strange name. The street did not bear out its name. It was wide

and winding and it lay serene and quiet in the warm late afternoon sun. Two women leaned on window sills in adjacent houses and spoke unhurriedly with each other.

"Yeah?" (interest)

"Yeah." (complacency)

"Well, I always said it; we all got to go some day."

"Yeah." (resignation)

An old man sat on a stoop. He dozed in the quiet sunshine with his hands folded on a cane. A starveling cat sharpened its claws on the trunk of a maple tree.

Then Francie heard the music!

Willie Flittman!

She saw him turn a corner and come on to Force-tube Avenue. He wore a high-crowned hat with a red feather in it. The harmonica was fixed so that he could play it with no hands. Bright ribbons hung from his guitar. The bass drum was strapped to his back and something that resembled a boxing glove was fastened to his left elbow. By merely jerking that elbow back, he could boom the big drum. A cymbal was strapped to the inner side of each knee and he had circlets of bells around his ankles.

Eight small ragged children and three mongrel dogs followed him.

Willie was playing a weird song—at least it sounded weird the way he played it. He played "Won't You Come Home, Bill Bailey," but he played it with such a wild passionate tempo that it was not like

any song at all but like an anguished wail of wild loneliness. Unbidden, something marched in Francie's mind in tempo with the music—something she had read long ago and had not thought she remembered.

*He is gone on the mountain,  
He is lost to the forest,  
Like a summer dried fountain  
When our need was the sorest.*

Who was Will Flittman? Did the family know him? Had it ever known him? Where had *his* family come from? He, himself, had never known. His parents had died when he was a child. He had no memories of his grandparents. What did anyone know of him except that he had been born in Brooklyn, that he was a Catholic and that his name was Flittman. He had a German name but there was something Italian about the way he looked. One thing was known: He had come of wandering people—people restless enough to leave the old country and fight their way across to unknown America. Had this same restlessness driven them across the face of Europe centuries ago? Had there been among them a Highlander who stood lonely on a wind-wracked moor and sent the skirlings of his fierce wild bagpipe music into a bloody setting sun?

*The fount reappearing  
From the raindrops shall borrow,  
But to us comes no cheering,  
To Duncan no morrow.*

Suddenly to Francie, Uncle Willie was no longer a futile little fellow being a

The Carolina Magazine is privileged to give to its readers in this issue a preview of the eagerly-awaited first novel of Chapel Hill's own Betty Smith. Expected to evoke nationwide comment, the book will be published by both the Literary Guild and Harpers. The chapter we use is of the original manuscript but will not appear in the published form of the book. It was deleted at the request of the author although the publishers had asked that it remain. We feel that mag readers will find in this chapter the magic and charm of Mrs. Smith's ability as a story teller and will want to learn more of Uncle Willie and the other characters to be found in A TREE GROWS IN BROOKLYN.



FOUR . . .



## About Mrs. Smith and How "A Tree" was Written

Fragile, brunette Mrs. Smith was born and brought up in Brooklyn. At 17 she married a law student, had two children by the time she was 19 and settled down to look after her household. When her children were old enough to go to grade school Mrs. Smith entered the University of Michigan as a freshman. At the University she was the first woman ever to receive the Avery Hopwood Award in drama.

She attended Yale Drama school for three years, then spent two years as an actress in stock and summer theatres and as director and scene and costume designer.

Mrs. Smith came to Chapel Hill to write a living newspaper script entitled "King Cotton," and liked the town so well she has been here ever since. She received a Rockefeller Fellowship in Playwriting to do work under Professor Koch and Paul Green.

She is the author of two other books, "25 Plays for All Girl Casts," published in October, 1942 and 20 "Prize Winning One Act Plays" which will come out this September.

An advance report from publishers weekly has this to say of the book:

"There has never been a novel like it before. Warm, salty, moving and most of all, alive. The author is not only someone to watch, she is someone to read. A book of tears and laughter . . . we conservatively believe it will create a furore."

"A Tree Grows in Brooklyn" was chosen by both the Literary Guild and the Book-of-the-Month Club. Previously accepted by Harper Brothers for publication, the book will appear as the August Literary Guild selection.

Selection by the Literary Guild means that 150,000 copies have been purchased before publication and that Mrs. Smith will receive \$18,000 as her share in the first printing.

"I chose the Guild because it meant earlier publication," said Mrs. Smith. "I'm tired of waiting."

Two New York producers, backed by movie companies, wish to have "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn" dramatized as a play and produced on Broadway, prior to being made into a movie. Mrs. Smith has decided to wait until the book is released before negotiating with movie producers.

Two things made Mrs. Smith want

to write a book about Brooklyn. She once heard someone remark that a true novel about Brooklyn would be more horrifying than Faulkner's books about the south. "There's brutality, horror, and high passion in Brooklyn," it was said.

"Then I read Thomas Wolfe's short stories about Brooklyn in 'From Death to Morning.' I realized that he had caught the lost feeling of Brooklyn, but his stories weren't authentic. This challenged me to write what I know about Brooklyn, to show it as it really is."

Two years ago Mrs. Smith began "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn." She had been writing plays since her teens; sixty had been published. But all the time she had a novel on her mind.

In order to write plays Mrs. Smith had been getting up every morning at 7 to fix breakfast for her two daughters, do the housework, and write from 9 to 12. Then she began work on her novel. She had to write from 6 to 7 every morning, late into the nights, and often until three or four in the morning on her story of "tears and laughter, cruelty and compassion."

one-man band. He was a passion-wild, plaid-skirted Highlander wailing out a pibroch for a lost chieftain.

He leaped in the air and brought his knees together to clash the cymbals. And all the ragged little children leaped into the air. But no sound came from *them*.

"Hello, Uncle Willie," Francie called out as he came past her.

He looked into her eyes and she saw no recognition in them. She shivered. His eyes were like discs of gray slate and seemed to have no pupils.

Then a strange thing happened. The starveling cat joined the procession. Francie closed her eyes waiting for the savage snarl of the dogs and the high pain-scream of the cat. The mongrels of Brooklyn had a way of tearing to bits any unfortunate cat that came their way. But there was no snarl . . . no scream. She opened her eyes. The cat was walking along in companionship with the curs! The procession marched down the street, turned a corner and was lost to sight. The music came faintly, as if in a dream. Then it was gone.

She rubbed her eyes. Of course it had been a dream. But no, the cat had been there before the music and now the cat

was gone. She went to the sleeping old man and gently shook him awake.

"Pop, did you see a one-man band come down this street?"

The old man put his hand behind his ear. "How's that, Sissy?"

She repeated the question loudly.

"Ain't seen a thing—ain't seen a thing."

"Did you hear the music?"

"How's that?"

"The music," she screamed. "You must have heard it."

"Didn't hear nothing, Sissy. But then I'm stone deaf," he said sadly, and went back to sleep.

She looked up at the two women still leaning on the window sills. They stared at her in silence with bleak dead eyes. Francie became uneasy. She *had* to get out of that neighborhood. She turned down an unfamiliar side street. She turned another corner and another corner and still another corner. The neighborhood grew stranger and stranger. The houses stood brooding and there were no people on the streets.

She was lost . . . lost. Lost in strange Brooklyn! Night would come. It would grow dark and it would rain and there

would be no place for her to go. All the doors would be shut against her. There were no stores—no place to which she could go and spend a dime for a coke and have a place of sanctuary for ten minutes. No place . . . no place for her to go. She had that same panic she had had when as a little child, she had gotten the idea that her mother was dead and had gone weeping to look for her in the streets.

She prayed for a sight of the El. If she could reach it, she'd be safe. It was the line of life that would take her out of the death of being lost.

She could hear the rattle of the El but she couldn't see it. Finally she closed her eyes and followed her ears. She turned a corner and came out on Fulton Street. There was the blessed El. She ran up the steps. It wasn't the Norwood Avenue station. It was a different station, but no matter . . . no matter. She could find her way home on it.

Francie told Aunt Evy about seeing Uncle Willie. Evy said that it was nice that he was out in the air and the sun but she prophesied that he'd come home again when the snow started to fly.

But Francie knew that he would never come home again.



... FIVE

"T'aint fertile, turtle."









"... and stay off ..."

## INSPIRATION

The smiling lass on yon page, boys, is Miss Rosamond Hobart Myers who is a graduate student and who plans, so help us, to become a librarian.

She was deep in the local stacks engaged in the study of congressional law when we chanced by one moonlit evening.

The conversation ran something like this:

"Howdy, Miss Myers."

"Hello, you."

"What do you think of the high tariff on peanut butter?"

"I cannot make a statement on such a controversial issue."

"Then what do you think of a boy who wants to neck on the first date?"

"I think he's sort of corny, don't you?"

No answer.

The next night, equipped with a lantern and a box of iron rations, we again went forth into the literary catacombs in quest of the evasive Miss M.

We found her, same as always, up to her beautiful eyes in dust-coated volumes. But with a bit of coaxing she kindly consented to call a halt and yield to questioning.

And this is what we found out:

That she hails from Sewanee, Tenn. (pop., 1001), now dwells in Kenan 223, expects to get a BS in Library Science come June, and that she finished at the University of Mississippi last year.

Also that she spends—get this—twelve (12) hours a day, six days a week, in the library stacks and still manages to date nightly after the building closes and full-time on Saturday and Sunday nights.

When it comes to men, as it often does, Rosamond says Carolina Gentlemen are "really more fun" than the boys of Old Miss. She is not pinned, likes to free lance. "I like all the fellas," she says, "'specially the tall, sophisticated ones with curly hair."

Rosamond's idea of a good time is a beer sipping session at Marley's, or coffee, conversation and cakes (god bless 'em) in a rear booth at Danziger's. Which is by way of saying that she is endowed with simple tastes.

The willowy beauty doesn't mind being called a bookworm.

"There is nothing I like better," she declares, "than to curl up with a nice warm book on a cold winter evening."

(Make up your own gag to go in here.)

# Bus At Dawn

By Joanne Edson

**She was a small town girl with small town ideas and hopes. Then he came along and she saw a new and exciting life. A strong, simple story of young love in war-time.**

THE SCREEN door squeaked, then slammed shut for the second time since the local had pulled up and deposited the last of the Saturday night shoppers: the tired mothers with whining children, dozing fathers smelly with beer and tobacco, and soldiers with their frowny girls.

It was late. The girl walked up to the small windowed cage and asked what time the bus from Morgan was due in. She knew the ticket agent had said 12:30 over the 'phone that morning when she called, but she wanted to hear the sound of a voice, to be assured, to hear him say, "Due here at 12:30, mam," then glance at the clock and add "just 15 minutes."

The girl's heels clicked across the plank floor and she sat down close to the window on the bench. The room was warm. A few others were sitting motionless on the bench.

The girl was blond and pale with too-red lips. She wore a drab, navy-blue suit. If the sleeping man next to her had noticed, her eyes might have said: "I know a secret. I'll keep it to myself. You do not know. You should be envious, you are so commonplace, so bored, and I know a secret. I'm haughty."

The room was warm. It was the iron stove stuffed with green pine that made the thin sides glow red. It was one of those stoves of the last generation that you see in old farmhouses—small with a silver grill fringe around the bottom like a petticoat, the kind you can toast the backs of your bare legs on to an advantage that steam heat can never afford. The room was bare and except for a red peanut machine on the wall might have been a room of 1865. The wooden floor was warped and splintered, the narrow bench sagged in the middle, and the dull ceiling light that hung from a cord in the center of the room gave off a dim yellow light that faded into dark shadows in the corners of the room.

The girl knew the room. She knew it well. She looked at it. The hot stove, creaking floors, smoke, two soldiers with young, rouged, kinky-headed, round-shouldered girls, an old woman with a dirty baby, a red faced man sleeping.

The red faced man snorted, opened his eyes slightly, then shut them again. The girl on the end of the bench got up and

walked into a door at the side marked "Women." The colored red cap sitting on a tall stool in the cage dropped his head, his mouth fell open, and he dozed off into peaceful dreams of Sunday morning, the yellowest gal in town, and a green check zoot suit.

The girl was awake, alive, bursting with a silent glory. Suddenly she stood up. She was outside now. It was cold, she crossed her arms, and leaned on the wall next to the door, the toe of one foot touching the ground in an unconscious pose that suggested Mademoiselle. Her mind was clearer in the cold. A car crossed down the street, and she stared at the tin reflector of the corner street light. She smiled—the bus would come it. God, he would be handsome. All she had dreamed for a week, all she wanted, ever since he had walked in the shop and bought a real southern antique for his Mother, all she wanted, all she wanted. A magic charm. All he meant, the insignia ring on his little finger, an almost condescending smile, a beautiful Mother. God, the bus would never come. Only one weekend, and he was coming back. Back to see her, and it was all she wanted. She thought of Harry, and the muscles in her arms tightened, she wanted to scream. How could she have said I love you? She hated him, everything that he was—a little town, petty gossip, kids who would grow up in a little town, have birthday parties. Then they would grow up and have more kids. God!

She would stand there, exactly as she was. The bus would pull up, stop with a kiss, and there would be the usual bustle, packages, negro men, fat women, couples, grumbling women with paper shopping bags. Then he would appear, tall, and with silver wings. He would bend his head to light a cigarette, glance about. All she wanted. She was the lady, he would see her smile, they would meet. . . .

"Paper, miss?" The girl in a mussed navy blue suit, sitting on the end of the bench next to the window, opened her eyes, and stared at the black and white print. The boy held the paper in the stream of bright morning light that came in through the dirty window glass.

"Loss of the Yorktown Revealed," said the headline.

The man in the ticket office said airily, "You sure are patient, Mam."

The girl said quickly, "Did you notice who got off the last Morgan bus?" It was a long sentence to say.

"Didn't even stop, Mam."

"Thank you," she said. Her heels clicked across the plank floor.



This little opus, unsigned, was found by one of the campus ghouls floating down West Columbia Street with the Sunday morning high tide.

We've had two bloodhounds and the Chapel Hill Gestapo working night and day in an effort to find out the identity of the author, but as we go to press the veil has not been lifted.

It has been hinted that the guilty one is Stuart McIver, journalism major who finished at Christmas and is now knocking out pieces for the Greensboro Daily News.

However, we have no proof that Old Stu is the culprit and hesitate to make an accusation without substantial evidence.

We'd like to know exactly who dood it, as would the superintendent of Dix Hill in Raleigh. In fact, he's been waiting in the office with a net since May 2.

In hopes of a successful conclusion to the hunt, we have made arrangements to award six inches of retread, two cubes of sugar, and a demi tasse of gasoline to any student who can disclose the identity of the author.



"Haw, will you and your brother walk on the grass with me?"

## The Dean Dropped Dead

or

## Bedlam in the Bloody Boudoir

HYACINTH sat in her father's study reading a Spicy Detective and munching a creamed alum. She was so absorbed in the printed matter that she failed to notice a heavy tread of footsteps on the carpet. Nearer and nearer the footsteps came until a hulking shadow loomed at her elbow.

Hyacinth giggled obscenely and ate the last of the alums. Then she saw the shadow. Her little heart stood still. Slowly she rose and shook hands with her father, the aged and venerable Dean of the School of Plumbing.

"Daughter," said the old gentleman, "is there any lemon pie left?"

"Certainly, Dad, it's under the stove."

"With meringue, I presume?"

"Yes," said Hyacinth, walking over to the window. What a lovely day, she thought, flowers, birds, defense plants. She picked up a baseball bat and drove one of the mantelpiece vases into deep right field for a two-base hit.

An hour later the door opened. In rushed a man in an overcoat and a hat turned down all the way around. "Who hit that ball?" he demanded.

"I did," said Hyacinth.

"Then we need you for wingback. Can you run?"

"You are nothing but a masher," said Hyacinth. "I am going to call the police."

The Dean rode into the room on a plunger. He dismounted, viewed the scene, and fell dead.

The phone at the police station tingled merrily. Sergeant O'Stink laid down his cards and lifted the receiver.

"Hello, police headquarters."

"Listen," said a strange voice. "We've just had a nice murder at 606 Slut Street. Can you come over?"

"Yep, be right over," said the Sergeant and hung up. He glanced down at his cards. "Hit me again," he said.

"Has anyone seen Dr. Alexander?" asked Nurse Gahn Greene.

"He was here only a moment ago?" said a mild-eyed young man with a ring in his nose. It was clear to everyone present that this was none other than the famous Dr. Kaldaire.

On the operating table lay a slender man with a bulge and Dr. Kaldaire at his mid-

riff. The patient was smoking a cigar, and the effectiveness of the anesthetic was evidenced by the fact that his lower lip had been burned off without his having noticed.

Dr. Kaldaire was about to apply the blade when he received a message that sent him scurrying out of the hospital to the home of the deceased Dean.

On the study floor lay the old boy's body. A dagger protruding from the ribs hinted of foul play. Dr. Kaldaire walked over to the corpse, kicked it in the ribs, and then bashed it with a No. 4 iron.

Sergeant O'Stink knelt over the body and took the dead man's fingerprints and bill-fold.

"Aha! It is just as I suspected. This man is Phorging Phil, alias Sabotage Sedwick, wanted in 46 states for orphanage-burning, reckless drinking and phys ed evasion.

Big pearly tears welled up in Hyacinth's eyes. Kaldaire ripped down a drape to blot the tears. From behind the curtain stepped a lean, evil-looking individual with a black mask over his eyes and a bag tossed over his shoulder at a rakish angle. He walked over to the Sergeant and asked confidentially, "You, I presume, are investigating rumors of a murder here. Idle rumors, no doubt." Then he beamed. "By the way, who lives next door?"

"That would be Mrs. McGregor."

"Mrs. McGregor, eh. Thank you and good day."

The masked man dived through an open window and was swallowed up by the shrubbery.

"I should perhaps have detained that chap," said the Sergeant. "He might have proved valuable as a witness."

It is now four years later.

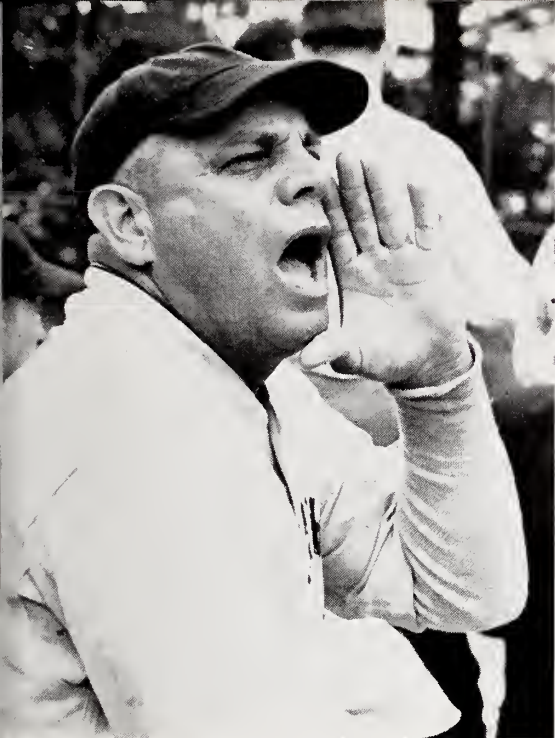
A gaunt, bearded man is walking through the cold snowy wastes of the North. Everywhere, as far as the eye can see, is snow and ice. It is cold. Damn cold. It is also Kaldaire, who is dodging the draft.

The man with the whiskers scratched his head and walked away slowly munching a cone of raspberry, Sealtest's flavor of the month.

Then he slumped to the snow and died a violent and unpleasant death.

About the patient: When last seen, he was running up and down the hospital corridors, chewing his tongue and shouting: "Food will win the war."





**BIG BUNN HEARN**, whose name is baseball legend throughout the South, lifts a ham-like hand to his mouth as he shouts instructions to his charges on the field. Charlie Crawley, campus correspondent for the Winston-Salem Journal-Sentinel, gives you the lowdown on one of Carolina's most celebrated characters—"must" reading for diamond fans.

**YOU MIGHT** call him Carolina's gift to baseball. But that's only the half of it. Officially the coach, but actually the understanding teacher, Bunn Hearn is almost an institution.

Using a sports measure, Bunn's thirteen years as baseball head thinker at the University have been successful ones. The genial giant has always been able to put a good team on the field—even when talent was scarce.

He has produced four conference champions. His Tar Heels won possession of the Southern Conference crown in 1933-1934, again in 1941 and are the titleholders this year.

But one would have to look beyond his coaching record and beyond the won and lost columns to get a perspicuous picture of the real Bunn.

He is patient. He knows that to get results you must employ an understanding attitude and treat individuals as individuals. And he has the knack of coordinating individual effort into effective teamwork.

Physically Bunn seems much larger than his six feet and 220 pounds, having wide shoulders, a barrel chest, and narrow underpinnings. Not gruff as baseball coaches go, Bunn is slow and softly spoken. And he'd just as soon listen, if you don't mind.

The veteran coach is humorous and possesses a delightful repertoire of anecdotes gathered down through the years in his experiences with the "great American pastime" in general and players in particular.

The "grand old man" of Carolina base-

# Baseball Is His Business

By Charles Crawley

ball won't give his age. "I feel 25," he says, "and we won't talk about those first 15 years when I was going barefoot."

Bunn was born and raised in Chapel Hill. His home was situated where the DKE fraternity house now stands.

His beginning in baseball was at the age of fifteen when he developed a "south-paw" pitching style and gained national fame with a local semi-pro team.

"People thought playing baseball was a waste of time," Bunn says, "but as soon as I reached the majors they thought just the opposite."

It was in 1910 at Elon College that Bunn began his rise as a diamond coach, a profession which carried him around the globe.

"It t'weren't so much the education I was after," Bunn explains, "but the opportunity to play baseball." When he left Elon, Bunn went to Mississippi A & M (now Miss. State), where he made All-Southern.

"It's a funny thing," Bunn chuckles, "I registered in the pharmacy school here at the University my first year and look at me now—a second-rate ball coach and an insurance salesman."

It's been 30 years since Bunn left Elon to enter pro ball. He played in the majors, in the old Federal League and the International League. He has since owned, played and managed several minor league clubs.

Of the chief's thirty years of professional baseball, the most exciting, he says, was the 1913 season with the New York Yankees when the club won the world's series, and then toured England, France, Italy, Japan, China and other European countries.

In Japan the Yankees chalked up "nigh thirty runs" without half trying in order to give the lowly (censored) a chance. The Japs boasted of a baseball diamond, Bunn declares, about as big as "a large goods box," and the centerfielder and second baseman had to play so close together that it was difficult to distinguish between the two.

The team was the object of much attention and admiration everywhere it went, although in most countries the natives were confused by the games they saw.

Bunn's greatest single feat in baseball was on August 12, 1913, when he hurled

twenty consecutive innings in a single game against Jersey City. He was playing with Toronto at the time.

Bunn tutored pitchers at Carolina for many years before he joined the pro baseball wars. But it wasn't until the 1932 season that he formally quit pro ball and became head coach at the Hill.

Big Bunn has a good record as a club manager, and has yet to be ordered out of a professional baseball game. His philosophy is simple: "The ump's always gonna be right in the end," he says, "so what's the use of raisin' a lotta hell?"

Bunn's favorite pastime during the cold winter off-season months is hunting. He admits he's just a "fair" hunter, but doesn't let his lack of skill dampen his enthusiasm.

Married at the age of twenty-four years, Bunn is the proud father of two sons, Bunn Jr., and John. Bunn Jr. was a Carolina pitcher in 1936-37 while Johnny anchored down the local shortstop post in 1941. Both boys are now in the armed services.



Brad

"No, Haw, you two come walk with us."





## Wartime Prexys

The outgoing and incoming presidents of the student body are analyzed in the two following pen profiles by Ben McKinnon. Know the men that lead you.

"I like to see people stick together," says Bert Bennett, who was born in Winston-Salem, prepped at Woodberry Forest, lost the only two wrestling matches that he was ever in, and this year was the leader of progressive wartime student government at the University of North Carolina.

Actually the story of Bert is the story of Steve Peck and Sam Gambill. These three men, the former administrative heads of student government, have been leaders in the democratic principle of majority rule and for four years have had the highest support and warmest wishes of the student body.

In his sophomore year, Bert was made chairman of the dance committee and a member of the Grail. In his Junior year he was elected to the Student Council and in his Senior year he became President of the Student Body. Under the Bennett Regime, Student Government has advanced with long, swinging strides. Such stuff as: the formation of a Campus Cabinet to swap ideas and discuss public opinion, a social committee to provide entertainment on week-ends, letters to parents and students explaining use of student cars,

The real secret of Bert's success, however, is friendliness. The sandy-haired senior has his friends equally divided among all four classes in the University, and is always willing to go out of his way to help you.

John "Mose" Robinson, of Charlotte, is a modest chap with dark hair and a strong smile whose student record is one to be respected.

"Mose" went to Woodberry Forest at Orange, Va., for three years and was a leader in many activities, being president of the Senior class, a member of the Senior Council, junior warden of the Chapel Council and editor of the Woodberry Oracle.

Since coming to Carolina, "Mose" has continued in extra-curricular activities, and has gained the reputation of being a dependable fellow who takes the hard jobs along with the easy ones.

"Mose" has been a member of the junior class Honor Council, assistant exchequer of the Grail, vice-president of the University Club, a member of the University Dance Committee, Interdormitory Council, and the varsity wrestling team. He is president of Old East dormitory, secretary of the Carolina Political Union, secretary of the Monogram Club and company commander of the Naval Reserve Officers Training Corps.

He is a member of Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity and the exclusive Order of Gimghoul.

It will take a good man to guide Carolina next year, expected to be the toughest year in student government in the history of the institution.

"Mose" can do it.

## LOWDOWN

By Bill Dunnagan

SINCE June of 1942 there have been only six violations of honor in the freshman class. During June 100 students were admitted to school, 750 entered in September and 150 became members of the student body in January and February of 1943.

In past years 80 percent of the honor violations came from the freshman class. This year, to date, violations from the freshman class have amounted to only 7 percent. In every case but one, two or more freshmen reported the offender. The other case was handled by a faculty member out of necessity. Since last June, the records show that no freshman has furthered his indictment by lying to the honor council and in one case, a freshman reported himself for violating the honor code.

Since last June, all freshmen have been asked, not required, to sign three simple statements upon entering the University.

1. I understand the honor system to mean that I will not cheat, lie or steal and I pledge to abide to this system.

2. I understand that under our system of government I will report any suspected violations of the Honor Code to my professor or the Student Council.

3. I will hereby accept the responsibility of conducting myself, at all times, as a true Carolina gentleman.

It is interesting to note that out of about 1000 freshmen only 25 agreed to sign the second statement when first given the pledge card. After thinking it over and hearing a thorough explanation of the honor system, many more signed. A few still have not signed. Out of the entire class 95 percent have now signed all three statements and results have shown that these signers took the matter seriously.

The program of orientating the freshmen began with a letter in which the honor system was explained in simple language. This letter was sent before school opened. After arriving, the freshmen met in small groups, usually less than 10, with the Honor Council and heard full explanations of the honor system. An open forum was held and case histories were discussed.

Bennett states that he never met with a more serious and interested group of young people. Student Councilors were assigned to these groups in order to help them with general college problems.

The Honor Council has made a major contribution to Carolina this past year in its unfailing and untiring efforts with the freshman class. Many uncertain details must be righted and clarified still, but to Bert Bennett and the Honor Council goes our appreciation for finishing a task the full value of which is yet to be realized.



# With our poets....

## Barbara

By DAVID G. BOAK

I SAW HER that night two years ago;  
 No blushing young maid in calico:  
 Behind her brown eyes and shimmering tresses  
 Some latent allure, still in mem'ry egresses.  
 Till then my existence had been without women  
 Or passions directed in sober acumen.  
 My knowledge encompassed no tales of deep love  
 Except for green fields and blue skies above.  
 In times long past I'd been known to oppose  
 The transient emotions, but never like those  
 Which startled my heart from a dormant complacency  
 Singeing my spirit, exhausting my patience.  
 Label her silly but back of her brain  
 The goal of her life was personal gain.  
 To make her my own on some glorious venture  
 I knew I must change her and mould her and censure.  
 With each passing year her faults became less  
 And I thought I had finally met with success.  
 Still she thought me reserved, afraid to profess  
 Means justified ends to our own happiness.  
 I laughed and I told her I did as I pleased  
 But never quite satisfied, never appeased,  
 She said I was much too timid a man  
 From this our sad ending now really began.  
 I embarked as a student to distant lands  
 And promised to never even hold hands;  
 I was gone but a month when the vixen began  
 (Her mind all confusion) to play with each man.  
 Why, she never loved me, but loved the impression  
 My heart was hers only, a simple possession.  
 Such conduct like this I could never consider  
 To Hades with her, no use to get bitter.  
 She finally wrote me she loved yet another  
 Not only my best friend, but that of my brother.  
 And now I continue my own solitude  
 To Hades, I say, with all pulchritude.

## Manifesto Looking Downward

By WOLF ZELINSKY

I SHALL stand no more upon the hills at night.  
 Listen to me, you stars. I speak things out: this is your notice.  
 Not because your faces are not fair: so they are, your eyes are  
 better than music,  
 Not for your needing of loveliness shall you wait outside my door,  
 Not on poetry's account must I disown you and turn you away.  
 At last, I am of the human planet.  
 I wish besides and finally to belong not among poets but men.  
 Now I hunger to shout upward and let my mouth be the crater  
 of all men's hearts.  
 Don't dare to define me, let my words alone.  
 Let them roar aloft in singular fury and appal the cunning and  
 blast and rain upon the weak.  
 I do not know myself: I am become so man-like and so alone with  
 each of you that love men . . .  
 Words, we are here; run up this slope with me, this is the way;  
 this is the way for the human being.  
 This, I swear to you, not talking from the cage of a stanza,  
 But from my lips straight against your brain, man to a brother,  
 passion toward passion,  
 This line is the focus and heart of all my life.  
 Goodbye to the heavens, so long to the night and the stars.  
 Vastness, you are shrivelled; there is no meaning in you—  
 Hello earth, it is excellent that we are neighbors and lovers at last.  
 (I have eyes I never knew I had.)  
 O God, this is the universe after all; the pope was accidentally  
 right.  
 The rest is not born yet. (When it is ready we shall admit each  
 star into this union.)  
 Meanwhile, we shall not look upward from the hills at night.  
 There is no end to the room of the earth, no census of this  
 wealth; that is my song.  
 We are men, and we are kings of the day and night.  
 The earth is ours and some day the stars.  
 There is nothing at all without us—Now stand up. That is all  
 of my song.

## Poesy

DOWN in the dank rock garden  
 Lies a man without any head  
 And the grass is trampled and broken  
 And colored a hideous red.  
 The air is filled with moaning  
 The grasses heave with sighs  
 While the toads in the fetid gloaming  
 Play games with the balls of his eyes.  
 And there in the slimy basin  
 Sways the battered and bloody stump  
 Of an arm all crunched and broken  
 And a twisted backbone hump.  
 The ground is slippery and sodden  
 And sticky with crimson stain  
 While scattered around like spaghetti  
 Are his rotting fragments of brain.

Then a mad scream sent me fleeing  
 And I ran to hide in bed  
 But when I lifted the blanket  
 There was the missing head.

—Jester



"Play it again, Sam."





... the busy buzz of telephone calls to the women's dorms ... boys in the "y" at night calling long-distance home ... the new outdoor swimming pool white and hot in the sun ... the cpt boys at the late chi phi house ... unchanged gimghoul castle and the battle seat view ... puffing students chasing about the obstacle course ... strong-lunged jg's shouting commands to cadets on emerson field ... waiting lines at the infirmary ... the hush of the medical building and men in white ... spring and fraternity pins floating about ... cadets in blues off to greensboro on 36-hour leaves ... picnics and romance in battle park ... blankets and portables beneath the stars ... the sound of methodical scales mingled with bold boogie woogie spilling out of hill hall ...

the negro workers at lenoir hall taking sunbaths on the kitchen roof ... whistling boys leaving the cleaners with suits slung across their shoulders ... the business boom at the bike shop ... the small boys selling papers downtown and the races to get to customers ... the sweet scent of wisteria lane ... the navy squawks about the music sessions in the stadium ...

the wolves on the wall at bvp ... the intellectuals reading the papers and magazines at the student union ... spots of light and low voices along the dark paths of the arboretum on a rainy night ... the shuffle of feet down the alley to marley's ... a cadet bending over the piano as his date tinkles out "you'd be so nice to come home to" ... the chimes at dusk ... the old well white and gleaming in a new coat of paint ... a lone cadet sentry standing at attention to the playing of the "star-spangled banner" ...

the old tin can filled with beefy cadets instead of dancing couples ... midnight moods and moodless midnights ... quick engagements and minute proposals ... a dazed sophomore dashing up the steps of saunders at 8:15 ayem ... watery cokes and tasteless ice cream at sutton's ... the sunday afternoon band concerts ... the shout of "play ball" and bunn hearn's chant ... the south american students rattling off spanish in the lobby of the inn ... the walls of carr stripped of petty and varga drawings with the advent of the navy ... sunday night sessions ... measles cases hanging out of the infirmary windows ...

the soft strains of "begin the beguine" seeping out of the chi o house ... the angry rattle of typewriters in the dth office at 5 in the afternoon ... coeds gym-bound through the graveyard ... cyclists whizzing along the paths ... bert bennett pausing to chat with an advice-seeking freshman ... empty coke bottles perched along the windows on the second floor of g memorial ... smoky rooms and bull sessions at 4 ayem ... coeds in cool cottons and pinafores ... a red convertible speeding down franklin street and a shock of blond hair waving in the wind ...

# This Fall

## THE SMALL BUT I

## WHICH MARKED OUR

sunday nights at dr. frank's ... skipper coffin talking with the sheriff in the post office ... the yellow-faced clock on the bell tower shining through the mist of a foggy night ... housemother cobb giving lingering males the brush-off at 10:30 on week nights ... a war college student gazing fixedly at the owi posters in the library ... cadets and coeds strolling along franklin street on sunday afternoon ... ping pong balls bouncing back and forth in front of graham memorial ... horseshoes arching through the air back of venable ... a lone couple dancing in the "baby lounge" at 6 pm ... stacks of slick "mags" in the dorms ...

hot weather and dirty feet and hanging shirt tails and rolled up pant legs ... the peaceful sound of church bells ringing on sunday morning ... the odd spectacle of a green house in the midst of the arboretum setting ... the fight for publications posts and the gm clique losing prestige ... "navy hall" filled with cadets and coeds on wednesday nights ... the daily bulletins out of dr. perry's office ... the new faces in south building ...

... a rainy day and bright kerchiefs and muddy saddle shoes ... the crowded benches around the hot court in front of the "y" at 10 in the morning ... lipstick fresh on unsmiling morning mouths ... the usual summer school bulletins ... the decision of a border-line student to chuck his studies and have one last pre-army fling in florida ... watching the birdie at wootten-moulton ... pooling gas tickets ... dean house and his harmonica ... a carload of boys off to the mal-bourne in durham ... the silent watch of the confederate statue soldier ... a bent professor pausing on the path to check the contents of his brief case ... endless chains of ivy climbing up and down the walls of old east ... haircuts and conversation at snipes' snip shop ... the excited application of students who take the groves course in marriage ... pigeons cooing high on the ledges of the library ... telephones ringing unheeded in the men's dorms ... pete parker in a student huddle at the campus cafe late at night ... the ballyhoo of the war college office ...





WALTER JOHNSON

# ing Era

## PORTANT THINGS AST COLLEGIATE YEAR

jelly donuts and milk for breakfast . . . judge whitfield's court on tuesday morning and the \$9.80 victims . . . the alumni office flooded with new service addresses of graduates . . . and spike saunders taking it all in his stride . . . the hard seats in memorial hall . . . student entertainment concerts and the ticket scalpers . . . the whisper among the coeds that the navy may take over the pretty pink and green rooms of alderman, mciver, and kenan . . . white-jacketed "george" cleaning the woodwork on the front door of alderman . . . "doc" jitters and his salty spiel . . . a girl's skirt lifted by a gust of wind . . . mayor madry barking orders at his news bureau slaves . . . the crazy quilt pattern of cadets in blue and yellow polo shirts lounging in the sun on the fetzer field stands on thursday afternoon . . .

the marble pillars of the library white and beautiful in the moonlight . . . the vacant campus at 1 pm . . . longing brown eyes gazing out of the window of the reserve reading room over a thick sociology book . . . coeds crowded in front of the mail boxes in the dorm offices watching each letter shoved into the little slots . . . music and mosquitoes under the stars . . . sweaty varsity men leaving the gym in spiked sandals and white trunks . . . the genuine rivalry associated with the intramural softball games . . . liquor ration books and food ration books . . . shoeless seniors . . . the absence of big name bands at the dances . . .

sleep-swollen eyes watching the whirling milkshake machine in the "y" . . . girls in military drill lifting dusty sandals quickly as they pass the navy area . . . old ladies sunning on the carolina inn lawn . . . playmakers in dungarees and faded shirts . . . tar heel men with heavy eyelids scanning a proof of the paper in the marathon at 12:30 . . . captain popham walking briskly to the armory at 9 o'clock in spotless white . . . ancient davie poplar gay in a new green gown . . . a full moon behind the tower of the methodist church . . . phillips russell on the steps of bynum . . .

danziger's on sunday afternoon with the smell of pastry and coffee heavy on the air . . . the "pines" clouded with thick smoke and beer fumes . . . the wc-bound boys at the bus station on saturday afternoon talking of blind dates and toddle house hamburgers . . . diamond beads of dew standing on the grass at eight o'clock in the morning . . . the "use the walks" signs . . . the jumbled beauty of ab's bookshop . . . "meet me at the varsity"

bushy-tailed squirrels playing on the campus lawn . . . old swain hall back in business . . . the south building bell bonging at 10:15 at night . . . the blaring negro band on sunday morning leading endless columns of cadence-counting cadets to chapel . . . the coed dorms alive with khaki on sunday afternoons . . . a geology lab section coming slowly back to new east after a field trip . . .

. . . splotches of sun along the shade-checked walks . . . beer and bologna on pumpernickel at harry's . . . hay rides to tenney's meadow . . . coeds sunbathing on the spencer roof . . . hot and busy franklin street at noon . . . brown-legged coeds in white shorts coming off the tennis courts . . . pre-met units singing as they march . . . a last year's graduate back on the campus as an ensign and commenting on the way the "old place don't seem the same" . . . a knot of boys singing the marine hymn . . . the grapevine tales about big doings at the greek temples . . . lights blinking in the library at 9:50 and the muffled "what the hells" of the studious ones who don't want to leave . . . the sidewalk set at sutton's and the low whistles each time a coed ankles past . . .

optimists who still try to thumb rides to durham . . . the natural charm of the woodland theatre and the spectacle of the annual production . . . the blind boys going about the campus as quickly as the seeing ones . . . books collecting dust on study desks . . .

cadets swimming fully clothed in bowman gray pool . . . couples dancing to the book ex juke . . . soft voices in the stadium late at night . . . the always-filled carolina theatre and boogey man shows at the pick . . . the few law students left seated on the steps of manning with sexy idrienne levy . . . judge winston and "life begins at sixty" . . . a soft light in the adpi window at 4 ayem . . . the empty dairy store and thoughts of the milk battle . . . pounding on the door of the campus cafe at 1 ayem and the negative nod of black-eyed nick within . . . lusty voices calling upper dorm dwellers to the telephone . . . the snatch of a news broadcast from an open window in steele . . . crossword puzzles on the back row of a 9 o'clock lecture . . . nrote boys talking about the coming summer cruise . . . little man charlie dashing about in white coat and black bow tie at the university . . . old dan scratching fleas in the sun . . . the business-like attitude of the cvt boys . . . startling rumors spawning . . . a tall boy singing "hark the sound" on his way home late at night . . .





"Aha! Grass stain."

# ZOKKIE

By Wayne Kernodle

WAY back when the University of North Carolina was populated by civilian students, we had a certain organization known as the Student Council. One of the sects had to deal with the keeping of the honor code, since none of the students knew what it was all about. Zokkie was no exception.

Zokkie was a freshman which was his second mistake. The first was that he had been born conscientious. And this was no generation either for conscientious freshmen or conscientious objectors. But Zokkie did not know that this was a bad trait. He was a firm believer in the advice of the honor sect, and earnestly thought that he should not cheat, lie, steal, plagiarize, or get drunk unless a member of the sect was along. He also thought that he should understand everything that anybody said; so he asked no questions.

It was springtime. Blossoms blossomed. He was free. He liked freedom and he liked grass and squirrels with gray tweed jackets that talked to magazine editors.

Now one day, caught in the sweep of the season, Zokkie decided to shift his eating place from Swine Hall to the Carolina Inn. He thought the change would do him good and he could save money, too. All would have been well except that someone told Zokkie that Phillips Hall was the Carolina Inn.

Zokkie went into Phillips Hall on Sun-

day, May 9 (Mother's Day) at 1:45 P. M. seeking a long line with food at the end of it. He never found it. For three days he moved dazedly from floor to floor and from room to room without ever reaching his objective. Each time he thought of asking for information he choked with timidity and fear.

At the dawn of the third day Zokkie came to the alarming conclusion that he was lost. He was tired, he was worried, he was foot-weary, and he was hungry as all hell.

Zokkie stumbled along weakly in quest of some vitamins. His eyes were those of a man who had used his last ration ticket three weeks before the period was up. He was about to commit himself to the eternal when an object loomed suddenly on a radiator just ahead. He collected his strength into one big bunch of energy molecules and closed in on the radiator. The object was actually a book of calculus—old, time-stained, and creased with radiator ridges. But to Zokkie it was a beautiful bone with a muscle of lamb leg on it.

Visions of old Swine Hall descended on Zokkie as he slowly lifted the mythical meat, blew away the dust, and sunk his teeth into the frayed folds. He then proceeded to have his fill, leaving only the supplementary reading and page 143 untouched. Having finished, he smacked his lips, moaned low, and came to an abrupt horizontal position along the level of the floor.

Zokkie was picked up on the afternoon of May 12 and led to the infirmary. He spent two days regaining his strength in the little house by the side of the road and an additional week and a half convinc-

ing the staff that he was well enough to go home. When he finally did get home he found two letters. One was from the dean's office saying that he had overcut his phys ed class and would be kicked out of school. The other was a note from the keepers of the honor code, and commanded him to come before the mighty body at six o'clock.

Zokkie, equipped with the scars of his experience, showed up on schedule. When his name was called, Zokkie stood up. The leader began: "In Saturday's Tar Heel was printed the cases of two students who violated the honor code. This should have frightened you. It was explained in detail what the consequences would be for all who dared defy the code. Yet you chose to sin. You are charged with stealing a calculus book from a radiator on the third floor of Phillips Hall. You have disposed of this book in a manner which we do not know of."

"I ate the book," Zokkie said meekly.

"Hunger is no excuse," cried the leader. "To the charge of stealing we now add lying and insubordination. Stealing books is not allowed and anyone who is insubordinate is a mean old thing. The verdict of the council is that you are guilty. You have until sundown to get out of Chapel Hill."

Zokkie almost had the inclination to rear up on his hind legs and sass the leader. He would have too, but he happened to remember something the Presbyterian preacher had said the first Sunday he was in Chapel Hill. It was one of the ten commandments: Honor thy father and thy mother. And the stern voice of the leader reminded him of his father.

"Have you been drinking," asked the leader hopefully, flicking his left eye lash. The statement cut deep into Zokkie's pride. Tears came to his eyes and spilled upon the purple rug that covered the floor. Fate was unraveling his soul and tossing him from the ship of life without a parachute. Caught between a surge of hate and frustration, he whipped from his pocket a copy of *Invictus* and read it forcefully to the honor sect, leaving out the word "bloody" because he was a conscientious objector.

The members were impressed and applauded with vigor. But the decision remained unchanged. The leader had been a softball umpire once and he knew that confusion was aroused by changing decisions.

"Quoting scripture won't help you any," he said in reply to Zokkie's masterful presentation of *Invictus*. "This sect is not allowed to be swayed by theological interpretations." This insult was too much for Zokkie and he swooned. They stamped on his head "guilty" and carried him out of the room.

The leader pulled out a red bandana hankie and mopped his perspiring brow. "Next case," he said, "and pass the bottle, please."



# Light Out of Darkness

BY HOWARD RAMBEAU

**O**N GRADUATING from the State School for the Blind I was thrilled with the prospect of coming to the University of North Carolina. I had one rather disturbing anxiety, however. It was not a fear that I would be incapable of doing college work, but with what attitude the boys at Carolina would regard me—a blind student. At the School for the Blind all of us had been on an even footing, more or less. I knew it would be different.

My worries were short-lived. During orientation week, one of the most enjoyable of my life, every possible consideration and cooperation was shown me by both faculty members and students. I attended the reception, the smoker, the football game, and everything else on the program that did not require being in two places at the same time. If there were any prejudices, the old Carolina spirit was too strong for them.

Within a week I was able to find my way to all of my classes alone. Locating the cafeteria was the easiest of all. Someone has asked if such a spiderweb of campus paths was not confusing. Actually the paths often proved to be blessed landmarks.

My Braille instrument which I use for taking notes in some of my classes proved to be quite a curiosity. One fellow, in a futile attempt to decipher the contents of my notebook, remarked that it looked like a mass of goose pimples or chicken tracks to him. And occasionally in a card game a player would suggest that I not be allowed to deal, hinting that I might have some sly way of reading the "marked cards." When I received my first copy of the *Braille Reader's Digest*, several of the boys asked me to read aloud from it while they checked by the inkprint edition just to make sure that I wasn't trying to pull something over on them.

One of the things that amused me was the noticeable evasion by some of my acquaintances of such words as "blind" and "see." Instead of, "Did you see the show, 'The Moon is Down'?" some have awkwardly asked me "Did you attend, or did you go to hear, or even were you at the

theater when 'The Moon is Down' was on?"

I think I speak for the other blind students on the campus, as well as myself, when I say that we are essentially no different from the average Carolina man. We share the same ideals and ambitions—to strike a mark in the world and to fill a useful niche in society. At the State School we were trained to have confidence in ourselves and to screw our initiative to the sticking point. We abhor Milton's line, "He also serves who only stands and waits."

It has been easy to find entertainment at Carolina. Dancing, card parties, movies, and bull sessions—I've enjoyed them all. And a Tar Heel win over Duke means just as much to me as it does to anybody.

I have been the victim of many unusual experiences since I've been on the hill. On one occasion I was chatting with some friends in Nick's when a lady whom I took to be a waitress approached the table. I turned to her and casually said, "Will you bring me a Coca-Cola and a pack of Luckies, please?" I almost wilted away when she said: "Gentleman, I am soliciting funds for the Salvation Army. Any contributions you can make will be appreciated."

On a sweltering hot Saturday afternoon last May, I decided to go home for the week-end. I packed and hurried down to the bus station. When I got there, I was perspiring and my face was flushed. I bought my ticket and sat down to wait. A large woman, whom I later learned lived on a farm about three miles out of town, sat down in the seat next to me.

"Excuse me, madam," I said hesitatingly, "but would you mind telling me when the Raleigh bus pulls up out front?"

"You kin see it as well as I kin, kin't you?" she replied.

"No, I'm sorry," I told her, "I'm blind."

About three minutes of intense silence followed and I could sense that she was watching me. Finally she swallowed and said, "You aren't *really* blind, are you?"

When I assured her that I was, she began to overflow with profuse apologies and

finally ending by saying, "Please forgive me, son. I didn't mean to say what I did. You see, I didn't want to run the risk of having a drunk going to sleep in my responsibility."

Since coming to Carolina, I have succeeded in gradually becoming more and more independent. I continually persuade myself that if I try I can do anything anybody else can—except see. One of my greatest compliments came from a friend not long ago. "You know," he said, "I don't even regard you as being blind. You can do about anything I can, and some things even better." I ask no special favors. Just to be one of the fellows—and to be treated as such—is good enough for me.

I feel that I owe a great deal to the University, its officials, and most of all to the students. Their cooperation and encouragement has been of priceless value. I have been given a chance—a chance to fill a respectable place in society, a chance to stand alongside the leaders of our culture, a chance by which I may be able to maintain financial independence and security. These are opportunities which would not have been granted to a blind person a few generations ago.

I have set my goal and I am headed toward it. If I should happen to fall short, I feel that I will have only one person to blame—myself.



**How does it feel to be blind? Perhaps you've asked yourself this question at times when you've paused to admire one of the University's six blind students making his way along the paths. In a well-written, balanced essay, red-headed Howard Rambeau, spokesman for the group, gives you his views on the subject of sight, and how you can get along without it.**





"Grade A grass makes  
Grade A milk."

# Remember the Days...

By Thad Horton

*WE KNEW they couldn't last—those happy days  
Of drowsy morning classes, sleepy noons  
And eager, blissful afternoons. Remember  
The morning cups of stale brown coffee  
In the little shop down on the corner nearest  
The campus, I can still see you sitting  
There, soft brown hair falling lazily  
Over those deep-blue eyes. And the way  
Your angora sweater seemed so much a part  
Of everything that was you. The way you  
Toiled around with those big, thick white  
Cups they gave us our java in. And the delicate  
Way you took thoughtful bites of doughnut,  
Brushing your hair back from your liquid  
Eyes and smiling at me as we talked of things  
Much too deep for either of us. And how,  
Chewing-gum firmly planted, we drifted slowly  
Back to the sun-checked quadrangle, speaking  
Smilingly, with comforting friendliness to those  
Who passed. How I held your books as you stooped  
To tie that errant string that did service in  
Your saddle oxford. And how I noticed your legs—  
Yes, your legs, slim and brown and perfect,  
Tucking themselves into cute little anklets  
At one end, and disappearing in a mass  
Of swirling skirt at the other. You didn't  
Know then that I noticed, but I did. And  
I noticed your trim, vital figure, too.  
I watched the way your sweater rose and  
Fell with each breath. And that cute way  
You had of swinging your hips when you walked.*

*AND THEN the afternoons. The long cold  
Days you spent watching football practice,  
When I would take every opportunity to drift  
Over to the side-lines and lean on the rail,  
Looking up into your smiling eyes and wishing  
I could just stay there and look at you all day.  
And the 2:30 movies, and the sticky hours  
In the library, and the cruises over to The Nook  
In somebody's convertible with you lounging  
In the back seat, letting your glorious hair  
Catch the breeze and swirl along behind. And the  
Walks, arm in arm, hand in hand, heart in heart.*

*BUT I THINK the nights were best, don't you?  
When the lights would move along the shaded, quiet  
Streets, and we would skip along singing, you  
Bundled up in your woolly jacket and me shivering  
Gallantly in a football sweater. You shaking  
Your head with the pure joy of being young and  
Free and moving. And the smile you flashed on  
Everything and everybody. And that secret, sweetest  
Smile you always saved for me, when you  
Would turn your dimpled chin slowly up, and  
Half-way raise your eyebrows, and wrinkle  
Your nose and smile—smile so that heaven  
Nor hell could have kept me from kissing you.  
And then you would brush that soft brown lob  
Of hair out of your eyes and look down at  
The ground and whisper "I love you so much."  
And it was all I could do to turn around and go  
Down the steps and whistling along the street,  
Glad there was a world and a college and a chance  
Just to see you and be with you and love you.*

*AND NOW it has gone, as we knew it must  
The college itself has changed. You have grown  
Serious, and I have gone somewhere to fight.  
To fight, dearest, so that somewhere, sometime, our  
Children may live as we did, love as we did,  
Marry, as we did. Keep them safe at home, dearest,  
As I will keep them safe out here. And teach them  
The lazy, gentle, lovely ways of peace. For someday  
Little Anne will have trim pert legs and a cute figure.  
And Bill will drop just a step behind to watch  
The way some girl's skirt twirls as it  
Gently sways with her walk. And he will  
Have the same heart-stopping, pulse-pounding  
Sensations I had, and will want to hold her  
As I held you, close against him, and feel that  
All of her and all that she is and will become  
Is his. Protect them, dearest, that they may  
Know the things we have known and cannot forget,  
The things that go with growing up in America,  
The things that made our lives worth living for,  
Worth loving for and finally worth dying for.*

In his "Remember the Days" we think Thad Horton comes about as close to catching the fading collegiate scene as is possible.

We found the poem in an exchange issue of the Phoenix, literary magazine (now closed for the duration) at Emory University in Georgia.

Being impressed by its simple beauty and timeliness, we sent a letter to the author asking re-print permission and some-

thing of the background of the poem.

Our letter, sent to Emory, caught up with Thad at Keesler Field in Mississippi where he is now serving in the Army Air Corps.

The youth, who was a journalism major and once studied under our Pete Parker at Darlington School in Rome, Ga., had this to say about his masterpiece.

"I wrote it some months ago and, at the time, did not know any girl who fitted

the description of 'the girl.' A week after I batted out the poem, I met my sister's roommate (a freshman at Wesleyan College, Macon) and fell in love with her. She has every one of the characteristics listed. And, naturally, has read 'Remember the Days'."

Thad's jeweled ATO pin now belongs to "the girl" (Joan Tomlinson) and his closing comment is that "dreams do come true and poetry does definitely help."



# Coeds and Cadates

By Ruth Slobodkin

**T**HE FLEET is in and 1875 young men in khaki get shore leave in the land-locked metropolis of Chapel Hill. First on many of their lists of "things to see" are the women's dorms and the lovelies housed therein.

Since these winsome cadets are clothed in the garb of their country, it has been impressed upon the maidens that in addition to buying war bonds, they must further expedite the war effort by "sustaining the morale" of the legions.

A one woman rationing board sits at the desk of each dormitory and as the hoardes descend, she sends up appeals to our sympathy and patriotism via the house-phones. Sentinels dash up and down each hall crying: "Won't you *please* take a date with a cadet?" Since it is Saturday and we have nothing better to do, we decide in the Navy's favor, powder our noses and dash out.

Since these lads are here for but a short time, we notice a rhythmical repetition of events when we do go forth—not on the arm of the cadet, for the navy has strict laws; but the regulation G.I. six inches away from him.

Should our grab bag date be a new arrival, he is safe because the Navy effectively prepares him for his first encounter with the Carolina co-ed by totally disabling his left arm. They also equip him with an aura of antiseptic perfume. He will probably put our left ear out of commission with long tales of the shots which deprived him of the use of this appendage. He will

also regale us with equally long stories about the new Navy terminology which he has had to learn: walls are bulkheads; floors are decks; stairs are ladders; the time is 2140, almost four bells. After having heard all this from many cadets on many occasions, we begin to feel: "Cadets may come and cadets may go, but I stay on forever." Usually we are better versed in their subjects than they are because we have heard them more times.

Should our Launcelot be an old-timer, other difficulties arise. We find that women are the only vice the Navy permits him and these only on week-ends. And we begin to think a course in Judo might be a good idea. The cadets desire romance. The novelty has worn off being in the Navy and they are not interested in discussing the weather. They have developed, alone with muscle, a one-track mind. They can give up auto rides, they can give up liquor, they can give up saddle shoes and freedom—but not women. We, of course, have other ideas for our evening—I can generalize no further.

Evenings are short. Our vanquishing, or vanquished, heroes must be back on deck by eleven o'clock. So at 10:59 or 2259, eighteen hundred and seventy-five weary pairs of legs carry their owners at top speed toward the safe side of the "Navy Area" signs, where they will store up strength and again besiege the co-ed dormitories the following week-end.

And the gals—you guessed it—sigh and wait.

# ROMANO

By David Hanig

**T**HE SUN had buttered the smooth waters all afternoon. Young Romano opened the collar of his shirt and allowed the fresh breeze to whisper at his throat. It had been a full day. He had guided the new sailboat, oyster-white in the late sunlight, with sureness. Several times he had to adjust the slim mast and keep an eye out for the bobbing refuse on the darkening waters. His face twisted to a smile. Probably some ship had thrown its extraneous debris overboard.

Here on this private corner of the world he was at peace with himself. As he watched the golden disc sink in the distance he was cleansed of the shame begotten on shore. The thought of it knotted a hard pain in him and he rubbed a fist to his eyes to keep the grief back. He remembered words, phrases: "Ugly duckling . . . hunchback . . . poor Romano!"

Yet here with his small craft he had found a measure of content.

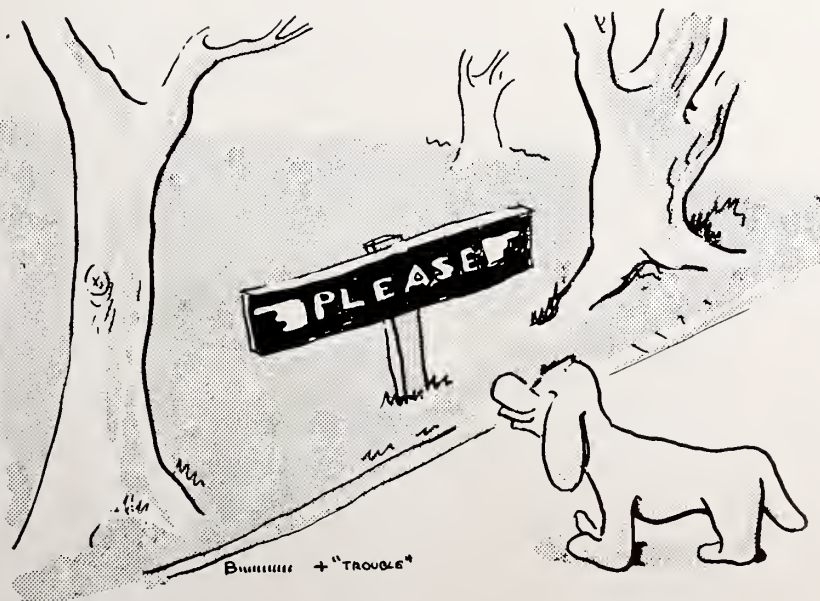
He had been able to forget all that had troubled him, to ignore the existing things and live in the realm of the momentary. The boat had made the difference. With the boat, he was the skipper and it was he who set his own course. Others could not shout at him.

Suddenly the sky darkened. Woolen masses gathered and settled on the glowing horizon. The waters, as though seized with the new mood, rose and tossed against the side of the boat. Romano steadied the keel and brought the slight sail down. Rain began to spatter his face. Several times he tried to right the craft, to direct its course. Somehow, at that moment, he felt exultingly gay. He laughed softly as the downpour set in.

Now a sudden instinct made him turn. The woolen masses had darkened the dusk sky. Now something was moving towards him. It loomed high above the waters with the hiss of agitated spray. Romano wouldn't leave the boat. He hunched his slight shoulders. Before he could move in his horror a huge shadow was on him.

The next day the newspapers carried the following item on a back page:

"Late yesterday afternoon a large black limousine struck and fatally injured eight-year-old John Romano, son of Ensign and Mrs. Philip Romano. The lad was playing with a small toy boat in a street puddle near his home at the time of the accident."









THE sounds of the big guns had come upon us so gradually and so naturally as we steamed into the wide muddy mouth of the Woosung that when we came within sight of Shanghai it seemed as if they had always been with us. All the way down, the river had prepared us for what we were to know. It was October 6, 1937, and the war had been in and around the city since August 7, when the first bombs had struck it.

Mother and I had been spending the summer in Tsingtoa, a seaside resort in northern China. Early that summer the Japs had started their push, first in the far north. None of us "China-brats" and their families had been affected by it actually. We read about it, talked about it, and our fathers worried about business. Mother and I left as usual in June to escape the heat. Then the Japanese army had swept with incredible speed down across the country. Peiping had fallen. Then Nanking, the capital, had been so brutally raped the tabloids handled it with tongs. On August 7—called "bloody Saturday" because within a few hours thousands of civilians had been bombed to death—war had come to Shanghai.

The afternoon of that Saturday the news got to Tsingtoa. All communications except those going through the U. S. Navy were cut off. Rumors spread like wildfire: "5,000 British and American civilians killed! The Japs have sunk all American ships! Shanghai completely destroyed by fire and bombs! They're using gas!"

After two frantic weeks dad radioed us: "Alive, safe, well. Take first Navy boat Manila bound." But dad had reckoned without mother. "We are going home," she said. When the U. S. S. Canopus, veteran destroyer of the first world war left with her load of evacuees for Manila we were still in Tsingtoa.

Toward the first of September things began clearing up a little. The authorities hinted that a few boats might be allowed to go back to Shanghai. Mother went to work on the consul. "But my dear Mrs. Turner," he said, "you *can't* go to Shanghai. Your husband wants you to go to Manila. The United States government wants you to go to Manila. We can *not* give you a visa to enter a war area. The possibility of a boat leaving is negligible. The possibility of your getting passage is even more negligible." But fighting dad's wishes and the consul's determination she somehow got a visa and passage on a British freighter, the second boat returning home.

There were four other women besides mother and myself in the cabin which had originally been designed for one British seaman. We carried our own food, and men were quartered in the bathroom. The

**Anna Turner, University student from China, tells how it feels to "go home" into the jaws of battle. A vivid account of a boat trip to beleaguered Shanghai.**



## China Brat

By Anna Turner

decks were covered with passengers, about half of whom had been lucky enough to get deck-chairs. In three days we reached the mouth of the river.

Through the ruins we could see that the town was completely deserted. Nobody on board said a word. We watched in silence as our boat passed.

We passed more ruins: factories with jagged, black-edged holes in them, houses gutted by fire. The only signs of life were occasional Japanese patrol parties. The water was filled with debris. We had heard there were many bodies floating down the river. Someone, hanging over the rail, saw one, and we all rushed down to look at it. It was a woman's body, hardly recognizable as such. After that we saw many more.

As we approached the city, where there was still much fighting, we could hear the shells whistling over our heads. The captain came down to reassure us. They were firing across the river, he said, and we were not within the range. Nobody was really frightened, though. We were all suddenly seized with a feverish excitement.

Everyone was laughing and talking. After all, we were home!

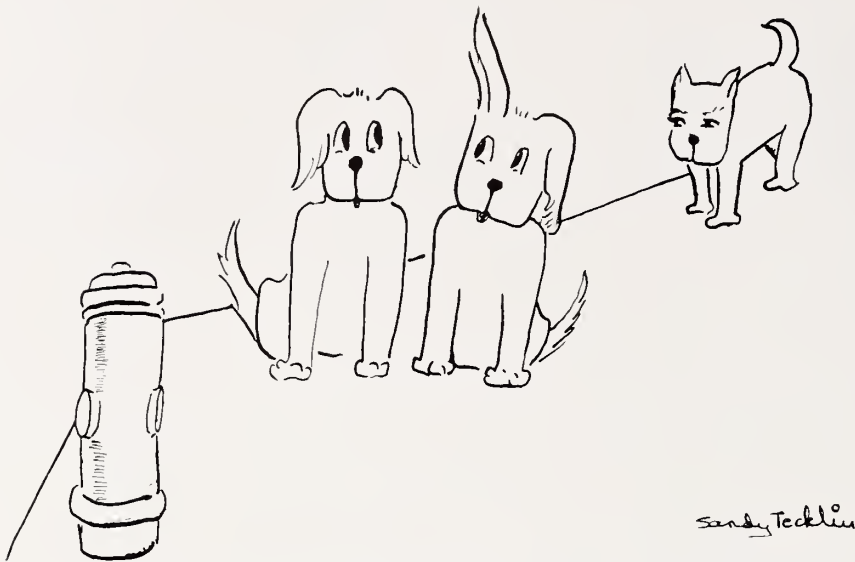
Then we were opposite the city and drawing up to the wharf. There seemed to be literally thousands of people waiting to meet the boat. When we saw dad we waved and called frantically, but when we finally got on shore we suddenly found we didn't know what to say. We made silly chatter. It seemed so strange to be home.

Only the Chinese sections of the city—Nantao, Chapei, Yangzepoo, and Pootung, across the river—had been badly damaged. In these sections, which surrounded the International Settlement and the French Concession, fighting was still going on. Most of the damage done in the foreign settlements had been somewhat repaired.

On the way home we talked about commonplace matters—the dog having pups while we were away, my belated school work, the condition the house was in. Only at supper that night did we mention the war directly. Dad didn't have much to say about it. Then when I looked at him I felt strange because he looked so different, at least ten years older.

That night I lay in bed listening to the guns and I cried because one of the pups had died while I was away. But it was still good to be home again.





*"Let's go. Here comes that butcher's dog with the cold nose."*

# House on Franklin Street

By Sara Yokley

**W**HENEVER I pass by my old home something inside me longs to run up the front walk, leap up the granite steps two at a time and burst into the house, banging the screen door behind me. But that can never be again.

For five years another family has been living in our old house on Franklin Street. I'm sure they are unaware of it, but that family is living in a mere shell of a home—the memories and associations of it belong to us. For me it will always be the same, my home, although my mail no longer goes into the brown wooden mailbox on the front porch. When we lived there the porch always had four big gray rockers on it. In the late spring, summer and early fall mother and daddy and their friends rocked and talked in the dusk, waiting for the real night to come, the time to call us in to bed. Somehow we never went straight to bed, Ann and Bud and I.

The rhythm of the rocking chairs kept us and we stayed as long as we dared, listening to their peaceful rumble. In the morning the porch was entirely different. All of its fascination was gone; perhaps the cook brushed it away when she swept the porch; maybe the milkman destroyed it when he exchanged the four empty bottles for milk each morning. Nevertheless, in the daytime the front porch was merely the catch-all for books and packages, the easiest way to enter the house.

Inside, the hall was always dark. Our new hall is so cheerful that it often depresses me; it needs no vigor or excitement to brighten it as the old one used to do. On the last and largest bannister in

that dark hall there was always a coat, Ann's, Bud's or mine. To the one that reached home first went the honor of hanging his coat on the last bannister, and also the privilege of removing it before he could come to dinner.

The yellow living room opened into the dining room, a room whose personality was completely overshadowed by the nearness of the kitchen. The magnetism of our kitchen is easy to explain. Mother spent a great deal of her time there. The spicy fragrances from the oven lured us, too, and, once there, we found it hard to leave. There was a marble slab for mints and taffy pulls, the shiny sink where Ann and I washed dishes on the cook's night off, and the big blue and brown mixing bowls, which meant cake for dinner. In the brown bowl Ann creamed the butter and sugar while I sifted flour into the blue one. We always felt that we made those cakes entirely by ourselves, for mother had the gift of making us feel independent and helpful.

On Saturday mornings we often mowed the lawn and cleaned our playhouse spic and span—all for her words of praise so sure to come. On these energetic days as we raced in and out the house reporting our progress we always warned mother, "Now don't you peep 'til we're through." And she never did.

But we always peeped in on her. The three of us, Ann, Bud, and I, trailed in her wake, through the kitchen, the tiny pantry and the breakfast room, unconscious of any odd tasks we did as we talked and listened to her. Up and down the

stairs we followed her, too, on days when there was no school, leaping up as many steps as possible at one time. To this day the three of us all run up flights of stairs. Perhaps running up and down those stairs was what caused a squeak in the step just beneath the landing. After lunch when mother was taking a nap in her sleeping porch bedroom of windows we tiptoed softly, always avoiding that squeaky step. Or when we were up after our bedtime, that one step had the power to betray us. The fascination of late hours is surprising when you are in grammar school. My specialty was reading late at night. After mother and daddy had gone to bed I would screw my light bulb on (the switch made too much noise) and read travel books and mystery stories as long as my eyes held open. Books have never been as exciting as in those days when their reading caused a delightful sense of guilt.

For years I disliked any guests that came to our house because their arrival meant that Ann would sleep in my other twin bed. She objected, often violently, to the light by which I read. In the end she always won and I gave up reading until she moved out once more. Then, too, her presence, I always felt, stifled my thoughts. The stories I made up each night never came out right, the gurgles of the radiator lost their weirdness, the queer lights that flashed around the walls were no longer mysterious, nor did I enjoy leaning half way out of the bed with my elbows propped on the window sill unless I was by myself in the dark. When I was in bed, you see, I became a different person, an extraordinary girl who had many imaginary adventures. During the coldest part of the winter I was an Antarctic heroine. Each night in my explorer's role I placed a glass of water in the open window to see if it would freeze. My best weather prophet for these Antarctic testings, however, was not the glass of water on my window sill but the low red roof of the house next door, a roof that turned pink with frost and white with an occasional snow.

With a change in seasons my tales of



*"Anybody seen Adler?"*



fancy moved from the Antarctic to my own back yard. In spring and in summer I dreamed about the further improvements our gang could make in our playground behind the back fence or the vases we could shape from the clay near the bank of the creek. It is no wonder that my thoughts turned in beautiful weather to our own back yard. Mother was quite a gardener, and our house was surrounded and filled with flowers. I can see our garden now. Blue phlox and pot-of-gold borders announced the spring; lilacs scented the lower garden; white moon roses bloomed the earliest, followed by red and pink bush roses and the climbing Talisman that wound around our white fence. By the pool stood a weeping willow tree, which sang its mourning song to the gold fish.

In the summer time the garden walk was bordered with spicy pinks whose blooms spilled over into the walk of granite stepping stones and made walking difficult. In the shade of a huge pecan tree kneeled rhododendron bushes and violets, their purple hues blending with the green and the shadows. Squatting in low beds by the rustic summer house were brilliant petunias, with colors as vivid as the sun under which they bloomed. Trailing up over the roof of our play house was a fragile wistaria vine, its route of growth planned by our patient fingers and string. This vine, you see, beautified our playhouse, formerly an old meat smokehouse. In that one room Ann and I put to practice all our domestic talents of housekeeping. There we kept all our dolls and doll furniture, our favorite magazines, knick knacks and general paraphernalia. The pride of our hearts, however, was the black victrola that stood by the door, its fat bulging sides filled with old records.

In the "side yard" of our playhouse stood our swings. During the early fall our favorite game was to swing as high as we could up towards the pecan tree and shake the limbs for nuts before the swing carried us back down to earth once more. When we grew bored with the swings we could always play hopscotch and marbles in the sandy yard right outside the back door. The cement driveway, too, forever bore scars of hopscotch games and dodge ball rings. Our favorite game of all, however, was croquet. We spent long hours practicing and playing, and tried our utmost to hold the honor of winning the most games.

The other day I heard that our smooth green croquet course had been plowed up. I prefer to imagine it as it used to be, with nine white wickets evenly spaced upon it. In just this way my entire old home stands intact in my memory. And often when I awake in the morning I am surprised to open my eyes and find that flat red roof no longer beneath my window.

That roof is gone; with its passing went my childhood.

## Beach Intrigue

By Ralph Jackson

**Funny business on the beach and Private Jordan on the alert. Ralph Jackson contributes a new and timely story to his long list of mag successes.**

THE beach was almost empty. Only the shadows of the clouds and nervous feet of the sand-fiddlers passed over it. Occasionally a seagull swooped low over the breaking waves. The guard stationed in the restricted zone yawned and kicked at the sticky black stuff tangled in the seaweeds and sand. It stretched down the shore in a curving black fringe pushed further up the beach by the breaking waves.

"Most of the oil from the ships must have burned before it drifted ashore," the guard said to himself.

He saluted stiffly as Lieutenant Murden passed by on his way to the headquarters back of the sand-dune.

He yawned again. He could almost feel the morning sun shoot down his throat.

Idly he watched the party down the beach. They came every day. Funny they hadn't gone in the water yet. Never did. Even if the oil was floating out there he'd go for a dip if he were off duty. Some folks just wanted to lie on the beach all the time. Guess you got lazy when you got old. They didn't look so old though. Two men and a woman—or was it a girl? First time he'd seen 'em so close. He

squinted his eyes. It was a girl. Nice figure, too. White satin bathing suit.

He watched them—or rather the girl. She was lying down now, her back and head propped up by her elbows. All three of them were looking out at sea. Probably trying to see a submarine. Folks read the paper and said how shocking it was—all those ships sunk—and then rushed down to look at the sea, hoping to see the fight. Went to a prize fight with the same idea. Only this was more than just a prize fight, he thought.

The two men and the girl were talking now. Funny they never laughed. He guessed times were serious and most people didn't laugh as easy. But down at the beach—like at a dance hall—people always laughed and cracked jokes. Maybe he just couldn't hear them. Maybe they laughed when he wasn't looking.

He looked them over as they came closer. The men were tall and fair-haired. One with light brown hair, the other with yellow. The light one had a blonde square shaped moustache. The girl was very pretty with brown hair and eyes. Her body gleamed in the morning sun. From a distance she looked as if she had been scrubbed clean, coated with silver, and polished.

She smiled at the guard. "Hello," she said.

The men nodded to him.

He smiled at the girl. "Sorry, but you can't go any further down the beach."

"Oh, that's all right. We just wanted to take a little stroll." She stretched her arms at her sides in a shrugging motion. She stared at him frankly. "The sand's



*"Rogerson's idea, hell. No cadet shares my bed!"*



nice but you get tired just sitting on it."

"You ought to go in swimming."

"How do you know we haven't?"

"Your hair's not wet and your suit is still shiny."

The two men looked at each other. The girl half-smiled. "You are very observant, aren't you?"

"Oh, not very. But my girl has one like that—only hers is blue. It's some shiny before she goes into the water, and then it gets sort of dull."

"Do you like mine?"

"It's very pretty."

The girl smiled at the men. "You see, I told you all soldiers were charming flirts."

The man with the moustache smiled. At least his lips seemed to part. "Are you on duty very long?"

"Four hours."

"Get's tiresome after a while, doesn't it?" The man's speech was very careful. Each word was exactly pronounced as if so many distinct tones were being struck in time with a metronome.

The guard thought maybe he was an actor. Or a radio announcer. "The time passes. There's always the waves to watch."

"Do many boats pass by?" the other man asked.

"Not many. They're farther out. Can't see them."

The girl started. "Oh, it's time for my exercises." She smiled at the guard. "A girl must keep her figure."

The guard smiled back.

She stepped back and raised her arms. She held them up and then turned and faced the water. The guard was surprised to see that the back of her suit was a dark green. It was not shiny. But he liked it. Her figure looked equally well from either the back or front—in white or green.

The girl bent her body and turned around. The man with the blond moustache stepped up to talk to the guard. He couldn't see all of the girl's figure. He tried to peek around the man's shoulder to get a glimpse of her slim legs and hips. Her thighs were a deep smooth brown. The front of the bathing suit gleamed against it. The guard shifted to one side. He was watching the exercise with at first pleasure and then a little bewilderment. It was a strange exercise. He had never seen one quite like it. The girl seemed to be developing strange muscles in her body.

Suddenly he started and glanced out at sea. His eyes swung back and stared at the girl. Her face was red from the exercise. She was still pretty. Her eyes shone in the morning sun.

"You're not used to much exercise are you?" he asked crisply.

She looked at him a moment and then bent over. "This is a new one. It tires me out a little."

When she finished, the girl straightened up. "Well, I've finished that for the day."

The guard leveled his rifle at the three of them. "Yes, and for a pretty long time. Any exercise you get will be in the pen. March up that hill—and no funny stuff!"

"What do you think you're trying to do!" the blonde man demanded angrily. "Play at being a soldier! You can't arrest us!"

"Up that hill," the guard said grimly.

The lieutenant looked up in surprise as the three prisoners and the guard marched in the guardhouse. "Well, Jordan, what have you got here? Fishers without a license?"

"No, sir. Spies."

"Spies!"

The guard leaned towards the lieutenant. The men and girl moved closer, but they could hear nothing. The men started to protest angrily again. The lieutenant silenced them. When the guard finished, the lieutenant stared for a moment at the prisoners and then picked up the phone. "General Headquarters, please. Intelligence Department."

He waited until the other end answered. The murmur of the surf curved over the sand-dune and drifted into the room as plainly as if the waves were washing against the walls. The man with the moustache looked at his watch and frowned angrily.

"Hello," the lieutenant said, "is this Captain McAvoy? This is Lieutenant

Murden." He lowered his voice. He asked a number of questions the prisoners couldn't hear. In a few minutes he hung up the receiver.

The other guard came in with the captured clothes. Lieutenant Murden shook the sand from them and then examined each piece. Carefully he went through all the pockets. He pulled out two bill-folds and an envelop with three letters in it. One in English and two in German.

He looked up at the prisoners. "You are Herr Dorn?" he asked the man with the moustache.

"I am not."

"You are Herr Schmidt and you are Fraulein Lena Spiegel." He nodded in the direction of the others. There was no question in his voice.

"We don't know where you got such preposterous names," the smooth-shaven man said contemptuously. "You see our names on our identification cards. I am Harry G. Bellman. And this is Mr. and Mrs. Arthur."

The blonde man snorted as if in complete disgust. "Really, sir, this is absolutely idiotic. I think this poor man must have gone a little—how do you say?—nuts from the sun. He's arrested us because my wife was taking her daily exercises on the beach. If this is his idea of a joke, I wish you would please—"

"The guard will explain to you exactly what he saw."

The guard's voice was equally cold and efficient as the lieutenant's, but there was almost a tone of quiet triumph in it. "Sir, his wife was sending out a message in Morse Code by using her white bathing suit as a sort of heliograph. The sun is just right to flash back from a bright object—like a shiny piece of cloth. The periscope of a U-boat even a mile out could catch the signals. I didn't get the first part of the message. Her husband was trying to hide her and talk to me at the same time. I guess they thought they would be safe standing around a guard—like you said. I noticed the flashes and then I caught a word. It didn't make sense and then came—'K-19 LEAVING AT 9 TONIGHT'."

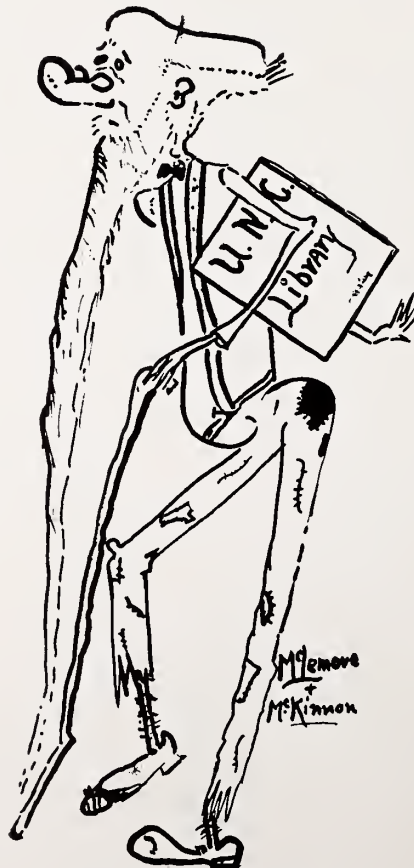
The blonde man laughed. "Really, this is ridiculous. If my wife sent out any such message it was purely accidental. She—"

"People don't send out full sentences in the Morse Code by accident," the guard said evenly.

"And they don't know that the K-19 is code for a convoy leaving tonight," Lieutenant Murden added. "Lock them up. We'll have their complete records later. They probably have one. In Germany and America."

The guard saluted. "I let her finish the message. The sub is probably all set."

"Fine work, Private Jordan. We'll have a few planes set it for good."



"Hold up my credits, hey.  
To hell with Ogg and Ray."





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## More Corn

One of our good friends from last year recently got married. He and his bride decided to honeymoon in New York. The other day we received a letter from him. It read:

"Off and on, up and down; off and on, up and down, all night long. If you ever get married, take my advice and don't get a room next to an elevator."

"He grabbed her like a stevedore handling a sack of wheat. She could feel the muscles working under his sweaty skin which smelled like a wet dog in front of a red-hot stove. Above the panting of his garlicky breath she could hear his stomach rumble like a slow freight on a down grade."

Get the idea? You gotta be tough.

—Buc

A drunk got into a taxi and asked to be driven around the park five times. After the third time around, he leaned over and tapped the driver on the shoulder. "Faster," he shouted. "I'm in a hurry."

Jim: You look broken up. What's the matter?

Gene: I wrote home for money for a study lamp.

Jim: So what?

Gene: So they sent me a lamp.

It was intermission at the ATO dance and everybody came in to rest.

It was one of those first dates.

"Cigarette?"

"No, thank you. I don't smoke."

"Like to go over to the house and sip a few?"

"No. I never touch liquor."

"Well, let's go down to the stadium."

"No, please, let's not. I want to do something exciting, something new."

"O. K. Let's go out to the dairy barn and milk hell out of a couple of cows."

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## Have You Heard about the Little Moron Who:

Cut off his fingers so he could write short-hand?

Put bread crumbs in his shoes for his pigeon toes?

Took hay to bed with him for his night mares?

Took his nose apart to see what made it run?

Took a ruler to bed to see how long he slept?

Cried all night because her husband had gone out shooting craps and she didn't know how to cook them?

Walked down the street and turned into a drug store? (He thought he was a magician.)

Cut off his arms to match his sleeveless sweater?

Moved to the city when he heard the country was at war?

Killed his parents so he could go to the orphans' picnic?

Sat up all night studying for his blood test?

Was afraid he was going to die so he stayed in the living room?

Was feeling low—and got his face slapped?

Thought that Western Union was a cowboy's underwear?

Always saluted the frigidaire because it was General Electric?

Went to the lumber yard to see his draft board?

Thought he was upside down because his nose ran and his feet smelled?

Cut a hole in the rug to see the floor show?



## And May You All Live Long and Often

Mary had a little sheep  
With whom one night she went to sleep.  
The sheep turned out to be a ram,  
And Mary had a little lamb.

Little Jane walked into the corner drug-store and said her mother wanted some tissue paper. The clerk wrapped up three rolls and handed them to her.

"Charge them, pleath," she lisped.

"Certainly," replied the clerk, "but who are they for?"

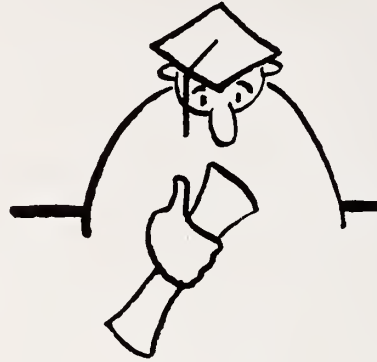
"All of uth," sighed the little girl as she walked out.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO GO TO COLLEGE TO LEARN HOW TO NECK—BUT IT HELPS.

The doctor was visiting Rastus' wife to deliver her fifteenth offspring. While riding along with Rastus he saw a duck in the road.

Doctor—Whose duck is that?

Rastus—That ain't no duck. That's the stork with his legs wore off.



"Now I can die happy . . ."

It happened at a recent drill of the CVTC. A company sergeant commanded the men to lift their left legs and hold them out in front, chorus-line fashion.

By mistake, one member held up his right leg, which brought it side by side with his neighbor's left leg.

"Aw right," roared the sergeant, "who's the wise guy down there holding out both legs."

Judge—How many children do you have?

Aunt Jemima—Well I has two by my first husband, one by my second husband and two of my own.

Duke Coach: "Com'on, snap it up, you guys. You're playing like a bunch of amateurs."

He: But darling, why aren't you wearing my fraternity pin?

She: All the fellas said that it scratched their hands.

The usual drunk was leaning against the usual building when the usual policeman happened along. Said the cop: "Move along. What do you think you're doing, holding up that building?"

So the drunk moved away and the building fell down on the cop.

Definition of a papoose: consolation prize won by taking a chance on an Indian blanket.







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*Smith-Prevost Cleaners*

*Carolina Sport Shop*

*Carolina Pharmacy*

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*The Little Shop*


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Beauty Shop*

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